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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7. 1898. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 44.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

ELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
214 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
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Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
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— DEALERS IN —
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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23 Pleasant St., Woburn

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Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2. Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Miss S. Bancroft,
WIG MAKING.
Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Quick Ease for Corns!
15c.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
812	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

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PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumbers' Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

INVESTMENT.
Real Estate for sale near the Centre, all rented to first-class tenants, paying 14 per cent. Also, five house lots at Central Square at a great bargain.
JOHN I. MUNROE, 415 Main Street

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

"Go forth in thy turn," said the Lord of the years to the year we greet today.
"Go forth to succor my people, who are thronging the world's highway.

"Carry them health and comfort, carry them joy and light,
The grace of the eager dawning, the ease of the restful night.

"Take them the flying snowflake, and the hope of the hastening spring,
The green of the leaf unrolling, the gleam of the bluebird's wing.

"Give them the gladness of children, the strength of sinew and nerve,
The pluck of the man in battle who may fall, but will never swerve.

"Send them the lilt of the singer, the sword that is swift to smite
In the headlong rush of the onset, when the wrong resists the right.

"Pour on them peace that crowneth hosts which have bravely striven.
Over them throw the mantle they wear who are God forgiven.

"Shrive them of sin and of blunders. Oh, make my people free!
Let this year among years be thought of as a time of jubilee,

"Throbbing with notes triumphant, waving with banners fair,
A year of the grace of the Highest to vanquish human despair.

"For sorrow and sighing send them, O year, the dance of mirth
And banish the moan and the crying from the struggling, orphaned earth.

"Go forth in thy turn, O blithe new year," said the Lord of the passing days,
And the angels in heaven heard him and lifted a paean of praise.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

"Waiter, salt for six here! Wilderspin's going to give us that deadly experience of his. Now, captain, forge ahead. It's glasses round for the first man who interrupts. Touch and go with death, you say, and yet your hair kept its original color. How on earth was it?"

Another laugh rippled along the table, but it soon subsided. The old diver's twitching lips made it clear that his thoughts were elsewhere. He simply sat back, stared fixedly at the shaded candle before him and broke into the silence with a steady impressiveness that soon had the company spellbound.

"You'll please yourselves about swallowing this when you've stood in my parlor and seen the newspaper cuttings on the wall, framed in a bit of the Witch's timber. As for excitement you mightn't care to sleep through a few of the dreams I've had since. Aye, but the real extraordinary part about it was, if you like, that I should have walked into Lacy Truman's office in Hobart Town as the clock struck 11 that morning, for I'd been hanging about the docks hungry and savage for weeks, and I'd left Jess—my young wife—with the words that, come no luck, I was simply going to steal the money to take us back to England by the next week's steamer. And I meant that.

"They were ship brokers, Lacy Truman and his brother. I walked into their outer office without being invited, up to the boss clerk and told him in so many words I'd come to the end of my tether in that country. 'The old tale! What are you? Anything, eh? Sit down there,' he says. I went to do it when the door flies open and the senior partner—I knew them both by sight—staggers in with a face like—like death itself. He stood there and rattled out: 'Will, quick! She's gone down—down, within a mile of dock!'

"That was it. Bang goes the inner door, and the other steps out, white enough, too, in a trice. 'What, the Witch?' he says almost lower than a whisper. 'I'll never believe it Sighted at 7 this morning and foundered—Lacy, you're fooling! We've covered her for £8,000.'

"'Gone down!' repeats his brother as if he wanted to catch somebody's throat. 'I met Coombes' clerk coming up here. Raced back and saw the owners and the captain himself. There's no log saved—nothing at all. They simply say that water was pouring in at the fore hold all day yesterday, no one knows how, and they just had time to put off in the boats before she lurched and settled down at 10 o'clock. That's four since March! We're absolutely ruined!'

"The clerks sat there like bits of stone. The two partners stared at each other. You could have heard a feather drop. They were rich, as things go, I'd heard. But four since March!

"'Never believe it,' says Will Truman again, waking up. 'There's something wrong. Old she was, but good for years yet, I'll swear. My hat! Within a mile? Lacy, surely we can get some of the cargo up before'—

"'Yes, to light fires with. The salt will spoil those silk bales in less than three days, man.' He was a sight, I tell you. 'To go down like that in smooth water! I told Coombes plainly I wouldn't pay out a farthing until an investigation had been made, and if I suspected anything I'd take action at once.'

"'You were a fool to hint at anything of the sort.'

"'Aye, perhaps I was. We ought to have sent a man down straightaway to look at her. Who is there? Here, Johnson, run to Saunders, the diver, in Market street. Tell him to come here this minute. I'll know the truth of this.'

"They went into the inner office together. I sat there hanging on to the buzz of their talk and fairly itching to do or say something. Then in about 15 minutes back tears their clerk with the word that Saunders was very sorry, but the owners had that very minute engaged him to make an investigation next morning, and he didn't think there was another diver worth a cent in the place just then. He'd find out.

"The two partners spun round and looked at each other, and it didn't need words to show what they were thinking. That was my chance if ever, and before I knew it I'd spoken.

"'Yes, there is! Mr. Truman, I'll go down and welcome. If you think there's anything underhanded, leave it to me.'

"'You!' They'd never noticed me. 'Who are you, then?' asked the senior dully. 'What might you know about it?'

"'A good deal, sir—that's to say, I haven't done any deep sea work to speak of, but I was five years over in Sunderland going down and stopping leaks and strains before they had the drydock built. That's somethin, sir. I was here to ask for work, and there it is. If the silk can be saved—or that £8,000—I'm your man. Try me.'

"'Well, if this isn't a coincidence,' says he, incredulous like. 'Will, what do you think? There's no time to lose, that's certain. We must arrange to have our man down with theirs, you know. Come, I'll take you at your word, Mr.—er—Wilderspin. I want that fore hold quietly inspected, you understand. After that the cargo. Got an outfit! Then we'll see to that. Come in here, will you? I hardly know what I'm about.'

"It seemed past believing one way and another. I left that office, mates, with my full instructions and a couple of shiners as well and just sailed home on air. And, would any one believe it, when I'd blurted out the morning's tale to Jess she hangs round my neck; didn't want me to do it. There's a woman all over for you. I can see her poor, pinched face, white and gloomerous as anything, just as if it was against my shoulder this very minute. But, there, I mustn't talk. I came nigh never seeing it again in this world.

"Dead to the minute I was down at the docks next morning ready for anything. Lacy Truman—he'd been on his feet all night I could tell—had made all the arrangements, and he meant business. So did the other party, it was plain. Saunders and I, it was agreed, were to go down together and report afterward. They'd hired a small cutter between them, and appeared to be friendly enough on the outside. But there was something in the air right enough. Oh, aye!

"Well, the moment the tide had turned off we started, with the salvage boat and a dozen others after us to see what there might be to see. I knew Mr. Lacy had an idea the other party meant to hamper us if possible, but it didn't appear so. In less than an hour they'd made the spot. Saunders and some of the Witch's crew were straining their eyes over the side.

"'There she lies, mate, in ten fathoms or I'm a Dutchman,' he says quietly to me. 'Can ye go the depth? Right. Nothing like pluck, eh? We'll soon know all about her cargo now. Get your things on.'

"Down below I goes and was ready as soon as he. Course, being what he was, he had the sneer of me the minute he knew I was no expert. But he seemed affable enough, and even a little friendly. Just before we stuck our headgear on and Mr. Truman was seeing my tube extra fast to the pumper he pulls out a brandy bottle and offers me a mouthful offhand. I had it to my lips when somehow I caught his eyes and that man—well, he flinched.

"'Have some yourself,' says I handing it back.

"'I always do—well, no, I won't just yet,' he says, with a laugh, and tosses the bottle overboard.

"I couldn't quite get the grip of that, and perhaps it was this action that gave me a nasty, sinking sensation when I stood ready, with the helmet on and 30 pounds of solid lead on my boots, watching him go down the ladder and coolly slide into that green ten fathoms. It was a lot over my old dock depths, and I felt a bit dreamy, so to speak, when I heard the engine start pumping away from me. But there it was. I had no notion of backing out then. Down I stepped, let myself go, and knew not a thing more till I found myself standing still on the bottom, dizzy with the depth, sick after the suspense, and with a noise in my head as if a hundred throats had started screeching. That lasted about half a minute. Then I pulled myself together, took another kink of the life line and knew I was all right for Lacy Truman's job.

"Where was Saunders?

"I looked round. It wasn't like harbor water. You could see as well as looking at daylight through thick glasses, and there was he, standing a few yards off, flashing his diving lamp ahead. We'd tumbled on a bed of sand white as snow. I could make out mighty worms and shellfish crawling over it—everything looks twice its size at that depth—and great castles of rock here and there, with sea creepers swaying about something lovely, and shoals of small fish zigzagging in and out like silver spearpoints. But ne'er a sign of our ship. Then presently I saw Saunders shaking his light and pointing. He'd located it straight away with his experience.

"After him I goes for about, I should reckon, 50 or 60 yards over slimy hillocks and down bits of valleys, and there was the Witch, lying three parts over on a bit of rising ground, her mainmast pointing down at our heads—a sad enough sight. Saunders, he was up to her deckrail in a jiffy, got his grappling hook over it, and had climbed over before I could take it in. When I followed, I stopped half way, because I felt the timbers shaking, and could almost swear there was the dull sound of an axe hacking away like fury. I just waited, and presently he comes clambering back to put his helmet against mine, and there was a splinter of wood sticking to his axe, and he was panting.

"'Rotten, mate! A three foot leak in the outer hold,' was what he shouted. 'Hatches blocked, I'm afraid. We'll have to come down again and blow a hole in her side to get at the silk. Got your line? Say when.'

"'Half a minute,' I shouted back. Perhaps he thought I'd had enough of it, and reckoned I should be glad to take his word for everything. As it was, being afraid to go too near the rigging, I walked round by the forepeak as smart as I could, swung myself up to the keelboard and crawled along there, feeling and looking both sides for the hole he had made it his business to hack.

"I couldn't find it, but I found something else that made the blood tingle in me very queerly. I hadn't really expected it, and only the sheerest bit of luck could have put it in my way by that light. But there, a couple of yards up the side of the forehold, were three big splintered holes that nothing but an augur had worked through. I made quite sure of that, got my nerves set and turned to crawl back, and there was Saunders stooping behind me. And I was fool enough to take hold of his fingers and plug them in the holes to make him feel the inside smoothness.

"He seemed startled himself, and didn't say a word till we had clambered down to the sand again. Then as I went to tug my line, feeling a bit nervous, he catches my arm and put his glass against mine.

"'Scuttled,'' he said.

"'Aye, scuttled,' I yelled back, and the next thing I knew was that I lay on my back empty handed. He had tripped me and jerked away my lifeline. Well, all the blood rushed to my head. That's about all I know. I lay there stunned most by the thought that such villainy could find a place in any man's mind. But he was not quite quick enough. As he went to step back I caught him behind the knees with one hand, and down he came. Then came the struggle for life and death, and it doesn't bear describing. I had tumbled to the whole thing in a flash. He had been offered a price not to let me go up if by chance I found out anything black, and it had been big enough to make a rogue of him. That was it, and let any man here imagine a deadlier position if he can.

"I held on to him for a minute or so like a vice. But I was undermost, the weight of him on my chest and the notion of what he intended doing suffocating me almost. Clouds of the white sand went whirling up about us, and the red mist in my eyes made them seem real blood color, I recollect. Aye, he meant it that day. He knew he'd gone too far to draw back, the mad fool. Through the glass I made out his axe going up, as if he could see no way for it but to smash in my helmet and leave the water to do the rest. I just had strength enough to give one mighty screech. Then I was done. Closed my eyes and waited for the thud.

"It never came, mates. But if it wasn't touch and go with death, what was it? That he was going to do the thing I've never had a doubt. But all of a sudden there was a jerk of his line. Up he went, and I, hanging on to his ankles, had sufficient sense not to let go. Up, up—very slowly, for the line had a double weight that they didn't know of above. Up, up, and in my dreams since I've often felt the kicks he gave to get free of me. But heaven wouldn't allow it. I've no recollection of reaching the blessed surface and being hauled aboard. But it goes without saying, or I wouldn't be telling the tale now.

"Mr. Lacy told me afterward that when they unstrapped my things I was black in the face and dead to the world. They thought I was going, and put back to shore at once. But, however, once in my bed at home I got back enough sense to gasp out something that sent him off to the police, hot foot. The next thing I knew was that I'd been ill for a week, and that they were waiting for me to give evidence at the trial—Truman Bros. versus the Owners and Captain of the Witch.

"It lasted days and days, and at first seemed as if it was going against us. An expert diver had gone down and made his report. But the owners calmly swore that the auger holes were a revelation to them, and the crew did the same. Only one thing did it. Their captain wasn't to be found or heard of, and in the end they got off with the suspicion of conspiracy to defraud and the loss of the insurance money and costs. Of course it was morally clear as daylight. They'd overinsured the cargo and arranged with the captain to scuttle the old vessel at a certain point, and it hadn't turned out quite as they meant. But all that had to be proved, and it wasn't properly done to the court's satisfaction.

"Saunders? Well, there—my blood boils now at thought of it—he got off scot free, and for all I know walks Hobart Town to this day as an honest man. I see him now standing up there in the dock and persisting that I'd dreamed it all; that I'd gone insensible, and really owed my life to him. Never mind. It's haunted his sleep once or twice since, I will lay. You'll hardly believe that I stuck to the work after that, but I did. And what's more, mates, I've got the best part of the £300 that Lacy Truman banked for me, just put by for the day when I have to give up business as a deep sea diver."—London Tit-Bits.

Much in Little
Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c.
Hood's Pills
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Much Used Bible.

Acting under orders from the authorities of the town of Bradford, England, a chemist made an analysis of a Testament which has been used in the Ripon court for 60 years and which is said to have been kissed by 40,000 people. The analysis was made with a view to ascertaining what danger there is in the practice of "kissing the book." No germs of typhoid fever, tuberculosis or diphtheria were found. The chemist reports that he identified seven species of micro-organisms which in a very interesting manner cover the three divisions of the fungi order. The only germ of a dubious character was one which is usually found on wounded or sore skin. Although this germ is not necessarily harmful, there are conditions in which it might produce unpleasant complications, and the chemist said he would not kiss any surface upon which they were spread. If salivary germs could be left in that manner, other microbes of a more dangerous character could be left, which was a strong argument against "kissing the book."

Nights Out or Days In.

A Manchester correspondent tells me of one of the latest developments of the servants' craze for imitating their mistresses, which occurred here recently. "It was," she says, "the night out of the cook of a friend of mine. The front doorbell rang, and, hearing the housemaid having a somewhat angry colloquy at the door, the lady went herself to see what it was about. She met the maid with a calling card in her hand, and on asking who had been at the door the girl replied, 'Only visitors for Miss ——,' naming the cook, and carried the card to the kitchen. Out of curiosity the lady went later on into the kitchen and found the card (a bonafide printed visiting one), and on it inscribed as follows, 'Miss E—— W——, first and third Tuesdays.' The mystery remains as yet unrevealed whether these dates represent 'nights out' or 'days at home.'"—London Gentlewoman.

American Bamboo.

Experiments in Florida and Louisiana have shown that bamboo will grow in those states almost as well as in the hotter countries. Around Fort Myers there are bamboos that have attained to a height of 50 or 60 feet. They are of a variety which usually grows to about 70 feet in India. In Orange county there is one clump of bamboos, said to be only 10 years old, in which the stalks have attained to the height of 65 feet, the stalks averaging 13 inches in circumference. There are 80 stalks in the clump. This particular clump is of a variety from Bengal, where the wood is used for building purposes and for light spars for vessels.—Savannah News.

About Ponies.

The Shetland ponies are not so common, it seems to me, as they used to be in the States. Perhaps this is because the Canadian ponies are so cheap and are brought here in great numbers. The best place to see the Shetland pony is on his own native ground. As one sees them there, coming into town on market days, they are so well broken that no bridle is needed, and a string around the neck serves the purpose of a rein. Upon their backs they have pack saddles, which are often so well filled with peat and grass that the load seems too big and heavy for the little fellows.

In Iceland there are plenty of ponies. They have flourished there for many generations and form a special breed. They are used for many kinds of work, and, being strong and hardy, they are very serviceable to the inhabitants of the island. The country is rough and hilly, but the ponies are sure footed and have great endurance.

The island of Oesel, one of the largest in the Baltic sea, has its own special breed of ponies; tough, sturdy little fellows they are and highly prized for their beauty and other more valuable qualities.—Our Animal Friends.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Literary Notices.

The October number of HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is a rare example of literary, pictorial and mechanical workmanship. There is not a single stale or unprofitable paper in it; contrarise, it is filled from cover to cover with timely matter of a highly interesting and entertaining character. Some of its special features are: The Santiago Campagn with two maps and 20 spirited illustrations. On the Roof of the World, 16 illustrations after sketches and photographs. Social Life in the British Army, 4 illustrations including frontispiece. Our Future Policy, by Hon. John G. Carlisle. Our Navy in Asiatic Waters, 26 illustrations, 2 maps. Mr. Gladstone, etc. Besides these there are: Span o'Life, 5 illustrations. An Author's Reading and its Consequences, 5 ills. Old Chester Tales, 2 ills., very interesting, and others. The Drawer is filled with appropriate pictures; and the Literary Notes by John Kendrick Bangs are very readable.

*** HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Company, 14—20 Franklin street, Boston; and by Moore & Parker of the Woburn News Depot.

No Trouble Now.

"I suffered from hip disease and had five running sores on one of my hips. I could not walk without crutches. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has accomplished a perfect cure. I have had no trouble from impure blood since taking it." ANNIE ROBERT, 46 Fourth Street, Fall River, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25.

Magazine Notes.

THE LIVING AGE, in its issue for October 1, is to begin a new serial story, translated for its pages from the French of Th. Bentzon, (Mme. Blanc). The story is entitled "Constance" and it is the study of the life of a young girl. Important ethical questions, especially that of divorce, are touched upon, and the story has a high moral purpose. The translation is made by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

With the first number for October, THE LIVING AGE, the weekly eclectic magazine which for more than fifty years has been a favorite with American readers, begins a new series and appears in a new and attractive dress, suggesting *The Atlantic Monthly* in the clear legibility of its page. The familiar cover is to be retained, but it has been newly engraved and otherwise modernised.

THE LIVING AGE actually gives a larger amount of matter each month than any of the monthlies. Thus *Harper's Magazine* contains 172 pages each month; *The Century* 160 pages; *Scribner's Magazine* 128 pages; and *The Atlantic Monthly* 144 pages; while THE LIVING AGE gives each month from 280 to 344 pages, according as there were four or five issues.

Who can fail to take advantage of this offer. Send 10 cents to us for a generous trial size or ask your druggist. Ask for Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive catarrh cure. Full size 50 cents.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Woburn's Provisional Company.

Last Monday the new Provisional Militia Company of this city, the 30th in the State, to take the place of the State Guards, were duly mustered in by Col. F. L. Locke. Then the Company elected officers as follows:

Captain, John M. Portal; 1st Lieutenant, Arthur C. Wyer; 2d Lieutenant, J. Chester Hanson; Clerk, Charles A. P. Bartlett; Treasurer, W. E. Doyle.

The following are the members of the Company. It will be seen that they are representative men:

Horace N. Conn, Harry V. Dimick, Wm. L. Murdock, Frank E. Wetherell, Walter W. Case, John C. Andrews, Harry M. Call, Elmore A. Pierce, Geo. W. Buchanan, Roderick Foss, J. Chester Hanson, Francis P. Curran, S. Wright Britton, B. Frank Waldron, Fred W. Fowle, Daniel D. Cary, Louis H. Dow, Mark Parsons, Wallace F. Williams, Walter Smith, John Black, Chester W. Holland, Elbridge G. Barker, Jr., Walter Hartshorn, Edward E. Foss, George H. Taylor, Charles H. Eaton, Henry A. Dow, Frederick A. Cummings, W. Herrick Brown, Edwin F. Clairidge, John M. Wallace, Percival A. Rogers, William E. Doyle, George W. Waughn, Patrick A. O'Malley, Frederick E. Stowers, Edwin K. Porter, Charles A. P. Bartlett, Arthur C. Wyer, George W. Stetson, John M. Portal, Clarence Stetson, Joseph F. Patten, Wheelock Dower.

No Yellow Fever.

There is no yellow fever in Santiago. The city is "cleaner and healthier than ever before in its history," and under orders from Washington public schools will be opened on the first Monday in October. Altogether it is an impressive object lesson which we are giving our friends of Cuba Libre as to what good government and free institutions really mean. It is a splendid sequel to our glorious victories.

Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1898.

FOR SENATOR.

The Essex-Middlesex Republican Senatorial convention was held at Lynn on Monday, Oct. 3.

Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn was nominated by acclamation, there being no other candidate in the field.

Captain Edwin F. Wyer of Woburn presented Mr. Sanderson's name in a handsome speech.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Middlesex county held their convention last Wednesday. The present incumbents were re-nominated by acclamation except Sheriff, which office was balloted for. Cushing won.

BY ACCLAMATION.

Congressman William S. Knox of Lawrence was nominated for a third term by the Fifth District Republican Congressional convention at Lowell last Tuesday by acclamation, as predicted by the JOURNAL.

☞ Republican State convention yesterday. Present State officers all renominated.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Evening School.
First Church—Lecture.
J. L. Pinkham—To Let.
F. A. Hartwell—To Let.
Miss Callahan—Opening.
A. E. Sproul—Pray Sons.
J. G. Maguire—Tax List.
Boston Journal—Magazine.
Dearborn & Coulson—For Sale.
A. E. Sproul—McCuller Parker Co.

— See To Let by J. L. Pinkham.

— Please read the new card of Miss Josepine Lang.

— A heavy rain visited this section of the country Wednesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Simonds are on a Southern wedding trip.

— Don't fail to attend Miss Callahan's Millinery Opening to-day.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Mrs. Abijah Thompson has returned from a fine visit at Minneapolis, Minn.

— William Haber has bought Charles A. Dearborn's estate on Eaton avenue.

— Mr. Carter and Mrs. McDonald of Bennett street have gone on a visit to Saratoga.

— The Evening School will open in the High School building next Monday, Oct. 10.

— Mr. George H. Newhall informs the JOURNAL that the temperature on Oct. 15, 1897, was 93 in the shade.

— The St. Charles Parish will hold a grand reception at the Auditorium on Oct. 19. It is to be a society event.

— Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heartz entertained Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Murray of Campton, N. H., last week.

— Dr. George G. Rogers and Dr. William H. Kelliher are hunting big game in the forests of Maine and New Brunswick.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. T. Marvin Parker returned a few days ago from a visit to his mother who lives on the old Parker homestead at Lebanon, York county, Maine.

— L. E. Hanson & Co. have one of the largest and finest stocks of gold and silverware, clocks, watches, and jewelry, that can be found in Middlesex county.

— By reference to the time table on page 1 it will be seen that a few slight changes have been made in the time of arrival and departure of trains at the Woburn station on the B. & M. Road.

— We got the name of the new clerk in the Shawmut National Bank, Boston, wrong last week as usaual. His name is Charles Bertrand Strout, and not E. Bertram, as the JOURNAL had it.

— A rush of advertising crowds out an excellent story of the football game last Saturday by the Woburn and Malden High Schools, in which Woburn won, and several other good things.

— William E. Blodgett, Esq., who in times past has been suspected of political aspirations, has had his ambition gratified at last by an election to the responsible office of Chorister at one of the churches in this city.

— Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, cornet soloist of the Seventh Regiment Band of New York City, has been engaged as soloist at the Mechanics Fair in Boston from Oct. 10th to the 24th. He is the fourth son of M. Clark, the organist, and is a native of Woburn.

— Mr. E. C. Cotton, brother of Mr. Marcus H. Cotton and son-in-law of Mr. Fred A. Hartwell, has left Newburyport to accept the General Secretaryship of the Malden Y. M. C. A. He is regarded as one of the best General Secretaries in the State.

— Rev. I. H. Packard will open the Star Course at the Methodist church next Wednesday evening with "Venice, the Gem of the Adriatic." It will be profusely and beautifully illustrated Tickets can be had at the drugstore of F. P. Brooks and at Copeland & Bowser's.

— Dr. Frank W. Graves and Col. A. L. Richardson accompanied the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to Quebec last Monday. The command, 300 strong, were expected to reach Boston on their return last evening. Dr. Graves is Surgeon of the Ancients.

— A few weeks ago the JOURNAL asked if there were any other Mayflower descendents besides Mrs. John True in Woburn. We have learned of another lady here who traces her ancestry directly back to John Alden and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden, two famous passengers on the Mayflower, and is justly proud of her lineage. Several of her ancestors were prominent in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars.

— Barbank W. R. C. 84, announce the first assembly of this season to be held in G.A.R. Hall (Post 33), Friday evening, Oct. 14. Gents 25c. Ladies 10c.

— Next week we shall assume the responsibility of telling all about a lecture to be given by Rev. Dr. March, advertised in this paper, entitled "Remiscences of Seventy Years." We advise people to get tickets at once, for the church won't begin to hold all of those who will want to go.

— Mr. John James Dixon died on Sept. 13, the funeral was on Sept. 15, and on Sept. 30 Mrs. Dixon, the widow, received a check for $3,000 from the treasurer of the Royal Arcanum, that being the amount of Mr. Dixon's insurance in that Order. That was quick work and a great card for the Royal Arcanum.

— The following are the officers of the Friday Night Club elected last Monday evening: Percy W. Linscott pres., Emma H. Wright, Mrs. Heber B. Clewley vice pres., Miss Mabel Ferguson sec., George W. W. Buchanan treas., Mrs. A. A. Dow, Mrs. Edward A. Dow, Miss Josephene Ellis, George Furguson, Harry Brackett, Mrs. Charles L. Grammer directors.

— Mr. F. A. Hartwell advertises the second story of his market, 385 Main street, for rent at reasonable figures. It is one of the best business locations in the city, handy to everything, easily reached, and well fitted up for use. Being everyway desirable, it will readily rent for business purposes and Mr. Hartwell will not have to wait long for a customer. Possession will be given in Nov. 1.

— Mr. John C. Plumer received a letter from his mother who is past 90 years old written at her home, Campton, N. H., the other day, the penmanship of which would put to blush the average High School scholar. In it the old lady describes the carriage that Lafayette rode in at Exeter, N. H., 66 years ago, and which she also subsequently rode in. It was a gay vehicle for those days.

— "Never look a gift horse in the mouth" is all right. Mr. Harry F. Parker does not own or lease an apple orchard, neither does Mr. Waterman Brown, and yet Mr. Parker, so "Wat" says, sent a barrel of fine Baldwin apples to the Editor's home last Tuesday, for which "all hands and the cook" were grateful. "Wat" declares on his word and honor that he had nothing to do with the business. But, etc.

— Last Tuesday evening Mr. M. J. Gannon, a night employee of the Electric Light, Heat & Power establishment, was severely burned on his back, neck and hands by a wire that he became entangled in. As soon as his cries were heard he was rescued from the perilous situation and taken to his home on Sturgis st. He suffered intensely, but was comfortable the next morning.

— Miss Bertha Long, daughter of Mr. Thomas Long, was found lying on the ground insensible near Tufts College last Friday. She was recognized by one of the College students, a North Woburn young man, and removed. She had fallen from her bicycle, but whether from a collision or not she was unable to say. She was brought to her home and soon after recovered consciousness. Her condition was alarming for awhile, but she is now better.

— At the last meeting of the Board of Health, Inspector of Plumbing F. B. Browning was relieved of his office after Oct. 1st. Mr. W. J. Cassidy, of Woburn, formerly foreman for George E. Pratt & Co., will probably be his successor.—*Winchester Star.* Mr. Cassidy has received the appointment, and a good man he is for the place. His salary is $30 per month. He is an expert plumber and the Winchester Board made no mistake in selecting him for their Agent.

— Society in Wakefield is in a woefully demoralized condition. The timely "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a" good deal of the *Citizen & Banner* has no perceptable effect in raising the standard of morals in that physically delightful town. To illustrate: Last Sunday night near the hour of 12 a brutal prize fight was pulled off in a barn situated somewhat remote from the centre of Wakefield's population. Scores of Wakefield and Reading roughs witnessthe sanguinary struggle, and no police were present to prevent it—at least there was no official interference. To be sure the report of the fight did not state in terms that "many of Wakefield's best citizens were present," but the public are at liberty to draw their own conclusions. The fight was a draw, and the principals and their backers escaped arrest.

The People Believe

What They Read About Hood's Sarsaparilla

Their Faith in This Medicine Is Grounded on Merit

They Know It Absolutely Cures When Other Medicines Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium.

Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

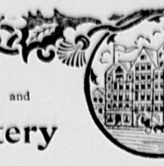
"My little girl was afflicted with eczema and suffered for seven years. She was attended by physicians and tried many different kinds of medicine without relief. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she was cured." MRS. EMMA FRANKLIN, Honeoye, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.



Carpets and Upholstery

FOR

Residences, Churches, Hotels, Steamers, etc., etc.

Our stock is by far the largest in Boston, and includes many *private patterns* obtainable *nowhere else.* Our prices are always at the bottom of the market.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,

658 Washington St., Boston.

(Opposite Boylston St.)

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

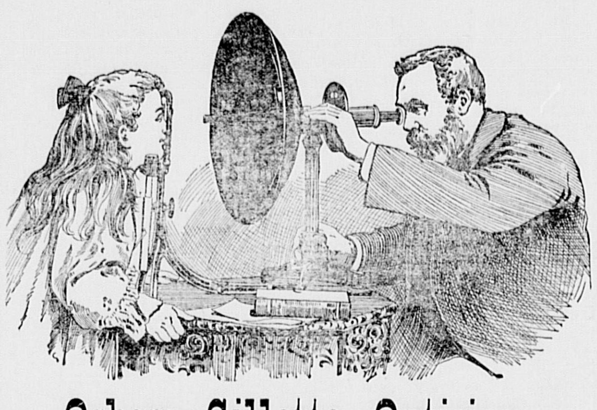
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions. Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.

Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Osborn Gillette, Optician.

A graduate of the McCormick Optical College, we use the best improved modern appliances for examining and testing the eyes. **We fit correctly. Glasses are not guessed on.** Would refer you to some of our leading physicians and citizens: Dr. Geo. P. Bartlett, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Daniel F. Murphy and Dr. Seth W. Kelley.

WOBURN, April 6th, 1897.

OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—My daughter had been troubled with frequent and severe headaches, the cause of which puzzled me for a long time. I finally decided that they were caused by wearing glasses that were not suited to her eyes, although they had been fitted by a Boston specialist.

I consulted you and you agreed with me, and fitted her with a new pair of glasses, and from that time since she has not been troubled to any extent, and of late not at all.

I am very much pleased with your treatment of her case, and shall be pleased to recommend you to anyone in need of your attention.

Yours very respectfully,
RICHARD MORRIS.

WOBURN, March 30, 1897.

MR. OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—For more than a year my daughter complained of frequent and severe headaches which affected her health and interfeared with her School duties, believing that the trouble arose from overstraining the eyes, and knowing you to be an expert on these matters, I took her to you. Your examination confirmed my opinion, and you fitted glasses for her, and it gives me great pleasure to say that since a week after she began to wear them the improvement began immediately, her head never troubles her any more and her health is good, which I ascribe to your successful treatment.

Yours truly,
E. J. GREGORY.

1795 **MECHANICS' FAIR** 1898

By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.

BOSTON, OCT. 10 TO DEC. 3, 1898.

MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of the MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!

The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.

Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships . . .
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor . . . . . .
The Wonderful X-Ray . . .
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden . . . .

"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."
—*Boston Herald.*

XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.
Musical..... Attractions of a high order of excellence.

FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.

Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene, and Electric.

25c. Admits to All.

10 A.M. to 10 P.M. CAFE Always Open.

Winslow, Rand & Watson,

High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2-lb. TIN CANS only;

Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN

433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

IN A NEW FORM

With space much enlarged, with new features added, and with the existing departments greatly strengthened. The

Boston Sunday Journal

Beginning with next Sunday, October 9th, will be planned and constructed from beginning to end to meet the present needs and desires of those who read Sunday newspapers.

THE BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL will be a newspaper of cleanliness and good sense, sustained and pushed forward by every adjunct of news, literature and art that properly can be applied. The pages throughout the whole paper will be of the same size as those which the Illustrated Section has made familiar to our readers. It will consist of

40 Pages News and Miscellany;
8 Pages Photographic Illustrations;
48-Page Illustrated Bound Magazine.

Five years ago the Boston Sunday Journal offered itself to the most intelligent and critical newspaper readers in the United States, in a territory which was supposed to be occupied fully, and has won from them a support which justifies it now in adding heavily to its cost of production.

Order of Your Newsdealer.

To Let.

A Fine Suite of Rooms

At 385 Main street, Woburn, second floor, suitable for offices, manufactory of small wares, or other similar use. Admirably located for any kind of business. Possession given Nov. 1.

RENT REASONABLE.

Apply to F. A. HARTWELL,
387 Main St., Woburn.

First Church.

Lecture by Dr. March

"Personal Reminiscences of Seventy Years." Judge Parker L. Converse will preside. Organ Concert by Mr. D. N. Hood.

Thursday, Oct. 27, 1898.

Doors open at 7.15 P. M.
Concert at 7.30.

Admission 25c.

Tickets to be had at F. P. Brooks's, F. A. Flint's, Gordon Parker's, H. A. Wilcox's.

Auction Sale.

Two fine building lots measuring together 70x70 feet, at the corner of Dartmouth street and Foster Avenue, North Woburn, will be sold at public auction, on

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1898,

At 2 o'clock, P. M. The lots are supplied with city water, and will require no grading.

Terms: 50 dollars down and balance in 10 days. Or very easy terms of payment can be arranged for by application before day of sale to

DEARBORN & COULSON, Auctioneers,

527 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

To Let.

COTTAGE HOUSE: 5 Rooms: at 30 Beacon street, Woburn.

Apply to J. L. PINKHAM,
111 Pleasant Street.

Local News.

— The Grocers Clerks gave their annual ball Wednesday evening. It was a success.

— Especial honors were paid to the memory of Mrs Lawrence Reade at her funeral last Saturday. St. Charles Church was richly decked in flowers, and many distinguished clergymen and laymen were in attendance. The music was sweet. The funeral procession consisted of 48 hacks and many private carriages, the hearse being preceded by a barouche filled with the most exquisite floral offerings in costly emblems, bouquets, sprays and bunches. Mrs. Reade was dearly beloved by everyone who knew her and her death is sincerly mourned.

— Last Saturday afternoon Master Lewis Chute, 13 years old, son of Mr. W. Prior Chute, had a narrow escape from broken bones and perhaps death. While loading barrels near the coal office of Cummings, Chute & Co. on High street the horse of Mr. Charles Cummings became frightened and ran away. He ran around some buildings to where the men of the Company were loading a wagon with coal, young Lewis occupying the seat at the time. A barrel fell from the Cummings cart striking the Chute horse which also became firightened and ran away. In its flight it collided with one of Mr. Ellis's teams, throwing Lewis from his seat to the ground. Two wheels ran over him, but no bones were broken. The Ellis team fared badly. The Chute horse was induced to run against a stone post, where he cleared himself and left the wagon a wreck. Lewis had his senses when picked up and carried home, and the doctors could not find that he had received serious injuries. But it was a close call. The damages were about $150.

Obituary.

Mr. JOHN I. MUNROE, one of Woburn's best known citizens, died at his home on Warren Avenue, this city, about 10.30 o'clock Monday evening, of apoplexy, aged nearly 59 years. He returned from his office at 9 o'clock and retired at the usual hour. About 10 o'clock his wife heard him breathing heavily and tried to rouse him. Failing she sent for a doctor who arrived to find him dead.

The deceased was born in Burlington, came to Woburn in early manhood, and has been intimately identified with its business interests ever since. On June 13, 1867, he married Ada W. Trull, daughter of the late Dr. Elbridge Trull, who survives to deeply mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband.

Mr. Munroe was conspicuous in business and social life here, and stood well as a citizen. He had faithfully filled many places of responsibility under the town and city governments, and was always trusted in public and private affairs. For several years he had been actively and successfully engaged in real estate business. His sudden death was a painful surprise to everybody and leaves a void in the best circles of Woburn society.

He left no children or immediate relatives to regret his passing away. The widow has the heartfelt sympathy of the community in her deep bereavement.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon at the house. It was conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church. The burial was at Mount Auburn.

City Council.

The Board held a meeting on Thursday evening, Sept. 29.

The Board of Public Works made a request for $175 for sewer construction on Sturgis street.—A transfer of $150 was made from Mis. Dpt. to Water Works construction.—Finance Com. reported inexpedient to appropriate money for macadaizing Main street.—Authority given to Special Com. on schoolhouse site to spend $500 for information as to site, etc.—Report of sub-committee on schoolhouse site laid over to next meeting on Oct. 6. The report was in favor of the Joseph Kelley homestead on Main and Church streets, the price agreed on being $14,000, the owners to remove the house, etc. The Council favored the report, but a member asked for more time to consider it.

Chief Engineer Clarence Littlefield of the Fire Department explained in a communication the necessity of a repeater and wiring at the steamer house, which would require an expenditure of $1,000. He said that the present repeater was totally unreliable and has been for a long time. The poor working of the alarm shows that something is wrong, and Chief Littlefield knows what it is. It will be perfectly safe to comply with his request.

New Idea in Newspapers.

The Boston *Journal's* habit of keeping ahead is now once again brought strongly to public attention. The *Sunday Journal* will appear next Sunday in a new and original form, most convenient to handle, and effective in arrangement, with forty-eight pages, a large increase in space over former issues. The *Sunday Journal* is the first paper in the country to bring out this modern novel idea.

The New England Home Magazine, with its 48 pages, profusely illustrated, and the Illustrated Weekly, filled with photographic pictures of events of the day in New England and of the world's important doings, will be included each Sunday with the new style *Journal.*

Features of special interest in next Sunday's issue will include the story of personal experiences in the war by Col. E. P. Clark of the Second Massachusetts Regiment (the initial one of a series by New England soldiers), and the first of several articles by Frederic Roy Martin, the *Journal's* special staff correspondent in Porto Rico, telling picturesquely of the odd and interesting events connected with the invasion of that island.

Double Wedding.

Rev. John W. Suter, Rector of the church of the Epiphany, Winchester, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 5, at the residence of the parents of the two brides, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hovey, near Winn Park, united in marriage Mr. John C. N. Parker and Miss Mabel L. Hovey; and Mr. David S. Gifford and Miss Florence M. Hovey. The weddings were strictly private and no cards were issued. The parlors were very finely decorated in white and yellow. The brides were wedded in traveling dresses. The happy parties, who have our best wishes, will be at home after Dec. 1, 1898.

"I feel fearfully stale this morning." I should think you would if you have coughed all night. Begin on Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam to-day and to-night you will sleep like a tired baby.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MILLINERY OPENING!

MISS CALLAHAN

Announces her Fall Opening of the newest designs in Trimmed Millinery,

Thursday & Friday, Oct. 6 & 7.

335 Main Street, WOBURN

ESTABLISHED IN 1817.

John H. Pray, Sons & Co.

CARPETINGS, RUGS AND UPHOLSTERY.

Largest and Oldest in New England.

BARGAINS Just to introduce the FALL RETAIL SEASON, and to stimulate trade, we offer for One Week Only the following:

26 patterns or about 3700 yards

Standard American Brussels

— AT —

85c PER YARD

This is a ridiculously low price for the high grade Brussels we are offering, and is made only to close out those patterns that we shall not run in stock another season and to make room for new goods. Also a large selection of odd pieces and colorings of the Best Brussels, taken from our Wholesale stock, and offered at less than jobbing prices, for

90c. and **95c.** PER YARD

Respectively.

Fifty patterns to select from.

☞ The price of every carpet marked on the tag in plain figures.

BEST QUALITY

American Brussels.

Over 170 patterns to select from, or about 16 000 yards, suitable for Parlors, Reception Rooms, Libraries, Dining Room, Chambers, Halls and Stairs, at

$1.25 PER YARD

These Brussels are usually sold $1.50 and upwards. This is a good opportunity for any one who intends refurnishing this Fall.

If convenient please bring diagrams or plans of your rooms.

☞ All purchases delivered free at residences within 10 miles of our store.

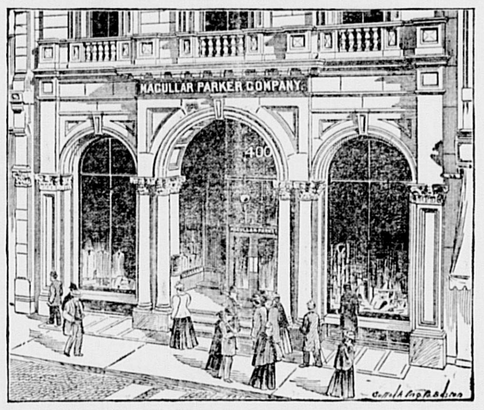
John H. Pray, Sons & Co.,

Importers, Contractors, Jobbers, Retailers,

658 WASHINGTON STREET,

OPPOSITE BOYLSTON STREET.

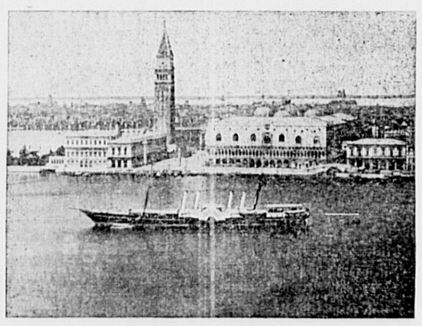
CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS



Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,

400 Washington St. — BOSTON. — 400 Washington St.



STAR

Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

Beginning Oct. 12, 1898.

SUBJECTS and DATES:

OCT. 12. Venice, the Gem of the Adriatic.
OCT. 26. Florence and illustrious Florentines.
NOV. 2. Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii.
NOV. 16. Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. Burke F. Leavitt, of Melrose Highlands. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Sermon in the Vestry by the pastor at 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—17th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Calleth for Thee." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Turning to God." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Subject: "The Lord Sustaineth Me." Mrs. N. M. Waterbury of Boston, formerly a Missionary, now Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, will address the ladies in the vestry, Wednesday, at 4 P. M. All ladies invited.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by Rev. C. J. Larson, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Young Peoples' Meeting at 6 P. M. Wednesday, Service at 7.30 P. M. The Young Men's Reading Room is open every Saturday night from 7.15 to 9.30 o'clock.

SWEDISH EVANG. LUTHERAN.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Anders Andre. Young People's Service at 6 P. M. Preaching at 7 P. M. Wednesdays Service at 7.30 P. M. Saturdays at 7.30 P. M., 1st and 3rd of every month, Young People's Meeting. The Ladies Sewing Society meets every other Thursday evening alternately at 7.45 P. M. in the homes of the respective members.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Sept. 27, Elizabeth Edgecomb, aged 74 years, 5 months, 26 days.

In this city, Sept. 28, Anastatia, wife of Lawrence Reade, aged 55 years, 4 months.

In this city, Oct. 3, John I. Munroe, aged 59 years, 4 months, 19 days.

In this city, Oct. 3, John Still, aged 51 years, 6 months.

In this city, Lucy Whiton Mead, at the residence of her daughter Mrs. F. A. Partridge. Prayer at the house at 11.30 A. M. Saturday. Burial at Hingham, Mass.

In Boston, Sept. 25, at Mass. Gen. Hospital, Phillip Touchette, of Woburn, aged 30 years.

In Maynard, Oct. 6, Dorothy R., daughter of Dr. Frank and Emma Flagg, aged 3 months.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

MONDAY, October 3, 1898.

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MRS. LEWIS

WILL RESUME

Piano-forte Instruction

SAT., OCT. 1, 1898.

One or two lessons a week.
Private or class lessons.
Instruction includes elementary harmony and musical form.
Arrangements may be made on or after Wednesday, Sept. 28.

2 BENNETT ST.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH,
20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction

— IN —

Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:

87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Try Our Boston Blend Coffee 25c. lb.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing **Tin Roofing**

BUY THE

SOMERSET PALLAS,

— OR —

FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping **Furnaces**

Have You a Boy?

Bring him in. It doesn't make any difference whether he's a bright boy or a dull boy, or a chubby boy or a wishy-washy boy, if he is over 3 and not over 15 we will show him the best, prettiest and most wearable suit of clothes—a suit that will set him thinking—for five dollars. We will show him more than that. We'll show him suits that any mother would say was worth five dollars and we'll show him our price tag attached to them which calls for only $3—good all-wool suits too—made with double seat and knees for hard school use. If he comes under the head of "Junior" his size with fancy braid on the jacket and fancy buckles on the pants and perhaps a fancy vester. If extra pants are desired to match the suit we can furnish them at one third the price of the suit.

All Are New Fall And Winter Styles.

HAMMOND & SON.

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

Stop-ache
Has Cured
1912 Headaches
It will Cure Yours.
25c.
F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 5, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, November 19, 1898,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 1.

LIZZIE M. ATWOOD.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of Jane C. Butman; northerly by land now or formerly of one Wyman, and by land of E. W. Hudson; easterly by land of James W. DeLoriea; southerly by Lawrence street.
Tax of 1897, $38 75

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being numbered 24, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street 70 feet; easterly by land now or late of Mary E. Whitford 131 feet; southerly by land of Louise C. Hudson 70 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph H. Buck and Mary E. Whitford 132 feet.
Tax of 1897, 88 83

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,762 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Porter street, in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19 on plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Eustace Cummings; northerly by said Porter street; easterly by Lot No. 20 on said plan; westerly by Lot No. 18 on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 40 64

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,141 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 34 and 36 Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 70 feet; westerly by Buckman street, 53.96 feet; southerly by land now or late of Buck 69.1 feet; easterly by land now or late of Buck 65.6 feet.
Tax of 1897, 35 91

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,324 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 61 feet; easterly by lot No. 12, on Plan of land of Joseph Buck 75.55 feet; southerly by lot No. 31 on said plan 62.02 feet; westerly by lot No. 16 on said plan 65.2 feet.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

ELLEN DEVLIN HEIRS.—About ¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, numbered 17 on northerly side of Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by said Buckman street; westerly by Buckman court; northerly by land of one Burke, and easterly by land of Carl A. Dunbury.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

JOHN DUFFY.—About 7,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 12 on Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Buckman street 50 feet; westerly by land now or formerly of Eliza M. Newell 117 feet; southerly by land now or formerly of Buck 60 feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Harkins 116 feet.
Balance of Tax of 1897, 19 41

JAMES FRASER.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, numbered 11 Court street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by Court street; westerly by land now or late of Harris Munroe; northerly by land formerly of John Nelson; southerly by land of Leonard Thompson.
Tax of 1897, 39 69

FRED GOWING AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, numbered 6 and 8 Wyer's Court, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; westerly by Wyer's Court; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson.
Tax of 1897, 45 36

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ⅛ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Ash street; southerly by Buckman Court; easterly by land of Burke; westerly by land now or late of Lombard.
Tax of 1897, 32 13

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ⅛ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated on Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a Court about 55 feet; northerly by land of Coleman Feeney and Tolan about 171.9 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.8 feet; and southerly by Buckman street about 78 feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

JOHN HAGGERTY.—About 7,437 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Buckman street, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Buckman street 65 feet; westerly by land of Duffy 116.5 feet; southerly by land now or late of Buck 65 feet; easterly by land now or late of McDevitt 115.1 feet.
Tax of 1897, 8 51

ABBY KEATING.—About 17,084 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated number 42 Buckman street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Buckman street 112 feet, and by Willey street 87.8 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph Buck 65 feet; southerly by land now or late of Thomas J. Pierce 181 feet; easterly by other land of said Abby Keating about 181 feet.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

ABBY KEATING.—About 15,184 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southerly or southwesterly corner of the premises at other land of said Keating; thence the line runs northerly 15.3 feet and by said Buckman street 5 25-100 feet to land now or late of Joseph Buck; thence easterly by land of said Buck 209 31-100 feet to passageway which leads to Stoddard street; thence southerly by said passage way 112 45-100 feet to land of Ellen Richardson; thence westerly by land last named 137 4 feet to other land of said Keating; thence northerly by land last named 93.6 feet, and again northerly by same land 87.8 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH KEATING.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 17 Ash street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Dorr; easterly by land now or late of Burke; southerly by said Ash street; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,374 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Pleasant street 72.5 feet; westerly by Court street 95.7 feet; southerly by land of Harris 86 feet; easterly by land of Geo. F. Bean, Trustee.
Tax of 1897, 84 11

MICHAEL LENRIEUX.—About 28,880 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Main street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Lake avenue 240 feet; westerly by land now or late of Duffy 120 feet; northerly by land of Stanley 240 feet; easterly by Main street 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 141 75

MARY MAGUIRE.—About 4,642 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Richardson street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Richardson street; southerly by land now or late of Sheehan; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

RONALD S. MCCORMICK.—About 10,527 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connors and by land of Murphy; easterly by land of Murphy and by land of Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1897, 9 92

PETER P. MCLAUGHLIN.—About 6000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Lake avenue, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Lake avenue 52.67 feet; westerly by land now or late of Mary Levigne 111.1 feet; southerly by other land now or late of said Levigne 51.5 feet; easterly by land now or late of John P. Dever and Margaret E. Kelley.
Tax of 1897, 36 85

MARY A. MURRAY.—About 13,200 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Heirs of Jacob Munroe; southerly by land now or formerly of Norris; and westerly by land of Heavey.
Tax of 1897, 49 52

FRANK E. SOLES.—About 26,385 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 24 and 26 Sturgis street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Notherly by Sturgis street; easterly and westerly by land now or late of Edward W. Hudson; southerly by land now or late of Jacob Pierce.
Tax of 1897, 85 05

WILLIAM VAUGHN'S HEIRS.—About 1¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lexington street and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; southerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land now or late of Joseph McIntire; northerly by Lexington street.
Tax of 1897, 34 97

MARIETTA WALSH.—About ⅛ of an acre of land on Bennett street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Parker; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land now or late of A. B. Wyman and land of L. Wyman.
Tax of 1897, 49 14

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS.—About ⅜ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Hunt and by land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren Avenue.
Tax of 1897, 96 39

WOBURN POWER COMPANY.—About 14,545 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by Main street; northerly by Myrtle street; westerly by land of E. W. Hudson; southerly by land of John J. Williams.
Tax of 1897, 268 38

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELCH.—About 7,675 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by a private way leading westerly from Main street 74.2 feet; westerly by land late of Pickering 90.9 feet; northerly by land of Shea 85.57 feet; easterly by land of Patrick Walsh 102 25-100 feet. Same premises described in deed of Mary Levigne et als., dated November 6, 1893, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2236, Page 340.
Tax of 1897, 7 18

WILLARD WELCH.—About 26,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Canal street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of John Sheehan 123 feet; easterly by a private way about 197 feet; southerly by land of Leathe about 132 feet; westerly by Canal street about 197 feet. Same premises described in deed of Timothy O'Brien et als., dated Feb. 26, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2380, Page 242.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

MARGARET J. ANDERSON.—About 6,077 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Porter street, being lot numbered 8 on Plan of Thomas Richardson estate, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan; southerly by said Porter street; easterly by land formerly of said Anderson; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WILLARD WELCH.—About 1 acre and 882-1,000 of an acre of land situated in said Woburn, on Lake Avenue, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lake Avenue; westerly by land of Boston Ice Company; southerly by Woburn and Winchester boundary line; easterly by land of Boston Ice Company.
Tax of 1897, 3 31

WARD 2.

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 20,000 square feet of land, buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Nashua street, being Lot 28 on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 29 on said Plan, 160 feet; easterly by Nashua street, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 27 on said Plan, 160 feet; westerly by Lot 34 on said Plan, 125 feet.
Tax of 1897, 30 24

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 28,370 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 34 on Emerson Plans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 5 Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Tremont street 128½ feet; northerly by Lot 33 on said Plan, 173 feet; easterly by Lot 28 on said Plan, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 35 on said Plan 201 feet.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH BILLINGSLEY HEIRS.—About 15,300 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of James E. Abbott; easterly by land now or late of Walsh; westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

FRANCES G. CLARK.—About 18,150 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by the continuation of Ferguson Place about 150 feet; southerly by land of J. G. Flagg about 121 feet; easterly by other land of said Flagg about 150 feet; northerly by land Ferguson about 121; same premises conveyed by J. G. Flagg by deed dated March 18, 1893, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2182, Page 168.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by said Garfield avenue; southerly by land of Mary A. McCabe; westerly by land now or formerly of Brown; northerly by land of Fowle.
Tax of 1897, 20 79

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Jefferson Court, bounded as follows, viz.—Westerly by a private way; northerly by land of James Callahan; easterly by land of Samuel Leeds; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. J. Munroe.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

LOUISE A. CUTLER.—About 16,315 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on No. 59 Fowle street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Fowle street; easterly by a private way known as Sonrel street; southerly land of James M. Kimball, and westerly by land of Maria M. Kimball.
Tax of 1897, 69 93

MARIA F. DEAN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Holton street, being Lots numbered 281 and 283 on Plan of building lots in Winchester and Woburn owned by S. S. Holton and L. Holton, dated Dec. 1874 recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44 bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Lots 280 and 284 on said Plan, north-easterly by lot 285 on said Plan; south-easterly by Hanover street; southwesterly by Lot 279 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 89

PATRICK FALLON.—About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on easterly side line of East street where an imaginary line drawn for the southeasterly side of Belmont street at its junction with East street and at right angles with the westerly line of said East street would touch at a stake, thence the line runs northeasterly at right angles with said East street 150 feet to a stake; thence southeasterly 100 feet to a stake; thence southwesterly 150 feet to said East street; thence northwesterly on said East street 100 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 2,200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land formerly of Jaquith and at land of Svenson, thence southerly by land of Svenson 36 feet; thence westerly by land of Callahan and land formerly of Jaquith 61 feet; thence northerly by land of Fifield 36 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Jaquith 60½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 6,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land of Callahan; thence southerly by land of Callahan 80 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Clapp 79 feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Collamore 80 feet; thence easterly by land of Fifield and land formerly of Jaquith 79 feet; being second lot described in deed of Caleb H. Jaquith dated March 20th 1894, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2261, Page 221.
Tax of 1897, 8 51

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 3,449 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of premises on Fowle street at land now or late of Svenson, thence the line runs southerly by land last named 57 feet; thence westerly by other land of Fitchett about 60½ feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Fifield 57 feet; thence easterly by Fowle street about 60½ feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Hawley street, being Lot No. 26 on Plan of land owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by lot No. 27 on said plan; northeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southeasterly by Lot No. 25 on said Plan; southwesterly by Hawley street on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

MARY E. FULTON.—About 15,680 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated at No. 83 Green street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Green street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Gates.
Tax of 1897, 33 08

WILLIAM GRANEY.—About 4,620 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 11 Main street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of J. P. Crane; easterly by land now or late of J. P. Crane; southerly by a private way; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 36 85

CATHERINE GRANEY.—About 8,040 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 19 and 21 Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz—Northerly by land now or late of Garvey; easterly by land of Crane; southerly by land of William Graney; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

HENRY GRESEY JR.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Holden Place, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by private street leading from Montvale avenue; southerly by land late of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land of Esther M. Keith; northerly by land of one Burke.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

THOMAS F. HARKINS.—About 8,409 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Carter street about 60 feet; westerly by land now or late of Theophelus King, 149.7 feet; easterly by land of said King about 117.7 feet; southerly by land now or late of said King and by land now or late of Fitzpatrick about 80 feet. Being Lot No. 24 on Plan of land of Theophelus King et al., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 51, Plan 44.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ADELIA HILL.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon situated No. 32 Spring Court in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by land now or late of J. G. Pollard; northerly by land now or late of J. G. Flagg; westerly by a private way known as Spring Court.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

PATRICK H. KERRIGAN.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon numbered 131 Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Blake; easterly by land now or late of H. M. Parker; southerly by land now or late of Maguire; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

JOHANNES LAURISTON.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now or late of Heirs of Michael Callahan; northerly by a passage way; southerly by land now or late of Russell and Johnson; westerly by land now or late of Allen.
Tax of 1897, 16 07

LAURITZ J. LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 86 Eastern Avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet; northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet.
Tax of 1897, 51 98

MARY B. MCBRIDE.—About 6,049 square feet of land, situated No. 16 Spring Court, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land now or late of Allen 109½ feet; northerly by land of Flagg 55 feet; easterly by land of Bonnin 109½ feet; southerly by Spring Court 55 feet.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

JAMES MCKITTRICK.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated on Medford street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now or late of Holton 121 feet; northerly by land now or late of Rooney 139 feet; westerly by land now or late of Martin 120 feet; southerly by Medford street about 150 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MARY MEEHAN.—About 19,650 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Highland street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Fountain; easterly by land of McDonough; southerly by land of McMurray; westerly by said Highland street.
Tax of 1897, 105 84

ELLA T. NEWTON.—About 12,153 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 68 Eastern avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Green street 175 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue 100 feet; southerly by land of Beaton and land of Allen 167.5 feet; easterly by land of Allen 45.9 feet.
Tax of 1897, 48 20

SARAH J. ORDWAY.—About one acre of land and buildings thereon, situated on Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Fowle street; easterly by Eastern avenue; westerly by Sonrel street; southerly by land now or late of Horton.
Tax of 1897, 209 79

JOHN W. PITMAN.—About 7 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner at junction of Clark street and Garfield avenue; thence southerly by said avenue 365.23 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace et al about 224 feet; thence southerly by Sarah F. Wallace land 191.08 feet; thence westerly by land of said Sarah F. Wallace 140 feet; thence southerly by Garfield avenue 40 feet; thence easterly by land of Allen 135 feet; thence southerly by land of Allen about 175.5 feet; thence easterly by land of Bassett 90.5 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 19 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Wyman 460 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 48 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Wyman 284.6 feet; thence westerly by Horton and south end of Sonrel streets 201.5 feet; thence northerly by Sonrel street 135 feet; thence westerly by Clark street 297 feet.
Tax of 1897, 154 04

JAMES P. ROONEY.—About ⅜ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 20 Arington street in said Woburn, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Belmont street 120 feet; westerly Arlington street; southerly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet; easterly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

MARY ROONEY.—About 46,560 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 122 Garfield avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Glennon, land of Allen and land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman, 452 feet; easterly by land now or late of Holton 35 feet; southerly by land of Quinn 452 feet; westerly by said Garfield avenue 152½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

CHARLES A. SMITH HEIRS.—About 11,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 67 High street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by High street; easterly by Garfield avenue; southerly by land formerly of Thomas Richardson; westerly by land now or late of Buckman, and by land now or late of Butters.
Tax of 1897, 92 61

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 145 Montvale avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Foss; southerly by land now or late of Ward.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

GEORGE B. WOODSIDE.—About 5,695 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 3 McCabe Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by McCabe Court; easterly by land of Tuft's College and by land of McCabe; westerly by land of Sarah A. Woodside; southerly by land of Belcher.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

Non-Residents.

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 26,068 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1 to 8 inclusive, Block 1 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Popular street shown on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street shown on said Plan; southerly land of owner unknown; westerly by lot No. 9 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 00

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 3,241 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 18, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recoeded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 19 and 20 in said block; easterly by Lots 25 and 26 in said block; southerly by Popular street in said block; westerly by Lot 16 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 26

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 8,751 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 24, 25, 26, Block 3 on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 21, 22 and 23, in same Block; easterly by Frank street on same Plan; westerly by Lot No. 18, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, .79

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 11,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 27, 28, 29 and 30 Block 2 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 31 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; westerly by Frank street on said Plan; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 06

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 7,082 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 36 and 37 in Block 4 on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by Lot 35 in said Block; southerly by Green street; westerly by Lots 38 and 39 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 53

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 16,340 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 40, 41, 44, 45 and 46, Block 4, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue, and Lot No. 43, in said Block; easterly by Lots 38 and 39 in said Block; westerly by Badger street and Lots 42 and 43 in said Block; southerly by Green street.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 13,280 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 45 and part of 46 shown on Plan of Emerson's lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at northeasterly corner on Tremont street, and at land of Patrick H. Powers at a stake 261 feet southerly from Nashua street; thence the line runs southerly by Tremont street 433 feet; thence northwesterly by Lowell street 385 feet; thence northerly by land of Carter 136 feet; thence easterly by land Powers 454.4 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 19,156 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 to 15 inclusive, Block 1, shown on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Poplar street, shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 9 on said Plan; westerly by Badger street on said Plan; southerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER:—About 2,664 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15, Block 3, on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 17, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan; easterly by Lot 18 in said Block; westerly by Badger street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 26

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 16,028 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots numbered 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; northerly by Frank street; northeasterly by Frank street and Lots 16, 18 and 24 in said Block; southeasterly by Badger street and Lot 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 3,546 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Frank street, being Lot No. 31, Block 2, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deed, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 32, 33 and 34 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; southerly by Lot 30 in said Block; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

ERENA CIRIGLIANO.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Laurel and Harvard streets, thence the line runs easterly on Harvard street 100 feet; thence southerly by land now or late of Foster 50 feet; thence westerly by other land now or late of Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by Laurel street 50 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MAUD M. PACKARD.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street 355.6 feet southerly from land of Adna Page measuring on said street; thence the line runs south 4° 58 east by said Vernon street 60 feet; thence westerly by land of Mary P. Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by other land now or late of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 100 17

JOSEPH H. ORENDOFF.—About 4,214 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 24 A on Plan of Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded at end of Book 2254 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Vernon street 68 feet; southeasterly by Hawley street 93½ feet; easterly by land of Foster 25 feet; northerly by lot 24 on said plan 87½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 43 on plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2254, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by lot No. 44 on said Plan; southerly by owner unknown; westerly by lot 42 on same plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 6,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 45 on Mary P. Foster Plan recorded at end of record both 2254, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by land of Wade et als; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 44 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 93

WILLARD WELCH.—About 11,586 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of J. J. Doherty; northerly by land of Richardson, Vining, et als; southerly and easterly by land of Plympton.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 14,283 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 10 Madison street in said Woburn, being Lot No. 64 on Plan of House Lots in Woburn Center, belonging to Jeduthan Fowle, dated July 12, 1855, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot No. 63 on said Plan; easterly by lot No. 45 on said Plan; southerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 15,080 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on easterly side of Madison street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street; southerly by land of Russell and Johnson; westerly by Lot No. 53 on Jeduthan Fowle Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ELIZABETH B. HARTNETT.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 44 on Plan of Mary P. Foster, situated in said Woburn, on Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 45 on said Plan; southerly by land of Holton; westerly by Lot No. 43 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

CHARLES R. SHERMAN.—About 37,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 54 on the Emerson Plans recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 55 on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street on said Plan; southerly by lot 53 on said Plan; westerly by lot 59 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

WILLIAM H. LEE AND HENRY H. SAVAGE.—About 6,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of Vernon street, at a point 475.6 feet, southerly from land of Adna Page; thence the line runs south 40° 58' east by said Vernon street about 60 feet to a stake at land now or late of Mary P. Foster; thence at right angles westerly by land last named about 100 feet; thence northerly by land formerly of Foster about 60 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Foster about 100 feet; being same premises described in deed of Anna Bogle to said Dee and Savage, dated April 5, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2358, Page 315.
Tax of 1897, 81 27

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the State Election, on the

Evenings of Oct. 14, 15, 17 and 18, at 7 o'clk
And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on October 19.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 19.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Acts 1898, Chap. 548: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 30, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue and in execution of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Warren Menchin to the Arlington Co-operative Bank, dated October 13th, 1897, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2603, Folio 180, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, the 27th day of October, A. D., 1898,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises by said mortgage deed conveyed, viz: A lot of land, with the buildings thereon, containing about two acres, situate on the easterly side of Waltham street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows:—Westerly by said Waltham street, there measuring two hundred two feet; southerly by land of Charles S. Menchin, there measuring about four hundred feet; easterly by a stone wall; and northerly by a line parallel with and two hundred ten feet distant northerly from the southerly line of said premises.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes.

$200 cash to be paid at time of sale. For further information apply to J. A. BAILEY, JR., Attorney for Mortgagee, 5 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THE ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee.

September 29, 1898.

Commissioners' Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to a warrant, dated September 13, 1898, issued by the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts, to the undersigned as Commissioners to make sale and partition among the parties entitled thereto of the hereinafter described real estate, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the eighteenth day of October, A. D., 1898,

the following described parcels of real estate, namely:—

First, there will be sold on the premises, at three o'clock in the afternoon of said day a lot of land, with dwelling-house and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing 33,006 square feet and bounded as follows, namely: —Easterly by Main street, there measuring one hundred sixty and 57-100 feet; southerly by Kilby street, there measuring two hundred twenty-nine and 93-100 feet; westerly by land of Erskine Ames, there measuring one hundred nineteen and 3-10 feet; and northerly by land of A. M. Winn, there measuring two hundred twenty-eight and 2-10 feet.

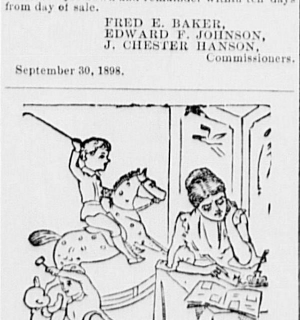
Terms: $300 down, and remainder within ten days from the day of sale.

Second, there will be sold on the premises, at four o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a parcel of land situated in the town meadow, so-called, in said Woburn, and bounded beginning at the easterly corner or said premises at land of John Cummings; thence the line runs in a northwesterly direction by land of Cummings about 530 feet to land late of Mary W. Eaton; thence turning the line runs in a southwesterly direction by land last named and by land formerly of John Bacon about 490 feet to a corner; thence in a curved line in a general southeasterly direction about 164 feet to land of Stephen Dow; thence turning the line runs in a northeasterly direction about 560 feet to the point of beginning.

Terms: $50 down and remainder within ten days from day of sale.

FRED E. BAKER,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
J. CHESTER HANSON,
Commissioners.

September 30, 1898.



All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out your money. Try our line of TEAS will assist you to do this.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

To Let.

In Fowle building, Main street, Woburn, in the heart of the city, an elegant, well lighted and pleasant room, suitable for an office or other business. Apply to ..., or at LUKE W. FOWLE, 178 State St., Boston.
Jan. 13, 1898.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike, for years he suffered untold agony from consumption accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, he declares that gold is of little value in comparison to this marvelous cure, would have it even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cts. and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

Much interest is being evinced in the appearance of the Rogers Brothers on Monday evening, October 10, at the Boston Museum. The desire to see these two popular comedians in "A Reign of Error" has proven highly gratifying to the management. Messrs Klaw & Erlanger who are directing the play have engaged a large and strong organization. The story of the piece is by far the most amusing of any Mr. McNally has ever written. He has built a clean and funny entertainment, which in form, color, and atmosphere, and character showing, is a wide departure from the long accepted, fast departing conventional farce comedy. "A Reign of Error" is a happy combination of pure American farce comedy, with the best features of French vaudeville, treated with that liberality and artistic display which has made the name of Klaw & Erlanger famous all over the United States. The musical portion of the programme is also in striking contrast to that usually heard. The company numbers nearly forty people.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every delterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Parker Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

CITY OF WOBURN.

FREE

Evening School

SCHOOL WILL OPEN ON

MONDAY, Oct. 10, 1898,

In the High School Building, Main Street,

and will be in session on MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY of each week, from 7.15 to 9.15 P. M.

Instruction will be given in reading, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, freehand and mechanical drawing, stenography, and typewriting.

All persons desiring to attend this school are requested to hand their names to the Superintendent of schools on or before October 8.

The superentendant will recieve applications at his office each school day, from 7 to 8 P. M.

ACTS OF 1887, CHAPTER 433.

An act relating to the Employment of Minors who cannot read or write in the English Language.

SECT. 2. Every person who regularly employs or permits to be employed, a minor fourteen years of age, or over, who cannot read or write in the English language, provided that such minor has been, since reaching the age of fourteen, for one year continuously, a resident of the city or town of this Commonwealth wherein public evening schools are maintained, and is not a regular attendant of a day or evening school, shall, for every such offence, forfeit not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars, for the use of the evening schools of such city or town.

Per order of the Committee.
THOMAS EMERSON, Secretary.
Woburn, October 3, 1898.

Carnival OF Opera

— AT THE —

AUDITORIUM

During Week of Oct. 10,

For the benefit of the

Home for Aged Women.

200 People on the Stage.
Given in four parts.

Fairyland
Patriotism
Romney Reveleries
Oriental Splendor

Fancy Dances, Operatic Gems, Grand Choruses and Marches. Calcium Electric Effects. All Special Scenery.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealy, late of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, deceased:

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be allowed to set aside out of said estate a reasonable sum for the perpetual care of the lot in which said deceased is buried, and that this Court may determine to whom said sum shall be paid and the amount thereof;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eleventh day of October, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

E. J. Gregory & Co

Real Estate Auctioneers,

Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

LOOK!

Five up-to-date Houses For Sale at Central Square.

Agent for the National Rolling Window Screens.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Battle Ax PLUG

Remember the name when you buy again.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT

But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

WE ARE

Often asked why we don't tell our customers when we have bargains. We have them all the time, and if you don't get one you are sure to get another. If you call this week you will have a chance to get the greatest bargain ever offered in Dress Skirts. We will not quote prices as we prefer you to see the goods and prices together.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

To Let.

A TENEMENT on Salem street, near Main St
Apply to THOMAS WILSON,
18 Union St., Woburn.

To Let.

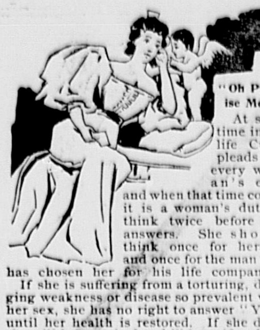
No. 111 Pleasant street. All modern conveniences.
Apply to JAMES W. McDONALD,
6 Broad Street, Woburn.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

HORSES For Sale!

Black Horse, 8 years old, sound, kind, good driver and good worker.
Bay Horse, extra good worker.
Black Horse, 9 years old, good roadster, stands without tying. Good horse for provision or grocery wagon.
Bay Mare, Wilks stock; very fast; safe for lady to drive; 8 years old.
Black Mare, 7 years old; green, but a good one.

G. F. HOSMER,
350 Salem Street, Woburn.



"Oh Promise Me!"

At some time in her life Cupid pleads in every woman's ear, and when that time comes it is a woman's duty to think twice before she answers. She should think once for herself, and once for the man who has chosen her for his life companion.

If she is suffering from a torturing, dragging weakness or disease so prevalent with her sex, she has no right to answer "Yes" until her health is restored. If she does, she will be wretched and ill herself and her home will be an unhappy one. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific remedy that cures all weakness, disease, disorder and derangement of the delicate and important feminine organs. It is not a "cure-all," but a medicine devised to correct this one class of disorders and no other. It has accomplished its purpose in tens of thousands of cases, as is shown by tens of thousands of testimonials of the grateful patients themselves. It imparts vigor and virility to the entire womanly organism, and is the best of all nerve tonics and restoratives. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It transforms weak, nervous, despondent invalids into healthy, happy women.

"I was so weak I could scarcely walk about the house," writes Mrs. Mattie Scruggs, of Allen's Creek, Amherst Co., Va. "Was reduced to a mere skeleton. I was never free from pain in the back and head and could not sleep at night. I bought three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' After taking these six weeks I felt like a new person; slept well and gained in flesh. I am doing all my own housework and we have nine in the family."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them. No other pills are "just as good."

THE PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE!

Upon an average twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest
And scans my tongue for bile
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile.
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside—to wit,
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong a fellow should begin
To draw what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my hulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds,
Yet of all torments known to me
I'll say without reserve
There is no torment like to thee,
Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
To be a patient foe—
It waited nearly forty years
Its chance to lay me low;
Then, like some blithering blast of hell,
It struck this guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
Prodigious far and hard.
Alas, what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lung now lie,
But first of all I should dispose
That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve!

—Eugene Field.

AN ELOPEMENT.

"Yes, sir, there's plenty of romance here. It comes down in trainfuls every Saturday an bank holiday an hangs about an gets so mixed with the spars an ropes that you can't walk about without runnin up agen it," said old Billy Stumps, the best known boatman and cleverest wholesale manufacturer of yarns on Margate sands.

"Mind you," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "I ain't a-grumblin about no romance—not a bit on it. Why, sir, if it hadn't bin for romance, I wouldn't ha' bin the owner an navigatin hadmiral of them six boats as lies below there.

"Story, sir," he muses, as he loads his short, black clay. "Well, I'll tell you this story if it's anyways welcome, an it won't hurt them as it's about 'cos the last I heard they was with the harmy in India, which to all accounts, though I ain't never wisited the country, ain't safe for boatin 'cos of the crokidiles and hallygators.

"Well, sir, it was ten years ago an nat'rally I was ten years younger, an the Seabird—that's her with the dark blue hull an the red streak along the gunnel—had just been built to my express designs. I was loungin along here, just as I might be today, only it was the beginnin of June, when up comes one of the young toffs as was stayin at the big hotel. He know'd me, an I know'd him, for we'd bin sailing an fishin together many times. He was a nice young feller, too, with as purty ways an as handsome a face an kind a manner of talkin as you ever seed.

"'Stumps,' says he—he generally called me Stumps when there was business about—'Stumps,' he says, 'I wants to talk to you.'

"'Yes, sir,' I ses, respectfullike, 'cos I could see it wasn't a story he wanted.

"'Stumps,' he says agen—makin the second time he'd said it—'do you know what it is to be in love?'

"'Well, sir,' I ses, carefullike, so as to hide my surprise, 'I've seen a good deal on it.'

"'Never mind what you've seen,' he says, kinder riled. 'I want to know whether you've got any sympathy for them as is in love. You an I have been friends, Stumps, ain't we?'

"'Corse we have, sir,' I ses, 'an I'd do anythink for you, if it was only for the Seabird's sake, as you've said was the smartest craft abouts.'

"'An you like Miss Barclay, too?' he asks.

"Well, I didn't like to show it, but I was completely took back, for, bless you, there wasn't a prettier nor sweeter nor nicer lady in Margit than Colonel Barclay's darter, as had taken a house for the season. Why, she used to come down among us every day an bring us books an flowers an fruit on Sundays an talk an laugh just as if she was a common bein. An now I comes to rec'lect, I'd seen this young feller—Mr. Egerton was his name, and a nice young feller, too—I'd seen him look at her and foller her, an I won't say as wot he didn't speak to her sometimes, though that ain't no business of mine nor yourn.

"Well, I tells him straight what I thinks of her, an he smiles all over his face an holds out his hand, an I won't deny as it struck me when he smiled as he was just the young feller as a nice gal like that would fall in love with.

"'Come for a sail,' he says. 'I can tell you better then.'

"So we gets the Seabird, as had been painted afresh, with a pair of triang'lar yotting flags on her bows, an beats about for awhile before he begins.

"'Stumps,' he says, 'it ain't every man as I'd trust with my private consarns, much less my love affairs, but I've took such a fancy to you as I can't let go on. I dessay,' he says, 'it'll surprise you as Miss Barclay's a-goin to marry me some day, but as the old'—I forget what the precise word was—'but as the colonel ain't agreeable to the match we air agoin to take the tiller in our own hands and run for the fust opportunity as offers. Now, Stumps,' he says, 'you're a good sailor an a brave man, an the Seabird's the smartest craft on the coast, an it seems to me as we could do this job better and more effectooallike by sea than we could by land. You need have no fear of the consekens,' he says, ''cos I've got plenty of money, an Miss Barclay is old enuff to know her own mind, an it's only because the colonel's sich a selfish old grampus as he won't let her marry decentlike. Now, my plan is,' he says, 'to get aboard the Seabird together an run as if for the coast of France, an then down with your helm an put into the first port as we comes to along the English coast. I'll make all the arrangements,' he says, 'an I'll come down tomorrow mornin an see as the time an tide's all right.'

"Well, up he comes at the same time next morning with a face as happy as any I ever seed, an with arrangements as we was to start with the ebb tide at 6 o'clock that evenin. You never seed a chap in sich a state as he was, but, bless you, he was the right sort, an if I hadn't liked him already I'd ha' sworn to ha' gone anywheres with him then. Me an Tom had a busy day on it altogether, cleanin an gettin the Seabird shipshape for the v'yage. Tom, he was just as anxious for it as I was, 'cos I know he'd allus admired the young lady, like the rest of 'em, an he was a strong an handy young chap—bein a nevvy of my own an brought up in my own house.

"At 6 o'clock down comes Master Egerton with a bundle of wraps, just as if he was a-goin fishin, an sure enuff, just as I was about to ask for the lady, he goes back an fetches a tall young woman in a blue yotting costoom an a little straw hat with a heavy white veil. Down he comes agen an helps her in, an we pushes off, but I didn't feel sure as he had got the right un, not till she lifted her veil an showed the prettiest an handsomest lookin face you ever seed, as made my old heart thump in spite of myself an sent Tom into the bows with a face as red as the Seabird's gunnel. Away we went at a good rate of speed, with a steady breeze from the nor'east as made the evenin cold an laid the Seabird over to it like the beauty as she is. Tom was a-managin the lug, an I was a-steerin, an of course the two young peoples was sittin side by side with a tarp'lin jacket round 'em, both just as happy as they ever wanted to be.

"Just as we was congratulatin ourselves on gettin away unobsarved an afore we'd got a couple of miles from shore, I sees Tom stand up in the bows with his hand a-shadin his eyes an lookin back toward the jetty.

"'Bill,' he says suddenly, 'it's the Sylph!'

"'Where?' says the young feller an me at the same time.

"'Just a-beatin out,' he says. 'An she's a-comin for us with every scrap she can crowd on!'

"Now, I didn't tell you as the colonel—him as took the house for the season—was the only man as I ever feared agen the Seabird. He was a good sailor, too, and that craft as he brought down—the Sylph—was the prettiest thing I'd seen since the Seabird was built. Her lines was just as beautiful as a swan an as graceful as a pictur', an the only fear I'd ha' had in owning her was as they might be a bit too fine. I'd never sailed the Seabird agen her, for I allus reckoned as she was the fastest craft on the coast, an I hadn't got to recognize no equal.

"Well, there she come with her white sails just as neat an as pretty as a mermaid—beg pardon, sir, it's a true story; shall we say as a young woman? I know'd her in a minute, for there wasn't another craft like her, an when I gets the glasses I could see two persons as was workin to get every bit out of her they could.

"'Let her have another, Tom,' I says as I looks at the lug, an the Seabird lifts herself out of the water as easy as a gull.

"Master Egerton, he sat there with his arm around the gal a-lookin back at the Sylph, an I see him whisper in her ear summat as cheers her up immediate. Then he turns an asks me how soon it would be dark, an whether we couldn't run on without a light. But I could see as the Sylph was a-gainin on us fast an sure, an I never felt so mis'rable in my life, sir, as I did then, when I felt the Seabird, as I'd sailed in and sworn by, was no match for the neat little craft as was a-comin up behind. Yes, there she come, a leapin an duckin just like the beauty she was. I took out my watch. It was just past 7 an wanted two full hours to dark, an afore that time I knew the Sylph would be alongside.

"'Beggin your pardon, sir, an yours, miss,' I says, 'but that there craft's too much for the Seabird, an there ain't a doubt as we'll be overhauled before we can get away.'

"In half an hour's time the Sylph was less than half a mile astern, an I could see the colonel a-standin in the bows a-wavin his hands like a mad thing. The wind had freshened consid'rable, but I held the Seabird to it, an we was both a-dancin over the waves like petrels, though I fancied as I seed the Sylph take a deal of water. An still them two sat there a-comfortin one another, as I could see, though I never heard a word of what they said. Once I looked at 'em, an I thought I seed her a-prayin, an it quite took the starch out of me for a time to think as I'd bin a-trustin all the time to the Seabird an never thought of the God above. I never was no Christian, sir, an I never took no heed of them sky pilots as come among us, but I think I did say somethin for her sake then, though I couldn't put my hands together proper like, seein as I'd got hold of the tiller tight and fast.

"In another ten minutes the Sylph was only a quarter of a mile astern an was comin with her canvas stretched an splittin the water as if it was nothin. Just as Tom yelled out somethin as I couldn't hear I looked round, an there was the colonel a-standin in the bows with a rifle in his hands, a-takin aim for us. I just hollered in time, an as we heard a whistlin overhead we looked up an seed a little hole in the lug an the old fool was a-standin there takin another aim. I tell you, sir, the bombardment of that 'ere Spanish fleet warn't in it. Bang went the gun, an whittle come the shot over our heads, but only once did he hit anythink beside the fust time, an then the bullet went right into the mast an stopped there. Master Egerton and the missy, they sot there an never said a word, but I caught a sight of the young feller's face once when he got up an looked astern, an I reckon he'd ha' done some damage if he'd got near that gun an the fool as was handlin it.

"When he'd fired about a dozen shots, he stopped an I ventured to look up, an sure enough the Sylph was within hail an comin along as she'd bin a-doin all the time.

"'Seabird, ahoy,' yells the colonel, in a voice as I could hear was choked with rage. 'Stop, or I'll sink you!'

"'Sylph, ahoy,' I shouted back. 'What's the matter? You ain't all mad, air you?'

"'Bring that boat to this instant,' he yells, 'or I'll riddle you, an let you go down without help!'

"'Go on, then,' I yells, 'only you've got to do better or you'll have no shots left.'

"With that I flops down agen in the stern, just as another shot comes flyin through the lug. Then another goes away overhead, an the next buries itself in the tiller head an nearly knocks it out o' my hand. Then young Egerton, I sees him kiss the gal as he gets up on his feet.

"'Stop firin!' he yells. 'Your darter is in this boat, an for her sake I beg you to cease!'

"I just popped my head over the gunnel to see what effect this had on the old man, an there he was a-takin aim as cold blooded as ever, an before I could shout or do anythink to stop it the poor young feller had fallen back in the bottom of the boat, an the blood was a-pourin from his left arm.

"'It's all right,' he calls out. 'It's only the shock.' But the gal was by his side in a minute, without a whimper on her face, a-bindin up his arm as if it was the work she did every day.

"'Harry,' she says, 'are you in pain, dearest?'

"'No, darlin,' he answers. 'It's only a scratch.'

"An them's the only lovin words I ever heard 'em speak.

"Well, the colonel must ha' thought he'd killed him, for the firin ceased altogether, an when I looks astern agen the ole man was a-sittin in the bows a-waitin patiently for the Sylph to run alongside us. I could see the lad at the tiller was one of the boat boys from Margit, an he'd got all he could do to keep the Sylph's head to it, an I somehow thought as how the gent could be better employed lookin after the sail than sittin there like a dummy. The breeze was a-freshenin all the time, an the sea was a-gettin up, so I took in a bit of sail and eased the Seabird. It was lucky I did, for just at that moment, when the Sylph was within three boat lengths, a gust of wind come down on us as made the Seabird heel an shoot away in it. I looked round, an, sure enough, them fools on the Sylph hadn't taken in a bit of sail, an as the wind struck her over she went like a ninepin, an the old man an the lad shot out into the foamin water.

"For a moment I was undecided how to act, but young Egerton, he sprung to his feet in an instant.

"'Lower the sail,' he yells. 'Down with your helm.'

"An down comes the sail an down goes the helm, an the Seabird turns on her heel in a manner as makes my hair stand on end to think on. But the way on her was stopped as the colonel was a-drownin, for I knowed he couldn't swim more nor a few strokes, an I could see the lad had got enough to do to hang on to an oar.

"The old man never uttered a cry nor looked for help, but the gal, his only darter, she rose to her knees an cried, 'Harry, save him, for my sake!' An Harry—bless him, he was the finest young feller I ever seed—he sprang over the side an swam as if he'd never bin shot at all. Just a dozen long strokes an he was alongside an grabbed the colonel by the neck just as he was a-goin down. We were with 'em in a minit, Tom an me an the gal, an we had 'em all aboard the Seabird, with the lad an all safe.

"'Where for, now, sir?' I asks. But the colonel was a-faintin, an Master Harry was too weak to speak, an that poor, brave gal was a-nussin 'em both, so I just takes the management to myself an makes sail again for Margit, an leaves the poor Sylph a-lyin there bottom up, the only craft as could ever sail alongside the Seabird."

• • • • • • • •

"Did I do right in headin for Margit? Yes, sir; 't least so it appears. When I went round to the colonel's house next mornin, there was the old gent an Master Egerton a-propped up in armchairs, an the young lady, all dressed in white, a-sittin between 'em.

"'Stumps,' ses the colonel, 'what do you mean by runnin off with my darter?'

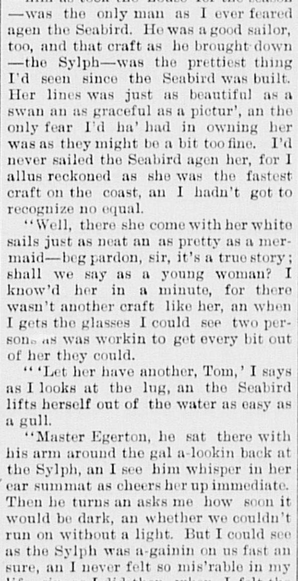
"'Beggin your pardin, sir,' I ses, 'but if I runs off with her, what can you wonder at a nice young gent like that for doin the same?'

"An they all laughs, so that they almost forgot to ask me to the weddin.

"'Stumps,' ses the colonel, 'I'll pay for the damage I did to the Seabird, an I'm goin to buy you a new boat besides!'

"'An I shall do the same,' said Master Egerton.

"An I was so knocked back that I forgot to thrash the lad as split on us. But that's the beginnin of the present fleet o' six fine craft as lays below, with Mr. Bill Stumps as owner an our Tom as deppity hadmiral."—London Tit-Bits.



Feeding a Stove

all day long when you only need a fire a little while at meal time is poor economy. Such a stove overheats the house, makes everything dirty, keeps the housewife busy. A modern

VAPOR STOVE

has none of these objections. You light it when you want it, put it out when you're through. It burns STOVE GASOLINE and pays for itself in less than a month. Stove Gasoline manufactured by the Standard Oil Company, makes no dirt, never smokes nor smells. Every modern home should have a modern Vapor Stove. You can cook anything on a Vapor Stove that you can cook on any other stove, and do it better.

If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.

Stop! Women,

And Consider the All-Important Fact,

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician in the world. The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year."

Mr. L. N. Somers, of Albany, N.Y., says, for pimples, chafing, and itching of the skin Comfort Powder is the best remedy to be found, and he has tried everything. Its action is marvellously effective. Druggists. 25 and 50 cents a box. Harmless and reliable. **Comfort Powder**

Putting Thorns In His Own Path.

Enpeck—If I could be born again and could have my own choice about it, I think I'd be a woman.

Mrs. Enpeck—Why?

Enpeck—Well, then I couldn't possibly repeat the mistake I made when you and I—

But his last words were lost as he jumped through the window.—Cleveland Leader.

The Pony In Franz-Josef Land.

At an early stage in our journey our difficulties began. The pony broke loose the second night out, and, unfortunately, gorged herself with dried vegetables. These, together with dog biscuits and a few pounds of oats saved from the previous sledging, were her usual fodder, owing to the lack of legitimate horse food, which had quite run out more than 12 months before. As I expected, the surfeit of dried vegetables brought on a serious illness, to remedy which Armitage and I clubbed together the small supply of pills which we had with us. He produced, I think, two varieties of pills, and I had a number of podophyllin; so we made up a dose of 22 in all, which I administered to our invalid pony, mixed up in some frozen fat from our frying pan. This, I am glad to say, had the desired effect of at all events partly restoring her to health.—Geographical Journal.

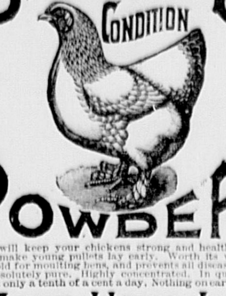
Old Ab Drake.

Old Ab Drake was one of the "odd sticks" that flourished in a Vermont rural neighborhood a good many years ago. His wife was a meek, obedient, spiritless woman, over whom Ab tyrannized for 50 years, when she quietly slipped out of this world. Old Ab's panegyrics on his dead wife's virtues were loud and long. Before the funeral he said to one of his neighbors: "She was the best woman on the top of this earth. I jess thought the world and all of her—yes, I did! I always thought it, and hanged if there wan't times when I come mighty near telling her so—yes, sir! And I would 'a' told her so, only I've always held, and I still hold, that it ain't safe to praise anything that w'ars petticoats. 'Ceptin for that, I would 'a' told 'Lizy Ellen what I thought of her many a time—yes, I would!"—Boston Journal.

Famous Three R's.

The originator of the famous three "r" alliteration "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic" was Sir William Curtis, a lord mayor of London. In 1795 he proposed it as a toast before the board of education.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER



It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

MAKE HENS LAY

like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail. **If you can't get it send to us. Ask first.** One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for many family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness,

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

An Electric Shock.

As a demonstration of the fact that an accidental contact with a high voltage circuit need not necessarily prove fatal and an equal demonstration of the fact that a powerful electric shock properly directed so as to pass through vital portions of the body is undoubtedly fatal the following case is conclusive. An electrician employed in the electric plant of the town of Little Albany, Ind., which furnishes power to the street railways and electric lights of that town, accidentally brought his back into contact with the positive and negative terminals on a switchboard of an electric arc circuit carrying 96 arc lamps and consequently having a pressure of 4,000 volts.

Obeying the law of physics, the electric current took the shortest path between the two points of contact, and between these the tissue was instantly destroyed, two pits being burned in the man's back about three inches in diameter and down to the bony structure. The burn was pretty high up on the back, just below the shoulder blades. Medical treatment for the burn began, and although the entire mass of tissue between the two points was dead and had to be removed the man eventually recovered. If the same current had passed between his two hands across the body and thus through the heart and lungs, their activity would have been instantly interrupted and death would have followed. Moreover, when the contacts are properly made, as in an electrocution, there is no burning of the flesh.—New York Medical Journal.

The Island City.

Venice is one of the most singular and famous cities in Europe and is built upon a cluster of islands in the lagoon. This lagoon is banked off from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sand bank which is divided into a number of islands, six in number. Inside of this sand bank and between it and the mainland is the lagoon, a sheet of shallow water. In parts of this marshy, sea covered plain islets have become consolidated into ground, firm enough to be cultivated.

And in the midst of a crowded cluster of such islands, amounting to between 70 and 80 in number, the city of Venice is built. The chief of these islands is called Isolda de Rialto, or Island of the Deep Stream. The islands, in many places mere shoals, afford no adequate foundation for buildings, and the city for the most part is built upon an artificial foundation of piles and stones.

The Grand canal divides Venice into two equal parts and is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure. The city is subdivided by some 146 small canals, or water streets, and the gondola is used for the carriage. Access can also be had to various parts of the city by land, there being over 300 bridges across canals. The Rialto, the most famous bridge, spans the Grand canal. There are also narrow lanes in among the houses.

Sir Joseph Banks' Card.

The visiting card of Sir Joseph Banks, P. R. S., opens up an awful prospect. Fancy Nansen with a map of the north pole on his card, Mr. Henniker-Heaton with a postage stamp, and so on ad nauseam. 'Tis an ingenious effort of the inveterate bore. Young Mr. Banks, who had lots of money, determined to accompany Captain Cook round the world. Soon after his return the young scientist visited Iceland and brought away with him a rich harvest of knowledge and specimens. He never forgot Iceland, and he was determined that other people shouldn't forget it either. The little map of Iceland seen on Sir Joseph's card was printed in colors on a white ground.—Strand.

Quite Easy When You Know How.

A new natural history says, "When a lion becomes old and unable to injure man, his mane falls out." This is very valuable information. Hereafter if a New Yorker is injured by a lion it is his own fault. Whenever a lion approaches him, let him feel of his mane. If he hasn't any mane, the man is safe. If the beast has a mane, then the man can jump on a cable car at Dead Man's Curve and make his escape.—Tammany Times.

Many English accident insurance companies charge an extra premium when their policy holders travel in Canada or the United States.

The diamond mining companies of South Africa estimate their losses by theft at £1,000,000 a year, of which they recover about one-half.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 9.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xvii, 1-10. Memory Verses, 3-6—Golden Text, Prov. iii, 6—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "And Jehosaphat, his son, reigned in his stead and strengthened himself against Israel." Israel, or the ten tribes, had proved themselves to be the enemies of God, and to stand with God means to stand against His enemies (Jas. iv, 4). How great the contrast in chapter xviii, 1, where we see Jehosaphat joining affinity with Ahab, the king of Israel, and thus necessitating the rebuke of the Lord in chapter xix, 2, "Shouldest thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord?" To be for God at all times and under all circumstances is a rare thing and is seen perfectly only in the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. "And he placed forces in all the fenced cities of Judah." Every king was king for the Lord (II Chron. ix, 8), and his strength was to be in the Lord and not in horses and chariots (Deut. xvii, 16). When we put our trust in things visible, we are apt to cease to see and rely upon God (Jer. xvii, 5). This is a constant temptation and a snare. The Lord is often proving us as He did Philip, and we, like Philip, venture to suggest to Him how it might be done, but all the while He Himself knows what He will do (John vi, 5-7). When we obediently and trustfully, under God's guidance, make ordinary provision, all is well. The difficulty is when we cease to see God.

3. "And the Lord was with Jehosaphat." This is the secret of all blessing. The Lord was with Joseph (Gen xxxix, 2, 3, 21, 23). The Lord was with David (II Sam. v, 10). His comfort to Moses, Joshua, Gideon and Jeremiah was the assurance that He was with them (Ex. iii, 12; Josh. i, 5; Judg. vi, 16; Jer. i, 8). So when the Lord Jesus sent His followers into all the world the greatest encouragement He could give them was His assurance: "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age" (Math. xxviii, 18-20).

4. "He sought to the Lord God of his father and walked in His commandments." It is written of Zacharias and Elizabeth that they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless (Luke i, 6). God had said to Israel that if they would obey His voice and keep His covenant, they would be a peculiar treasure unto Him above all people (Ex. xix, 5), and in Titus ii, 14 (R. V.), it is written that He gave Himself for us to redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

5. "Therefore the Lord stablished the kingdom in his hand." Joshua was told that if he would observe to do according to all the law, his way would be prosperous and he would have good success (Joshua i, 7, 8). In II Chron. xx, 20, Jehosaphat is heard saying to the people, "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established," and in Isa. vii, 9, is the contrast, "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established." In God and in His word is the only establishment, for all else shall be shaken. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be shaken let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear, for our God is a consuming fire (Heb. xii, 28, 29).

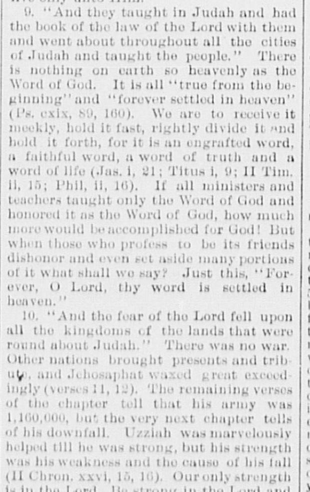
6. "And his heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord." The margin says that he was encouraged in the ways of the Lord; those who seek to walk in the way of the Lord shall not lack encouragement to continue therein. There will be many a handful dropped for us on purpose to lead us in His way (Ruth ii, 16). They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles (Isa. xl, 31). The way of the Lord was so attractive and enjoyable that the way of the world and the devil became distasteful and the high places and groves were taken away. We cannot walk with God unless we humble ourselves so to do and make up our minds to be agreed with Him (Mic. vi, 8; Amos iii, 3).

7. "Also in the third year of his reign he sent to his princes to teach in the cities of Judah." What a suggestive foreshadowing of the time when "A king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever" (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). There cannot be anything more important than that men should know the Lord and His ways, and when kings and princes take up this as their mission, the kingdom will either have come or be very near. Just now our government has given $50,000,000 for defense, for the purchase or manufacture of warships or war material, but was it ever heard that any government ever gave even $1,000,000 to make known the living God?

8. "And with them Levites and priests." The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts (Mal. ii, 7). Their calling is simply set forth in II Chron. xxix, 11, in these words, "My sons, be not now negligent, for the Lord hath chosen you to stand before Him to serve Him and that ye should minister unto Him and burn incense." Priests, prophets and kings were to recognize God alone as their Master and live only unto Him.

9. "And they taught in Judah and had the book of the law of the Lord with them and went about throughout all the cities of Judah and taught the people." There is nothing on earth so heavenly as the Word of God. It is all "true from the beginning" and "forever settled in heaven" (Ps. cxix, 89, 160). We are to receive it meekly, hold it fast, rightly divide it and hold it forth, for it is an engrafted word, a faithful word, a word of truth and a word of life (Jas. i, 21; Titus i, 9; II Tim. ii, 15; Phil. ii, 16). If all ministers and teachers taught only the Word of God and honored it as the Word of God, how much more would be accomplished for God! But when those who profess to be its friends dishonor and even set aside many portions of it what shall we say? Just this, "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

10. "And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah." There was no war. Other nations brought presents and tribute, and Jehosaphat waxed great exceedingly (verses 11, 12). The remaining verses of the chapter tell that his army was 1,160,000, but the very next chapter tells of his downfall. Uzziah was marvelously helped till he was strong, but his strength was his weakness and the cause of his fall (II Chron. xxvi, 15, 16). Our only strength is in the Lord. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Mother's Misery.

The story of this woman is the every day history of thousands who are suffering as she did; who can be cured as she was; who will thank her for showing them the way to good health.

The most remarkable thing about Mrs. Nellie J. Lord, of Strafford Corner, N. H., is that she is alive to-day.

No one, perhaps, is more surprised at this than Mrs. Lord herself. She looks back at the day when she stood on the verge of death and shudders. She looks ahead at a life of happiness with her children, her husband and her home with a joy that only a mother can realize.

Mrs. Lord is the mother of three children, two of whom are twins; until the twins came nothing marred the joy of her life.

Then she was attacked with heart failure and for a year was unable to attend to the ordinary duties of the home. In describing her own experience Mrs. Lord says:

"I had heart failure so bad I was often thought to be dead.

"With this I had neuralgia of the stomach so bad it was necessary to give me morphine to deaden the pain.

"Sometimes the doctors gave me temporary relief, but in the end it seemed as if my suffering was multiplied.

"Medicine did me no good and was but an aggravation.

"I was so thin my nearest friends failed to recognize me.

"No one thought I would live.

"I was in despair and thought that my days were numbered. My mother brought me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the first box made me feel better. I continued the treatment and to-day I am well.

"When I commenced to take the pills I weighed 120 pounds; now I weigh 146 and feel that my recovery is permanent.

"I owe my happiness and my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My husband was benefited by them. I have recommended them to many of my friends and will be glad if any word of mine will direct others to the road of good health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have cured many cases of almost similar nature.

The vital elements in Mrs. Lord's blood were deficient. The haemoglobin was exhausted. She was unfit for the strain she was compelled to undergo. Her nervous system was shattered and her vitality dropped below the danger point.

A collapse was inevitable.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her by supplying the lacking constituents of health by filling the veins with blood rich in the requisite element of life. The heart resumed its normal action; the nervous system was restored to a state of harmony, and the neuralgic affection disappeared.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by druggists everywhere, who believe them to be one of the most efficacious medicines the century has produced.

Some Common Sense.

"Insufficient water to bathe in!" one horror-stricken critic shouts. At the camp spoken of [near Washington in 1861] the only water came from a brook of scant dimensions, and the men went down there in the cold winter mornings, and washed in a stream which had done duty for several camps above.

The fact is our folks don't know how to "soldier," and it took two years to learn. Suffering, disease and death paid for our ignorance. They got some sympathy, but no such gush as is now expended on the soldier boys, and very few comforts or caramels from a grateful public. Five men slept on the board floor of A tent, with so little room that when one turned over all had to turn, and even the roundest of them found that his hip bones were preternaturally protuberant.

Hearty sympathy and liberal care and furnishings are all right. We have made, as we ought to have made, a good deal of progress in the art of managing armies and caring for men; and there is room for more. But "flub-dub" is as out of place as it is plenty, just now.—*Lowell Journal.*

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get *Dr. Inclination*, *Dr. Experience* and *Dr. Reason* to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

About Congressman Knox.

Mr. Knox has grown steadily in the favor of the District ever since his first nomination. He stands today as a candidate for renomination with a record as a legislator of which any man might well be proud. Only those who were intimately concerned will ever fully know of the important part that the Fifth District Congressman had in the framing of the tariff bill for the benefit of the important manufacturing interest of this District. And it was no easy task in these days when New England is so dwarfed by the great West and South, to secure even the partial concession that was finally secured.—*Lawrence Telegram.*

Many People Are Afflicted

With severe headaches,
Caused by torpidity of
The liver. Hood's Pills,
By invigorating the liver,
Quickly overcome the headache, cause the blood to circulate naturally and bring about complete relief. Hood's Pills act directly upon the liver and bowels. They are prompt and reliable and yet gentle in action. They tone and strengthen instead of weakening the system.

War is War.

At a soldiers reunion at Freeport, Illinois, on Sept. 15, General Grover said: "In less than a hundred days about two hundred and twenty-five thousand men were mustered into the volunteer organization of the United States and the regular army was increased to about 50,000, making somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred and seventy-five thousand men of all arms; and, at the end of the one hundred days every man of them was fully equipped for war. Go with me now to the camp of one of these regiments and see what they had. Arms of the best obtainable character, probably not the Mauser, nor in all cases the Krag-Jorgensen, but in every case an efficient weapon. Quartermaster supplies in quantities beyond the dream of possibility. Go to camp and see their tentage, their bedding, their cooking utensils, and their rations, and you will say what I say—that no one on earth was ever so well armed, so well clothed, so well cared for, and all this was done in a period of less than one hundred days.

"Now, we come to the sombre and less satisfactory features of this war. Men have died. Up to the present time it is believed that the death list by bullets and wounds and by diseases has reached the terrible figure of nearly three thousand men. Eleven thousand men fell dead and wounded at Chickamauga, and more than 16,000 men fell dead and wounded at Gettysburg. One hour at Gettysburg cost the American people more lives than has this war up to the present time. There were more sick in the spring and summer of 1862 in the Union army than have been mustered into this service, including the regulars. This simply shows that war is war, and that you cannot have a war in any other way."

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ask your Druggist for a generous 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.

ELY'S Cream Balm contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passage. Allays Inflammation.

CATARRH

COLD IN HEAD

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full Size 50c. Trial Size 10c. at Druggist or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.

JOSEPH LINNELL,

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.

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OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

L. W. THOMPSON,

(Successor to L. Thompson

HARDWARE!

Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.

No. 437 Main Street Woburn.

Professor Chandler Accepts.

Prof. F. W. Chandler, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has accepted the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association and will serve on the board of judges of the Shattuck prize competition of designs for artisans' homes in conjunction with Prof. H. Langford Warren, of Harvard, and Mr. J. M. Carrere, of New York.

With a fund provided by the late Dr. George C. Shattuck two prizes have been offered for designs for artisans' homes, one a limited competition, fifteen eminent architects of the country having been invited and accepted the invitation to join in this contest; the second competition, an open one, has been accepted by ninety prominent architects located throughout the United States and Canada. All these designs will be displayed for public view.

The widespread attention being given to this matter of "homes for the people" renders this department one of the most important and interesting features of the Mechanics Fair, which opens in Boston, October 10.

Our little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee; and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Bays, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

A Little Rough.

"How is the razor, sir?" asked the barber.

"Didn't know I was being shaved," said the victim.

"Very glad, I'm sure, sir," began the barber, feeling flattered.

But the victim cut him short:

"I thought I was being sandpapered."—Strand Magazine.

Kept a Good Table.

Brown—Keeps a good table, does she not?

Robinson—Excellent. Solid oak. Has had it for years.—New York Tribune.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1898. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 45.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 15, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10 15, 10.45 p m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

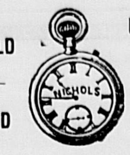
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
214 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED


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Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

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Quick Ease for Corns!
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PARKER, The Druggist.

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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
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Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight—
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament,
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too;
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty,
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet—
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death,
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

—Wordsworth.

MY MANAGEMENT.

I began my plans as soon as Uncle Hank's funeral was fairly over. Perhaps it might have been a little before. Certain it was that I did not care to go away out west for that occasion and reflected that he would not at this time be able to take umbrage at the sight. The very thought of his great barnlike old house standing in the midst of great bleak pastures filled with ferocious cattle and bounded by wind twisted draws gave me a spell of the horrors. How Uncle Henry (I ought to call him by that name now he's dead) ever made such a great fortune out there I never could understand, except that it was by stock raising. Well, he was gone now, and all of his thousands could come into civilized use. They were all left to my cousin Charlie, his only child. Uncle Henry had been a widower for so many years that I cannot picture any time when he could have been under a woman's influence. No need to say that life for Charlie had been barren of anything like pleasure unless helping accumulate money could be called pleasure. I believe mankind does consider it such, but womankind takes another view of the matter. Charlie was a most comfortable sort of boy, and for his sake I had spent some little time every other year in the far west in order that the boy might have an idea of what woman is like. Now he was in full possession of that immense fortune, and I must see to it that he had a future that should recompense for such a past. Just 22 he was and not a bad looking fellow after I had helped him into the right sort of clothes. The thing was, of course, to marry him to one of my friends and so put the money where we all might have a little comfort from it.

If I have one trait of which I am justly proud, it is my ability to manage, and I determined that this country cousin of mine should marry one of our most attractive girls.

"We'll go into the country this summer, Alfred," I said to my husband, "and take a few people for Charlie to meet. He will be all right in the country, but I must confess he must serve a full probation before I undertake a town season with him. I hope I may marry him before then."

"To some one else, I presume. May I ask whom?"

"I shall invite Mae Hatherell."

Alfred drew a long breath. "You aim high for the young galoot."

"Well, I would love to have Mae for a cousin. She is the sweetest girl I know."

"No doubt Charlie will think so, too, but Miss Mae is one of the handsomest young ladies in the city, aside from her music. She thinks she could go on the stage, if she wanted to, and stagestruck girls are hard to catch."

"No money could hire Mae to go on the stage," I responded, all the more emphatically because I fear I am not in the right.

"Of course not, since she has money enough anyway, but there are other considerations. Any one else?"

"That pretty little Carroll Churchill."

"You are all right there. She will have to marry money, and Charlie will have a chance, if he doesn't fall in love with Mae, which he is certain to do. Will you take Alice and Frank?"

The last named are an engaged couple who go with us everywhere; so, of course, that is understood. Now comes the question I am expecting from my worthy husband:

"Will there be any one I can enjoy myself with?"

I know well enough whom he wants, and since it is going to be a little more expensive before I am through with it than he now knows, and also because I am wise enough to know that only a foolish woman will attempt to avoid the lady her husband openly admires, I humor him and say:

"I shall surely ask Constance."

"Will she come, do you think?" His interest is lively enough now.

"I happen to know that she wants just such a quiet little time this summer. She is tired of going places."

"I'd ask her right away before any one else does, if I were you," and I know very well Alfred won't let the matter rest until it is settled.

Constance Merrick was a friend of mine when I was a girl, but if one has every reason to suspect that she refused the very man I married it is not a pleasant reflection, even after I have been married to him nine years and over and she is still free. (Free is a better word than single as applied to her, though I wrote that first.) If ever any one enjoys freedom, it is Constance. No one ever thinks of how far she is past 30, if they knew of it, although year after year she has been the principal personage in our social circle. There is nothing handsome about her, except that wonderful yellow red hair of hers. But she is young with a Cleopatra kind of youth and interesting beyond any woman I ever saw. She has no especial accomplishments, only that knack of interesting every man, woman or child upon whom she cares to spend her time. She likes married men. She says it is because they can't take it into their heads to marry her, and I believe her when she says it, for she has refused every man who ever did aspire to such a thing, and I don't doubt that they are legion. I say all this of her honestly, and yet I don't like her, even though I like her company. I like young girls who are not so smart, who confide in me and tell me I am the dearest little woman on earth, girls like Mae, Alice and Carroll.

My management is always perfect. Therefore we had just the people I wanted and just the charming little country place. (Charlie helped with the rent.) Charlie was indeed quite superior to what I had expected of him. They considered his loud way of laughing so realistic. His ruddy features were a pleasant change from the other young men. He was just bashful enough to give him an individuality. That is, he could talk well enough to the entire lot of ladies, but with one alone he was tongue tied, and he would rather that Alfred turned Mae's music for her.

Before two weeks passed Mae said to me, "I think young men from the west are far more interesting than those one meets here." In the excess of my joy I put both hands on her shoulders and looked right into her eyes. "Do you really mean that, dear?" and she pushed me away in a playfully vexed manner, but admitted that of course she did.

My path was clear. I must help that inexperienced youth to draw in the prize he had hooked. It was two days before I got a chance to do it. I noticed in the meantime that in his bashfulness he dared not attach himself to any of the ladies except Constance. This had escaped my attention before, but she could no doubt draw out the best there was in him and surely she was very patient with him, allowing him to usurp Alfred on several occasions, which I felt to be self denial on her part.

"Are you going to drive to the village with Constance?" I hailed that worthy on his way to the stables.

"Guess not," he replied shortly. "She and Charlie are going on their wheels. He's gone in now to put on his suit."

Up to Charlie's room I rushed, catching sight of his coattails as I turned the stairs. Calling him to wait a moment I hurried into his room before he had time to repress me.

"There, now, I have never a chance to see you a moment unless I scheme for it. I want to talk to you. You don't want to change your suit anyway. I've something better on hand for you this evening than cycling with Miss Merrick."

"Couldn't possibly have anything better, coz," he said, diving into the closet and bringing out his suit.

"Yes I have too. Now put those things down and don't hurry me."

"But Miss Merirck will be waiting."

"Oh, no, Constance won't care. She would much rather ride with Alfred, and I have something lovely to tell you about Mae."

"Bother Mae! What do I want to know about her?"

"Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you."

"I don't know why you should be, when I have an engagement with another young lady. I don't care anything about Mae, anyway."

"You don't?"

"Certainly not if there is a chance for spending an hour with Miss Merrick," and Charlie actually kicked off his shoes and went into the closet again after his tans.

"Cousin Charles," I said in alarm, "what do you mean? Constance Merrick is older than I am, a good ten years older than you."

Charlie dropped his shoes. "This is the first time I ever heard you allude to your age in such a way. Mate, I supposed you were about two years younger than myself."

"You are making fun, of course. She is, though."

"If she were one of Noah's daughters, I must still say I prefer a bicycle ride in her company to anything that you may hatch up for this evening, and you really must excuse me while I get ready."

"I will not go one step until you tell me. Are you in love with Constance Merrick?" He bent down and tied his shoestring and looked up with blushes enough for a girl and said gently:

"Don't ask so many questions, Mattie." And then he went into the closet and shut the door. I knew if I didn't want him to smother in there I must give up and go down stairs again.

Late that night I took Alfred to task in words full of meaning: "Why haven't you kept Constance out of Charlie's way? The young greenhorn is in love with her."

"Good enough. Suppose it'll make a match?" I cannot bear Alfred when he talks like that.

"As if Constance would marry the king and all his courtiers!"

"I should hope not," said that provoking man, "though I doubt not she sings better in a chorus choir than a duet."

There is nothing to do with such a stupid man but let him go to sleep, but in the morning my mind was made up. I would send for Laurance Radmore. It was the only way out of the difficulty. Mr. Radmore was the one man that it was thought possible Constance might marry. The two were just made for each other. Every one realized it. He was the grandest looking man I ever saw, although his features were positively ugly, with that great Roman nose and sharp gray eyes. It was his shoulders and the way he carried his head that made you think he was some great personage, and when you listened to him talk you knew at once that his was a greater intellect than any other in the assembly, no matter of whom it was composed. Mr. Radmore and Constance had a profound admiration for each other and never willingly missed an opportunity to enjoy each other's company. I knew he would accept my invitation, and when he did so I felt a little touch of conscience. A person of my sagacity would hardly be expected to invite a man like Mr. Radmore into a company of girls like Mae, Alice and Carroll. Indeed I did not know what excuse I should make to their mammas, but, in spite of the past record of Laurance Radmore, something must be done to save Charlie from his pending fate. Constance, of course, was above reproach, no matter whose record was in question.

The morning that Mr. Radmore arrived Charlie and Constance had gone over to a neighboring sheep farm to get a pet lamb for her. It seemed to me that she might have found Charlie lamb enough, if her taste was for pets of that sort. She looked very witching with the white little bit of a thing cuddled in her arms against a trim black gown and the sunshine on her yellow hair. To hear her laugh you would not have believed that she could not sing a note or that she was an hour over 20. Mr. Radmore was a surprise to her, and she gave me a look that said very plainly, "Oh, I understand!" But she determined to keep Charlie at beck and call. Yet even for the pleasure of spiting me she could not keep to her resolution and devote her time to him. The fascination Mr. Radmore possessed for her was too great, and he had not been there two days till I saw with delight that Charlie was left to his own devices.

The dear boy was not very good natured over it. He suspected my maneuver and at once turned to Alfred for sympathy. I suppose they had a mutual cause against Mr. Radmore, and for that reason they were drawn toward each other. At any rate, Charlie refrained from giving me any confidences. Consequently much that I relate from this on is gathered from Alfred's observation and subsequent confidences. Alfred is not one of those perfect husbands that for the most part belong to widows; but, thank fortune, he will sooner or later tell his wife all matters of interest that come to his knowledge.

Constance and Mr. Radmore glided easily into their familiar relations, and Charlie showed all his early bringing up by becoming at once the most uninteresting of farmers. Laurance Radmore used to look at him with those quizzical gray eyes and smile knowingly. One day he said to Constance, "It's a pity that country boy has fallen in love with you."

"Indeed you compliment me, but your surmise is not correct."

Then Mr. Radmore assumed his judicial air and said, "You would not try to tell me that you are not cognizant of an affair of this nature, with all your experience?"

"The boy has been too bashful to pay attention to any one else, and I have helped him out. I have not done a bit of mischief. I may have bothered Mae a little, as she wants to marry him to one or the other of the girls."

"And you have made that an impossibility for him."

"Well, no, though I fancy he is not in love with either of them."

"Which he would be had you allowed him."

"Mr. Radmore, you are exasperating."

"No. I am exasperated."

"By me?"

"Thou sayest it. The boy has the making of a fine fellow, but his experience with you will ruin him."

"Nonsense. The little attention I have shown him will give him an insight into woman's ways, and it will be easier for him to succeed when he really falls in love."

"He will not fall in love again."

"Rash statement. He is but 22."

"Men never love but once."

"You are increasing in rashness. 'Who most has loved the best can love again.' "

"That applies only to women. A woman's first love affair paves the way for all others. Its only value to her is by way of experience and to sentimentalize over, like her first ball."

"You dare assert that men have but one love?"

"Only one in which they take the leading role. In all others the woman leads. That is, they do the loving, and men delight in the flattery of being loved. That's why men marry."

"Do they never marry for love?"

"The instances are rare. Every story turns out that way, but in real life it takes a detective to find such a case."

"And the result when they do?"

"You must draw on your most rose colored imagination."

"You intend I should accept this as your candid observation?"

"As the truth itself. I speak as a man who knows, and I respect your intellect too highly to try to deceive you."

"Well," she said, rising, with a pretty gesture of conviction, "I believe I'll marry Charlie, and then I'll know as much about it as you do."

He was on his feet as if aided by electricity. "No, you will not," and then he qualified his statement, "because in ten years you will have outgrown him. He is still in infancy, while you are 32 years old."

"Do you know," she smiled sweetly, "that my mother is 67 years old and a few weeks ago an insurance agent wanted to write her a policy at 42?"

"And you expect to discount your age 25 years likewise?"

"Not just yet, but I never mean to be any older than I wish, and a love such as you have hinted at ought to prove an elixir of youth."

She married Charlie before the winter season commenced, and I have the bitter certainty that Constance Merrick will get to spend all that money without availing herself in the slightest of my management. As to Mae, Charlie says if he and his wife want music they can enjoy it at the Grand Opera. Well, of course they can afford it.—E. D. Garloch in Omaha World-Herald.

Liver Ills
Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work
Hood's Pills
easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JOHN HITTSON'S ROUND UP.

His Invasion of New Mexico With an Army of Texan Cowboys.

"Our Spanish-American territory, New Mexico, underwent many invasions from the time the Toltecs and Aztecs camped in her valleys on their long march southward to the valley of Mexico up to the unfurling of the United States flag in Sante Fe by General Phil Kearney in 1846," said the man from Colorado in an up town hotel last night. "But I doubt if any other conquering hero ever created quite the sensation among her people that Cattleman John Hittson did with his army of Texan cowboys when, in the early seventies, he marched across her eastern border and began to round up the cattle. It was a privateering expedition, and the leader bore letters of marque, issued by the governor of Texas, empowering him to confiscate and appropriate any cattle he should find beyond the western limit of the state bearing the brands of Texan owners.

"There had been preparing for many years a foundation and pretext for just such a raid in the frightful trade that certain New Mexicans conducted with the Comanches and Kiowas. These Indians, forever preying on the frontier settlers in Texas and the northern states of Mexico, found a market for their plunder among the people of northern New Mexico. The trade was conducted through the agency of renegade whites and half breeds, known as Comancheros. But the spoils often found their way to the possession of people ranking high in wealth, respectability and official station. This traffic had gradually become a settled business, and it amounted to offering to the Indians a premium for raiding on the inhabitants of Texas. It enlarged their field of pernicious activity, for, where formerly they killed cattle only as they needed them for food, now that they could trade them in New Mexico for articles they coveted, the Comanches took to rounding up the Texas herds and driving them across the border. As these forays were often accompanied by the attendant horrors of savage warfare, of which murder was the least, the Texans naturally set on foot a scheme to make themselves whole, in shape of a counter raid on the people who profited by the Comanches' incursions.

"John Hittson, a rough and ready cattleman, handy with his pistol and possessing qualities of leadership, was the man selected to command the expedition. The men enlisted for the raid were typical Texan cowboys, wild horsemen, who lived in the saddle, and would rather any time fight than eat. Each man carried two revolvers and a Spencer carbine, which he was prompt to use for cause shown, and often without cause. With his band of 200 men of this quality Hittson entered New Mexico without announcement, and distributing his forces so as to sweep a wide strip of country, proceeded to gather in all the cattle bearing Texas brands, driving them before him as he advanced. There was no force that could be gathered in time to resist him, and, in fact, of those who had profited by the traffic with the Indians there were many New Mexicans who thought the raid justified, or at least were not disposed to oppose it. For this reason there was little resistance as he swept the country clear of Texas cattle between the Pecos and the Red river, and swung back across the Texas border with the biggest herd of stock ever gathered on the New Mexican plains. In rounding up the Texas cattle undoubtedly a great many were included belonging legitimately to New Mexican owners, for John Hittson was not a man to waive points when on the cattle trail with a band of armed followers at his back. In Texas the cattle were redistributed to the original owners on terms highly profitable to Hittson and his men.

"This technically lawless raid led to the breaking up of the border trade with the Comanches, although the Indians were not fully repressed for some years after. What particularly dampened the ardor of these men who had dealt in Comanche booty was the issuance by the governor of Texas of requisitions for certain New Mexicans who were known to have profited largely by the traffic. By common report it cost one man in Santa Fe $10,000 to persuade the governer of New Mexico to refuse to honor the Texas governor's requisition in his case. It was cheaper for him to pay, for it was well known that if ever he had been taken across the border with the state of feeling prevailing among the Texans, he would not have lived to come to trial.

"John Hittson afterward moved to Colorado, where he built a fine house on his ranch at Box Elder, on the line of the Kansas Pacific road. He was accidentally killed a few years ago by being thrown from his buggy in Denver."—New York Sun.

Healthful.

Miss Jellus—Your bedroom must be a very healthy place, dear?

Miss Prettiface—What makes you think so?

"Because I have noticed that when you are down stairs sometimes you are dreadfully pale, but if you go up into your bedroom for a short time you come down with a beautiful color!"—Pick Me Up.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Literary Notices.

The House of Hapsburg is the leading feature of the October DONAHOE'S, and a most interesting feature it is, covering the history of the House from its foundation in the little mountain castle in Argau down to its present existence as one of the powers of Europe. As the writer, James W. Clarkson, has left no salient point unmentioned, the public will glean from this paper much valuable information relative to the dynasty now engaging the attention of the world. A fine collection of engravings from rare photographs accompanies the text. This is followed by Anglo-American Alliance and President McKinley, Wolfe Tone Memorial, Siege and Capture of Rome by the Piedmontese in 1870, Church Music, The Pilot's Daughter, Coista Gann Koun, or Phantom Coach. Anoeher instalment of Winona deepens interest in the fate of the Indian maiden. The Editor makes pertinent comment on current events in Men and Things. There are several good poems, and a variety of other pleasing contributions.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get *Dr. Inclination*, *Dr. Experience* and *Dr. Reason* to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Rev. L. W. Slattery.

The subject of this notice celebrated his first mass at Georgetown last Sunday and also at Groveland, which is a part of the parish.

He made a favorable impression in his sermon, in the course of which he announced his intention of working unreservedly for their spiritual interests, and asked for their co-operation.

Fr. Slattery is a young man, full of energy and ambition. After finishing his education abroad, he was sent to Woburn as curate to the late Rev. John Quealy. He remained in Woburn for 13 years, and for the past year or two has been substitute pastor at Hopkinton, Concord and Middleboro. At Concord the work of Catholic chaplain at the reformatory fell to his lot, and at Middleboro he had charge of the State farm at Bridgewater.

He is regarded as one of the brightest and most popular of the younger Catholic priests, and his work is highly praised wherever he has been stationed. His ministrations here open under the most pleasant auspices.—*Boston Papers.*

Fr. Slattery was very popular here and won hosts of friends who deeply regretted his transfer to another field. He is a broad guage man, progressive, a reformer, and Protestants and Catholics alike respected him when he was here.

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessiy in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. NICKLE, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

No Microbes on Mountains.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Here is the place for the purity party, and scaremongers who are forever horrifying the public with the dismal fear of microbes would have to take their supply with them, most of which are useful to man. It is pleasing to observe that the microbe does not give himself lofty airs, but as a fellow creature comes down to our level and dwells cheerily in our midst.—Revue Scientifique.

Do You Read

What people are saying about Hood's Sarsaparilla? It is curing the worst cases of scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all forms of blood disease, eruptions, sores, boils and pimples. It is giving strength to weak and tired women. Why should you hesitate to take it when it is doing so much for others?

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Same Old Trouble.

Husband—What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?

Wife—I thought that you had been detained on "business" again and were getting up stairs as quietly as you could.—Pearson's Weekly.

Real Havanas.

Wallace—Try one of these cigars. They were smuggled.

Ferry — Really? (Puff, puff.) Smuggled past the board of health you mean.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1898.

THEY'RE GOING TO.

Congressman William S. Knox of Lawrence is another Massachusetts Representative who gets the reward of hard and faithful work in a unanimous renomination by his constituents. The Fifth District is an important one. It must be represented in Washington by a man who is loyal to protection and sound money, and vigilant to support all of the District's great business interests. There can be no running of chances this year. The Republicans must go to work and give Mr. Knox a good round majority.—*Boston Journal.*

Just as sure as the sun rises and sets on Nov. 8 just so sure will Hon. William S. Knox (barring death) be re-elected to Congress from this District on that day.

BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL.

The new form in which the Boston *Journal* appeared last Sunday was a decided improvement and one that must be highly appreciated by its numerous readers. Besides a handier form it contained more reading matter than formerly, 8 pages being added, and many new features have been adopted which make the *Journal* the best Sunday paper in Boston. The *Journal* is a go ahead paper. It is popular. The people like the way it handles the great political issues now before the country. It is level-headed on all the questions which have grown out of the War with Spain. It is a representative, newsy, ably edited Republican paper.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

Delegates to the Republican Representative convention of the 28th Middlesex District to nominate candidates for the Legislature of 1899, will meet at the Headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee this evening for the purpose of performing that duty.

The convention will without doubt nominate Wood of Woburn and Grimes of Reading.

☞ The Second Army Corps has moved, or is about to move, to South Carolina. The 5th Massachusetts Regiment, of which Capt. L. E. Hanson's Woburn Company is a member, is a part of the Second Corps. Thus our brave boys are headed towards Cuba.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. C. Clark—Wanted.
O. Gillett—Silverware.
G. A. Blaisdell—Mines.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
City—Weights & Measures.
D. S. Jones—Vet. Surgeon.
S. Arbutnot.—Adm. Notice.
Boston Journal—Sunday Journal.

— Read ad. a strong girl wanted.

— Joseph G. Frampton has got out again.

— Several privates are at home here on furloughs.

— Mr. Charlie A. Jones is fishing and hunting in Maine.

— There was a heavy rain fell from 2 to 9 Wednesday morning.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Several fine houses are being built on Middle st., by Mr. Wiswell.

— Cobb & Co. conduct a neat fishmarket and are doing a good business.

— First Lieut. McCarthy of Co. G, 5th Regt. is at home on a furlough.

— Mrs. Fred W. McDonald of New Hampshire is visiting friends here.

— Carter, Bixby and Bean's terms as School Committee expire this year.

— William C. Kenney is to be the Democratic candidate for Representative.

— Mayor Feeney has not fully concluded to take a third nomination for Mayor.

— Theodore Rogers and Michael Cuneo of the 5th Regt. are at home this week.

— The Hoveys make a splendid exhibition of flowers at their store on Main st.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis is putting in cellars for 3 houses for Mr. Wiswell at Mishawum.

— Mrs. W. C. Kenney and her sister, Miss Ella Mahoney, are in the Adirondacs.

— On Oct. 18 the Rebekahs will celebrate their 15th anniversary at Odd Fellows Hall.

— Mr. O. Gillett always has something new and nice to offer the public. Read his ad.

— Hugh DeLoriea of the 17th U. S Regulars is visiting his brother John in this city.

— Mr. J. Fred Leslie is in the government employ at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

— Prof. Worthley, Optician, will make his next professional visit to Woburn on Nov. 4.

— Everybody is buying tickets to Dr. March's lecture. It is going to be a grand good one.

— The Towanda Bowling Tournament will open for the season at the Club Rooms on Oct. 19.

— On Oct. 19 the Methodist Ladies Aid Society will give their annual supper. Tickets 25 cents.

— Private Kean of Co. G. 5th Reg't is visiting his family and friends having obtained a furlough.

— Mr. William F. Kenney is marshaling his forces for a run for a seat on the School Board in December.

— As a teacher of the piano Miss Mertena Bancroft has no superiors and few equals in this county.

— Last Thursday week City Clerk Finn went to Montreal with the Massachusetts City Clerks Association.

— Miss M. Reeves, has removed her business "Ladies Tailoring" from 415 Main street to 13 Montvale Ave.

— Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Macdonald of Bennett st. have returned from an exceedingly pleasant visit to Saratoga.

— The Woman's Relief Corps, 161, will give a supper on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, to raise funds for the soldiers.

— Woman's Relief Corps, 84, will hold its first assembly for the season this evening. A large attendance is expected.

— The 3d Open Air Show of the New England Kennel Club will begin on the Club's grounds at Braintree at 10 o'clock this, Friday, morning, and close at 5 p. m. tomorrow, Saturday, Oct. 15. Trains will run at short intervals from Kneeland street station, Boston, the fare each way being 20 cents. The admission to the Show is 25 cents. Arrangements have been made for two days of excellent sport.

— Mr. F. S. McGregor has sold 25 residence lots in Rumford Park the past season, and has only a few left. These he will soon close out. It is the finest residence section in the city, and if our authorities would only build some good sidewalks to it and put in electric lights every lot would soon be built on. Mr. McGregor put restrictions on each lot as to the minimum cost of house, which insures the best of dwellings. He feels well pleased with his success.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx Be sure you get it.—tf

— Major H. C. Hall and Captain E. F. Wyer left here Wednesday for Gettysburg, Camp Meade, and other points of interest.

— The dancing parties at Music Hall given by Mrs. L. J. Chandler are proving a marked success. She is a teacher of rare merit.

— The Kelley property on the corner of Main and Church streets has been bought for the new hundred thousand dollar schoolhouse.

— The 6th Regiment will sail for home next Sunday. The boys will be glad to get back from the West Indies and their friends glad to see them.

— Thanks to Col. A. L. Richardson for Quebec papers containing full accounts of the recent visit of the A. & H. Artillery Company to that city.

— Next week Wednesday evening St. Charles Parish will hold a grand reception in the Auditorium. It is expected to be a brilliant social event.

— The Ladies Aid Society of Trinity Episcopal church, will hold their Annual Sale and Supper Thursday, Nov. 17, in Music Hall, Dow's Block.

— Daniel S. Jones, V. S., has a notice in this paper to which we call especial attention. He is a skilful and successful practitioner, and enjoys a large patronage.

— We are thankfully indebted to representative Wood for a copy of "Acts and Resolves" of the last Legislature of this State, otherwise known as the "Blue Book."

— The first Maine dead dear to put in an appearance here this fall was hung up at Mr. James Durward, Jr's., Market yesterday morning. It was killed by Fred Richardson.

— Miss Jameson tells us that she has in her mind's eye the giving of a concert about midwinter which she hopes will be equal to anything in the vocal music line ever given in Woburn.

— If the 6th Mass. Regiment comes direct to Boston as now proposed the proprietor of the Metropolitan Market will expect to see his brother George here in about 3 or 4 weeks.

— Mr. Hagerty informs us that postoffice money order offices may now draw orders on themselves, which the public will find a safe and handy arrangement. In paying small home bills it is capital.

— Mr. E. Caldwell, the leading furniture, carpet, and kitchen furnishing goods dealer in this city, employs several fine teams in his business and keeps them moving all the time. His trade is very large.

— Mr. John W. Shaw of this city, formerly a member of the City Council (and may be again), is quite sensibly affected by the Brockton strike of shoemakers. The factory of his firm is included in the strike.

— Mr. Robert Holmes, Engineer of the Boston Harbor Police Boat, and Mrs. Holmes, Captain Sam Wellock of the Boston Pilot Boat Minerva, and Mrs. Bolkcom of Roxbury, were guests of the JOURNAL last Tuesday.

— Miss Mary Louise Newhall, a Wellesley College Senior, a bright and interesting young lady, came to Woburn to visit friends last Saturday evening and returned to her studies Monday morning. She received a cordial welcome here.

— Mr. Geo. A. Blaisdell was in Chicago last Tuesday closing up a lease for more mining property. He went to Omaha on Wednesday on business connected with the mines of his Company. Their mill at Puzzla Mine is yielding $60 to the ton.

— Mrs. E. H. Wright lately returned from a fortnight's visit with Benjamin Champney, the artist, and Mrs. Alice Wyer, his daughter, but more especially with baby Alice Brooks Wyer, at North Conway, N. H., where she enjoyed herself very much.

— Mathew F. Bouvard, one of the several depot hackmen, all good fellows, has put on a new outfit, consisting of horse, hack, harness, etc., which takes the shine all off of those of the other chaps. It is as fine as they have in Boston—neat as a pin and easy as an old glove.

— Rev. Mr. Packard's opening lecture in the Star Course last Wednesday evening was a fine one. It was in the higest degree entertaining and instructive. A large sized audience listened with great pleasure to it. The Course is bound to be a success. The next lecture will be given on Oct. 26.

— Over 2,000 people in Woburn have been helped by taking the great Mexican Blood Tonic, Cloverine, in the short time the Company have been here. Samples free; large bottles dollar bottles sold for 25 cents to advertise. Mexican lozenges are doing lots for the children. Office, 484 Main street.

— At Metropolitan Market, J. D. Jr., proprietor, are samples of sweet potatoes raised by Mr. Arthur U. Dickson on his grounds, 16 Clinton street, which are as fine as the general run of Carolina ones. For which Mr. Dickson is entitled to the blue ribbon. He is also meeting with good success in raising peanuts.

— Mr. Forest Hooper is busy manufacturing the "Hooper Cleanout," a useful invention of his, for which there is a large demand, and also several other articles which he has patented and are in general use. He expects to have a larger building soon for his and other manufacturing business, which may also house the Crombie rivet factory.

— Messrs. A. L. Richardson & Brothers are about to remove their large laundry and manufacturing business to Boston. They employ from 75 to 100 women, a large share of whom will, we suppose, be thrown out of employment. It is an important industrial establishment the loss of which will be felt in this city. One Boston agency pays them about $30,000 a year for laundry work, from which some idea of the extent of their business may be inferred. The proprietors expect to get settled in their Boston quarters about Nov. 1.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Permanently Cures

Scrofula, which is one of the worst afflictions of the human race, and comes from impure blood.

Eczema, a most offensive and uncomfortable affection of the skin, also due to impure blood.

Salt Rheum, a torment to the flesh, a disfigurement to the body, and a drain on the system, also due to vitiated blood.

Pimples, which so disfigure the skin, and make the human face divine anything but a thing of beauty, but which are Nature's advertisement of foul blood.

Catarrh, which very often comes from a chronic affection of the circulation, is a constant offense to one's self and all his friends.

Rheumatism, which all authorities now attribute to various acidities in the blood, which this great blood purifier of the age, Hood's Sarsaparilla, corrects.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Mr. GILLETTE

has been too busy to write an ad. for this space. He is filling his store full of the finest Watches, Rings, Chains, Clocks, Solid Silver Ware and Rodgers's goods. He will surprise you this Christmas.

DANIEL S. JONES,

Veterinary Surgeon

Dentistry a Specialty.

My way of operating on the month is original. No gag or twist. I have cured Shying, Bolting, Lolling, Side Reining, Pulling, Tossing the Head, Frothing, Balking, Hidebound, Scouring, Discharging of the Eyes, Nose, etc., by simple operations on the Teeth. Calls promptly attended to.

Office: CENTRAL STABLES.

Telephone 39–2 Woburn.

— The desirable character of the property will doubtless attract a large attendance at the auction sale by Commissioners Baker, Johnson and Hanson of the estate of the late John Wyman on Kilby and Main sts. which takes place on next Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 3 o'clock. Another sale will be held at 4 o'clock, same afternoon. See notice.

— Hope Rebekah Lodge No. 39 will celebrate its Fifteenth anniversary Tuesday evening, Oct. 18, at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. There will be an entertainment with music by the Highland Orchestra, and readings. After the entertainment cake and coffee will be served in the Banquet Hall. All Rebekah and Odd Fellows are invited with their families (adults). The regular meeting will be opened at 7.15 sharp.

— Mr. D. Wilbur Brown informs us that his son, Philip M. Brown, has entered on his duties as instructor in Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, and likes it very much. He was happy to find and privileged to read a copy of the Woburn JOURNAL at the residence of Rev. Charles Anderson, who is a Professor and one of the managers of the College, which was founded by his father-in-law, the great and good and venerable Cyrus Hamlin now of Lexington.

— Our boys of the Woburn High School Association are playing good football this year and did fair to equal their records of last season when they won every game but one. This week Saturday the Cambridge Manual Training School will be here. The Cambridge boys have lately beat the Maldens 10 to 0. So that the Saturday's game promises to be a hot one. It costs $10 to get this team. Let everybody attend and take a dime along to encourage the boys.

— Editor Hobbs of the Woburn JOURNAL ought to have been at our fair last last week. There were some of Dame Nature's products there that would have made his eyes glisten. Bro. Hobbs is fond of vegetables. Why, there were pumpkins two or three of which would fill his cellar chock full and furnish him with pumpkin pies all winter!—*Reading Chronicle.* Huh! If the *Chronicle* really wants to see pumpkins as *are* pumpkins it ought to come over to Woburn and take a squint at some.

— There has been such an opposition to the proposed two-session plan for the High School that it will not be further pressed in the School Board. It is doubtful if it would have been indorsed by the Board, as it is said that five members were opposed to the change.—*Woburn Corr. of Boston Globe.* Only let vox populi get a good purchase and it is bound to do things. Opposition to the absurd two-session plan was universal and intense among parents and guardians, who will rejoice that it has been abandoned.

— Old People's Day at the First Church Sunday, Oct. 16. It will open the Fall and Winter campaign of the Congregationalists. Dr. March will deliver the sermon. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Hood, has prepared special music. Prof. E. A. Lewis of Somerville will conduct the orchestra. All the older people of the town are cordially invited. At noon the Men's Class will meet in the auditorium to begin the study of Shailer Matthews "Social Teachings of Jesus." All men of all ages not connected with other churches or Sunday School classes are urged to join this class and take part in the discussions. In the evening at 7 the popular Sunday night services in the auditorium will begin. Hereafter once a month at these services Pastor Scudder intends to deliver a course of sermons on "The Family." All nonchurchgoers are especially welcome.

— On Thursday evening, Oct. 27, Rev. Dr. March will give a lecture at First church on "Personal Reminiscences of Seventy Years," which, it is needless to say, will be richly worth listening to. No one who knows Dr. March can entertain the shadow of a doubt that the lecture will be intensely interesting. He has traveled through life with his eyes and ears open, and he never forgets anything once seen or heard by him His mind is a storehouse of all the things that have fallen under his observation for 70 years, and no man has a faculty of telling about them in a manner more entertaining. The lecture will be a great deal more than a common literary event in this city. It will be something to remember and talk about. It will impart instruction and learn people things. It is entirely safe to say that First church will be crowded on that evening to its utmost capacity. Everybody will want to hear Dr. March's "Reminiscences."

Morse—Thompson.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Justin Thompson, No. 7 Court street, this city, on Tuesday afternoon, October 11, 1898, Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., united in the ties of wedlock Mr. WARREN A. MORSE and Miss MARY L. THOMPSON, both of Woburn. The parlor in which the marriage rites were solemnized was decorated in good taste with plants and ferns and looked inviting.

The bridesmaid was Miss Sadie M. Thompson, sister of the bride, who was dressed in steel blue with white silk trimmings. The best man was Mr. B. B. Cahoon. The bride was attired in gray and carried flowers.

There was a reception from 4 to 8 in the evening, after which the happy pair left on their bridal trip to New York City. Congratulations.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Local News.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Everybody interested in the late war with Spain should visit "The War Exposition" now enjoying a great run at the old Cyclorama building on Tremont st., above Dover st., Boston, open day and evening.

— It is said that the outlook for the leather industry in Woburn is not reassuring. Of the 18 establishments now in operation it is predicted that in a month two thirds will be idle. This industry is slowly but surely going to the State of Pennsylvania, and in a few years the leather industry of Woburn will be only a tradition, is the opinion of a prominent tanner.—*Winchester Star.* That has been the cry for the last 15 years, but the fact remains that there is more leather being made in Woburn now than ever before and the manufacturers are growing rich faster.

John I. Munroe.

GEORGE A. HOBBS, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir: I wish to beg the privilege of joining with others in a brief tribute to our dear departed friend, John I. Munroe. While not intimately acquainted with the deceased there were certain attributes of his character, which made an impression on those who knew him. A noticeable characteristic was his uniform courtesy. Tall and of fine figure, his courteous bearing and cheerful disposition carried sunshine everywhere he went. He not only enjoyed life but made it enjoyable by others. It was a pleasure to meet one whom you instinctively knew had a kindly heart and a chivalrous nature. His politeness like that of nature's noblemen, sprang from the heart. How many there are who can bear witness to some fine act of courtesy or perhaps to some almost trivial matter of politeness which nevertheless showed his considerate regard for the feelings of others.

Another marked trait in his character was his sturdy independence. Like a village Hampden, he liked to see fair play. He was ready to consider, bear and forbear, and be charitable. This showed the magnanimous heart of the man. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, and the memory of man passeth quickly away. But if from the soul of man there are evolved into his spiritual life any of his earthly attributes, certainly it must be those which spring from a noble soul. It is no ignoble faith that believes that what is good in man, through Divine Grace, is born into immortal life.

Drummond in his analysis of the alchemy of influence observes, "To live with Socrates—with unveiled face—must have made one wise; with Aristides, just; Francis of Assissi must have made one gentle; Savonarola strong. But to have lived with Christ? To have lived with Christ must have made one like Christ; that is to say a Christian."

John I. Munroe was brave, manly, and strong, yet kind, gentle and charitable. His influence was good. Whoever met him felt his influence. His nature impressed itself upon them. His cheery voice, pleasant smile, beaming eyes, resolute tone and kindly greeting are gone, but his spirit still lives, and many there are who now sincerely mourn the loss of an esteemed acquaintance, and a true friend.—*

The People Want It.

The newsdealers report a large increase last Sunday in sales of the Boston *Sunday Journal*, with its new form and features, and anticipate a further increase next Sunday. They explain its growing popularity by calling attention to its attractive, exclusive features—its convenient form, easy to handle and satisfactory to read; its use of the halftone process in illustrating, giving direct reproductions of the photographs; and the 48-page, bound, New England Home Magazine, the most expensive feature ever offered by any newspaper.

This New England Home Magazine was designed for the pleasure and interest of New England people, and its success is made evident by the remarkable growth in its circulation with that of the Boston *Sunday Journal*. It is beautifully illustrated, and its photographs of children, which form a regular feature, are known all over the New England States. The continued story, "Chasing a Spanish Spy," has met favor. Next Sunday's number has an illustrated article on the beautiful women of Havana.

Included in next Sunday's are portraits of the Chaplains of New England regiments, pictures of the soldiers' cemetery at Ponce, showing the gross neglect and indifference of American officials, against which Frederick Roy Martin, the *Boston Journal's* correspondent in Porto Rico, has so vigorously protested, pictures from within the Spanish lines on that island, made by the *Journal's* special photographer, W. F. Turner, and pictures made on board the double turretted monitor Amphitrite.

The feature section will have the second article in the notable series by New England soldiers, telling of their personal experiences in the war.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten millions trial bottles of this great medicine and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Parker, Druggist, and get a trial bottle free, regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Mechanics Fair.

The Twentieth Triennial Exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association opened at their mammouth building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, last Monday and will continue to Dec. 3 inclusive. It was a grand opening. The Fair is held by the "Old Mechanic Association," organized in 1795, the oldest and most famous society of the kind in America.

The Managers assure the public, with the utmost confidence, that it is to excel all former exhibitions given by the Association. The people of New England know what that means.

The private opening last Saturday evening was a brilliant success.

For points concerning the Fair consult the advertisement in another column of this paper.

Old people often have troublesome and persistent coughs. Sometimes you can cure them and sometimes you can't. But Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam always soothes and relieves the patient old folks.

North Woburn.

Our streets are in bad condition.

Additions are being made to the Pantasote Leather Co's. plant.

Mr. Frank H. Burleigh is soon to build a house on School street.

Private Seth H. Keene, 7th U. S. Infantry, was in town this week.

Mr. John C. Trafton and wife returned from a visit to Derry, N. H., last Monday.

Mr. P. J. Foley was in Lawrence this week to attend the funeral of his mother.

The committee to award prizes for flower displays at stations on the Boston & Maine system gave Station Agent Phil O'Brien of this place one of the 6th prizes, or $10. They failed to award a prize to Station agent Callahan of the South Wilmington who made a remarkable fine display.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,

400 Washington St. — BOSTON. — 400 Washington St.

Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's Royalty Chop

CHOICEST BLENDED

Fomosa Oolong Tea.

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

FOR SALE BY

FITZ & STANLEY, Woburn, Mass

☞ Ask for Royalty Tea.

MECHANICS' FAIR

1795 1898

By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.

Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.

MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!

The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.

XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.

Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.

Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.

"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*

FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.
Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.

25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFE Always Open.

Magazine Free.

Never before has any newspaper presented its readers with such an attractive list of features as does the

Boston Sunday Journal

in its improved form. The pages throughout the whole paper have been made of the same size as those which the Illustrated Section has made familiar to our readers, thus making the paper easier and more convenient to handle. At the same time the number of pages have been increased to permit the introduction of new departments. The whole paper has been strengthened and improved. The price is only 5 cents, and yet, as now arranged, it consists of

40 Pages News and Miscellany;
8 Pages Photographic Illustrations;
48-Page Illustrated Bound Magazine.

Order of Your Newsdealer.

WANTED.

A strong girl for general housework.
Apply to MRS. J. C. CLARK,
35 Middlesex Avenue,
Reading Highlands.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Line of Least Resistance in Religion." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—19th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., Celebration of Old People's Day with Sermon by Dr. March. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Third Series People's Sunday evening Service. Chorus and Congregational Singing. Sermon by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Martin G. Hooper and Kate Burns, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 5, by Rev. John W. Suter, David G. Gifford and Florence M. Hovey, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 5, by Rev. John W. Suter, John C. N. Parker and Mabel L. Hovey, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 10, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Joseph H. Bridge, Jr., of Woburn and Caroline (Ferrin) Bridge of West Medford.

In this city, Oct. 11, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Warren A. Morse and Mary L. Thompson, both of Woburn.

In Stoneham, Oct. 9, by Rev. T. L. Flanagan, John F. Cogan of Woburn and Catherine Monahan of Stoneham.

In Somerville, at 187 School st., Oct. 8, by Rev. Wm. Carey Barrows, Mr. Loring Thayer Falvey of Somerville and Miss Mattie Alice, daughter of Mr. David R. Campbell of Woburn.

In South Boston, Oct. 9, by Rev. George J. Patterson, Martin Waters of Woburn and Bridget Costello of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 7, Susan W. Prescott, aged 76 years, 3 months, 10 days.

In this city, Oct. 7, Patrick J. O'Heare, aged 20 years, 6 months, 10 days.

In this city, Oct. 9, Cornelius Corcoran, aged 46 years.

In this city, Oct. 10, George H. Fuller, aged 64 years, 8 months, 20 days.

In this city, Oct. 12, Bessie Stoaks, aged 19 years, 5 months, 16 days.

In Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 4, S. Webster Wyman, formerly of Woburn, aged 67 years.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

STAR Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

Beginning Oct. 12, 1898.

SUBJECTS and DATES:

OCT. 26.	Florence and illustrious Florentines.
NOV. 2.	Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii.
NOV. 16.	Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30.	London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7.	Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

First Church.

Lecture by Dr. March

"Personal Reminiscences of Seventy Years."
Judge Parker L. Converse will preside.
Organ Concert by Mr. D. N. Hood.

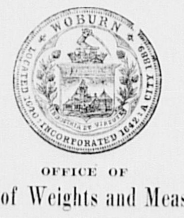
Thursday, Oct. 27, 1898.

Doors open at 7.15 P. M.
Concert at 7.30.

Admission 25c.

Tickets to be had at F. P. Brooks's, F. A. Flint's, Gordon Parker's, H. A. Wilcox's.

CITY OF WOBURN.



OFFICE OF

Sealer of Weights and Measures,

Basement of Court House.

Notice is hereby given to all persons, firms and corporations doing business in the City of Woburn and selling or buying any goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities by weight or measure, or as a public weigher, to bring in their weights and measures to be adjusted.

The sealer will be at his office every Tuesday and Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

JONATHAN C. ELA,
Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Woburn, Oct. 11, 1898.

To Let.

A Fine Suite of Rooms

At 385 Main street, Woburn, second floor, suitable for offices, manufactory of small wares, or other similar use. Admirably located for any kind of business. Possession given Nov. 1.
RENT REASONABLE.
Apply to F. A. HARTWELL,
387 Main St., Woburn.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

MONDAY, October 3, 1898.

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MRS. LEWIS

WILL RESUME

Piano-forte Instruction

SAT., OCT. 1, 1898.

One or two lessons a week.
Private or class lessons.
Instruction includes elementary harmony and musical form.
Arrangements may be made on or after Wednesday, Sept. 28.

2 BENNETT ST.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH,
20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction

— IN —

Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:

87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Try Our Boston Blend Coffee 25c. lb.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing **Tin Roofing**

BUY THE

SOMERSET PALLAS,

— OR —

FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping **Furnaces**

Have You a Boy?

Bring him in. It doesn't make any difference whether he's a bright boy or a dull boy, or a chubby boy or a wishy-washy boy, if he is over 3 and not over 15 we will show him the best, prettiest and most wearable suit of clothes—a suit that will set him thinking—for five dollars. We will show him more than that. We'll show him suits that any mother would say was worth five dollars and we'll show him our price tag attached to them which calls for only $3—good all-wool suits too—made with double seat and knees for hard school use. If he comes under the head of "Junior" his size with fancy braid on the jacket and fancy buckles on the pants and perhaps a fancy vester. If extra pants are desired to match the suit we can furnish them at one third the price of the suit.

All Are New Fall And Winter Styles.

HAMMOND & SON.

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 5, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, November 19, 1898**, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 1.

LIZZIE M. ATWOOD.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of Jane C. Butman; northerly by land now or formerly of one Wyman, and by land of E. W. Hudson; easterly by land of James W. DeLoriea; southerly by Lawrence street.
Tax of 1897, $38 75

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being numbered 24, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street 70 feet; easterly by land now or late of Mary E. Whitford 131 feet; southerly by land of Louise C. Hudson 70 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph H. Buck and Mary E. Whitford 132 feet.
Tax of 1897, 88 83

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,762 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Porter street, in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19 on plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Eustace Cummings; northerly by said Porter street; easterly by Lot No. 20 on said plan; westerly by Lot No. 18 on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 40 64

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,141 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 34 and 36 Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 70 feet; westerly by Buckman street, 53.96 feet; southerly by land now or late of Buck 69.1 feet; easterly by land now or late of Buck 65.6 feet.
Tax of 1897, 35 91

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,324 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 61 feet; easterly by lot No. 12, on Plan of land of Joseph Buck 75.55 feet; southerly by lot No. 31 on said plan 62.02 feet; westerly by lot No. 16 on said plan 65.2 feet.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

ELLEN DEVLIN HEIRS.—About ¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, numbered 17 on northerly side of Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by said Buckman street; westerly by Buckman court; northerly by land of one Burke, and easterly by land of Carl A. Dunbury.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

FRED GOWING AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, numbered 6 and 8 Wyer's Court, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; westerly by Wyer's Court; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson.
Tax of 1897, 45 36

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ½ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Ash street; southerly by Buckman Court; easterly by land of Burke; westerly by land now or late of Lombard.
Tax of 1897, 32 13

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ⅛ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated on Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a Court about 55 feet; northerly by land of Coleman Feeney and Tolan about 171.9 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.8 feet; and southerly by Buckman street about 78 feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

JOHN HAGGERTY.—About 7,437 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Buckman street, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Buckman street 65 feet; westerly by land of Duffy 116.5 feet; southerly by land now or late of Buck 65 feet; easterly by land now or late of McDevitt 115.1 feet.
Tax of 1897, 8 51

ABBY KEATING.—About 17,084 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated number 42 Buckman street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Buckman street 112 feet, and by Willey street 87.8 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph Buck 65 feet; southerly by land now or late of Thomas J. Pierce 181 feet; easterly by other land of said Abby Keating about 181 feet.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

ABBY KEATING.—About 15,184 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southerly or southwesterly corner of the premises at other land of said Keating; thence the line runs northerly 15.3 feet and by said Buckman street 5 25-100 feet to land now or late of Joseph Buck; thence easterly by land of said Buck 200 31-100 feet to passageway which leads to Stoddard street; thence southerly by said passage way 112 45-100 feet to land of Ellen Richardson; thence westerly by land last named 137 4 feet to other land of said Keating; thence northerly by land last named 93.6 feet, and again northerly by same land 87.8 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH KEATING.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 17 Ash street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Dorr; easterly by land now or late of Burke; southerly by said Ash street; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,374 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Pleasant street 72.5 feet; westerly by Court street 95.7 feet; southerly by land of Harris 86 feet; easterly by land of Geo. F. Bean, Trustee.
Tax of 1897, 84 11

MICHAEL LEMRIEUX.—About 28,880 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Main street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Lake avenue 240 feet; westerly by land now or late of Duffy 120 feet; northerly by land of Stanley 240 feet; easterly by Main street 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 141 75

MARY MAGUIRE.—About 4,642 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Richardson street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Richardson street; southerly by land now or late of Sheehan; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

RONALD S. MCCORMICK.—About 10,527 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connors and by land of Murphy; easterly by land of Murphy and by land of Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1897, 9 92

PETER P. MCLAUGHLIN.—About 6000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Lake avenue, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Lake avenue 52.67 feet; westerly by land now or late of Mary Levigne 111.1 feet; southerly by other land now or late of said Levigne 51.5 feet; easterly by land now or late of John P. Dever and Margaret E. Kelley.
Tax of 1897, 56 85

MARY A. MURRAY.—About 13,200 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Heirs of Jacob Munroe; southerly by land now or formerly of Norris; and westerly by land of Heavey.
Tax of 1897, 49 52

FRANK E. SOLES.—About 26,385 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 24 and 26 Sturgis street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Notherly by Sturgis street; easterly and westerly by land now or late of Edward W. Hudson; southerly by land now or late of Jacob Pierce.
Tax of 1897, 85 05

WILLIAM VAUGHN'S HEIRS.—About 1¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lexington street and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; southerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land now or late of Joseph McIntire; northerly by Lexington street.
Tax of 1897, 34 97

MARIETTA WALSH.—About ⅛ of an acre of land on Bennett street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Parker; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land now or late of A. B. Wyman and land of L. Wyman.
Tax of 1897, 49 14

JACOB WEBSTER HEIRS.—About ⅜ of an acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Warren Avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Hunt and by land now or late of Oliver Bacon; easterly by Court street; southerly by Court street; westerly by Warren Avenue.
Tax of 1897, 96 39

WOBURN POWER COMPANY.—About 14,545 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by Main street; northerly by Myrtle street; westerly by land of E. W. Hudson; southerly by land of John J. Williams.
Tax of 1897, 268 38

Non-Residents.

WILLARD WELCH.—About 7,675 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by a private way leading westerly from Main street 74.2 feet; westerly by land late of Pickering 90.9 feet; northerly by land of Shea 85.57 feet; easterly by land of Patrick Walsh 102 25-100 feet. Same premises described in deed of Mary Levigne et als., dated November 6, 1893, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2236, Page 340.
Tax of 1897, 7 18

WILLARD WELCH.—About 26,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Canal street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of John Sheehan 123 feet; easterly by a private way about 197 feet; southerly by land of Leathe about 132 feet; westerly by Canal street about 197 feet. Same premises described in deed of Timothy O'Brien et als., dated Feb. 26, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2380, Page 242.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

MARGARET J. ANDERSON.—About 6,077 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Porter street, being lot numbered 8 on Plan of Thomas Richardson estate, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan; southerly by said Porter street; easterly by land formerly of said Anderson; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WILLARD WELCH.—About 1 acre and 882-1,000 of an acre of land situated in said Woburn, on Lake Avenue, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lake Avenue; westerly by land of Boston Ice Company; southerly by Woburn and Winchester boundary line; easterly by land of Boston Ice Company.
Tax of 1897, 3 31

WARD 2.

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 20,000 square feet of land, buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Nashua street, being Lot 28 on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 29 on said Plan, 160 feet; easterly by Nashua street, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 27 on said Plan, 160 feet; westerly by Lot 34 on said Plan, 125 feet.
Tax of 1897, 30 24

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 28,370 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 34 on Emerson Plans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 5 Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Tremont street 128½ feet; northerly by Lot 33 on said Plan, 173 feet; easterly by Lot 28 on said Plan, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 35 on said Plan 201 feet.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH BILLINGSLEY HEIRS.—About 15,300 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of James E. Abbott; easterly by land now or late of Walsh; westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

FRANCES G. CLARK.—About 18,150 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by the continuation of Ferguson Place about 150 feet; southerly by land of J. G. Flagg about 121 feet; easterly by other land of said Flagg about 150 feet; northerly by land Ferguson about 121; same premises conveyed by J. G. Flagg by deed dated March 18, 1893, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2182, Page 168.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by said Garfield avenue; southerly by land of Mary A. McCabe; westerly by land now or formerly of Brown; northerly by land of Fowle.
Tax of 1897, 20 79

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Jefferson Court, bounded as follows, viz.—Westerly by a private way; northerly by land of James Callahan; easterly by land of Samuel Leeds; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. J. Munroe.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

LOUISE A. CUTLER.—About 16,315 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on No. 59 Fowle street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Fowle street; easterly by a private way known as Sonrel street; southerly land of James M. Kimball, and westerly by land of Maria M. Kimball.
Tax of 1897, 69 93

MARIA F. DEAN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Holton street, being Lots numbered281 and 283 on Plan of building lots in Winchester and Woburn owned by S. S. Holton and L. Holton, dated Dec. 1874 recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44 bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Lots 280 and 284 on said Plan, north-easterly by lot 285 on said Plan; south-easterly by Hanover street; southwesterly by Lot 279 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 89

PATRICK FALLON.—About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on easterly side line of East street where an imaginery line drawn for the southeasterly side of Belmont street at its junction with East street and at right angles with the westerly line of said East street would touch at a stake, thence the line runs northeasterly at right angles with said East street 150 feet to a stake; thence southeasterly 100 feet to a stake; thence southwesterly 150 feet to said East street; thence northwesterly on said East street 100 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 2,200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land formerly of Jaquith and at land of Svenson, thence southerly by land of Svenson 36 feet; thence westerly by land of Callahan and land formerly of Jaquith 61 feet; thence northerly by land of Fifield 36 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Jaquith 60½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

Stop-ache Has Cured 1912 Headaches

It will Cure Yours.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 6,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land of Callahan; thence southerly by land of Callahan 80 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Clapp 79 feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Collamore 80 feet; thence easterly by land of Fifield and land formerly of Jaquith 79 feet; being second lot described in deed of Caleb H. Jaquith dated March 20th 1894, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2261, Page 221.
Tax of 1897, 8 51

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 3,449 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of premises on Fowle street at land now or late of Svenson, thence the line runs southerly by land last named 57 feet; thence westerly by other land of Fitchett about 60½ feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Fifield 57 feet; thence easterly by Fowle street about 60½ feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Hawley street, being Lot No. 26 on Plan of land owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by lot No. 27 on said plan; northeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southeasterly by Lot No. 25 on said Plan; southwesterly by Hawley street on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

MARY E. FULTON.—About 15,680 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated at No. 83 Green street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Green street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Gates.
Tax of 1897, 33 08

WILLIAM GRANEY.—About 4,620 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 11 Main street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of J. P. Crane; easterly by land now or late of J. P. Crane; southerly by a private way; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 36 85

CATHERINE GRANEY.—About 8,040 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 19 and 21 Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz—Northerly by land now or late of Garvey; easterly by land of Crane; southerly by land of William Graney; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

HENRY GRESEY JR.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Holden Place, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by private street leading from Montvale avenue; southerly by land late of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land of Esther M. Keith; northerly by land of one Burke.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

THOMAS F. HARKINS.—About 8,409 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Carter street about 60 feet; westerly by land now or late of Theophelus King, 149.7 feet; easterly by land of said King about 117.7 feet; southerly by land now or late of said King and by land now or late of Fitzpatrick about 80 feet. Being Lot No. 24 on Plan of land of Theophelus King et al., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 51, Plan 44.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ADELIA HILL.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon situated No. 32 Spring Court in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by land now or late of J. G. Pollard; northerly by land now or late of J. G. Flagg; westerly by a private way known as Spring Court.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

PATRICK H. KERRIGAN.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon numbered 131 Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Blake; easterly by land now or late of H. M. Parker; southerly by land now or late of Maguire; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

JOHANNES LAURISTON.—About 8,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now or late of Heirs of Michael Callahan; northerly by a passage way; southerly by land now or late of Russell and Johnson; westerly by land now or late of Allen.
Tax of 1897, 16 07

LAURITZ J. LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 86 Eastern Avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet; northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet.
Tax of 1897, 51 98

MARY B. MCBRIDE.—About 6,049 square feet of land, situated No. 10 Spring Court, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land now or late of Allen 109½ feet; northerly by land of Flagg 55 feet; easterly by land of Bonnin 109½ feet; southerly by Spring Court 55 feet.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

JAMES MCKITTRICK.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated on Medford street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now or late of Holton 121 feet; northerly by land now or late of Rooney 139 feet; westerly by land now or late of Martin 120 feet; southerly by Medford street about 150 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MARY MEEHAN.—About 19,650 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Highland street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Fountain; easterly by land of McDonough; southerly by land of McMurray; westerly by said Highland street.
Tax of 1897, 105 84

ELLA T. NEWTON.—About 12,153 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 68 Eastern avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Green street 175 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue 100 feet; southerly by land of Beaton and land of Allen 167.5 feet; easterly by land of Allen 45.9 feet.
Tax of 1897, 48 20

SARAH J. ORDWAY.—About one acre of land and buildings thereon, situatee on Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Fowle street; easterly by Eastern avenue; westerly by Sonrel street; southerly by land now or late of Horton.
Tax of 1897, 209 79

JOHN W. PITMAN.—About 7 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner at junction of Clark street and Garfield avenue; thence southerly by said avenue 365.23 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace et al about 224 feet; thence southerly by Sarah F. Wallace land 191.08 feet; thence westerly by land of said Sarah F. Wallace 140 feet; thence southerly by Garfield avenue 40 feet; thence easterly by land of Allen 135 feet; thence southerly by land of Allen about 175.5 feet; thence easterly by land of Bassett 90.5 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 19 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Wyman 460 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 48 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Wyman 284.6 feet; thence westerly by Horton and south end of Sonrel streets 201.5 feet; thence northerly by Sonrel street 135 feet; thence westerly by Clark street 297 feet.
Tax of 1897, 154 04

JAMES P. ROONEY.—About ⅜ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 20 Arington street in said Woburn, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Belmont street 120 feet; westerly Arlington street; southerly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet; easterly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

MARY ROONEY.—About 46,560 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 122 Garfield avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Glennon, land of Allen and land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman, 452 feet; easterly by land now or late of Holton 35 feet; southerly by land of Quinn 452 feet; westerly by said Garfield avenue 152½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

CHARLES A. SMITH HEIRS.—About 11,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 67 High street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by High street; easterly by Garfield avenue; southerly by land formerly of Thomas Richardson; westerly by land now or late of Buckman, and by land now or late of Butters.
Tax of 1897, 92 61

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 145 Montvale avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Foss; southerly by land now or late of Ward.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

GEORGE B. WOODSIDE.—About 5,695 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 3 McCabe Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by McCabe Court; easterly by land of Tuft's College and by land of McCabe; westerly by land of Sarah A. Woodside; southerly by land of Belcher.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

Non-Residents.

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 26,068 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1 to 8 inclusive, Block 1 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Popular street shown on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street shown on said Plan; southerly land of owner unknown; westerly by lot No. 9 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 00

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 3,241 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 18, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recoceded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 19 and 20 in said block; easterly by Lots 25 and 26 in said block; southerly by Popular street in said block; westerly by Lot 16 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 26

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 8,751 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 24, 25, 26, Block 3 on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 21, 22 and 23, in same Block; easterly by Frank street on same Plan; westerly by Lot No. 18, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, .79

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 11,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 27, 28, 29 and 30 Block 2 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 31 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; westerly by Frank street on said Plan; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 06

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 7,082 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 36 and 37 in Block 4 on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by Lot 35 in said Block; southerly by Green street; westerly by Lots 38 and 39 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 53

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 16,340 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 40, 41, 44, 45 and 46, Block 4, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue, and Lot No. 43, in said Block; easterly by Lots 38 and 39 in said Block; westerly by Badger street and Lots 42 and and 43 in said Block; southerly by Green street.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 13,280 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 45 and part of 46 shown on Plan of Emerson's lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at northeasterly corner on Tremont street, and at land of Patrick H. Powers at a stake 261 feet southerly from Nashua street; thence the line runs southerly by Tremont street 433 feet; thence northwesterly by Lowell street 385 feet; thence northerly by land of Carter 136 feet; thence easterly by land Powers 454.4 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 19,156 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 to 15 inclusive, Block 1, shown on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Poplar street, shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 9 on said Plan; westerly by Badger street on said Plan; southerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 2,664 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 16, Block 3, on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 17, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan; easterly by Lot 18 in said Block; westerly by Badger street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 26

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 16,028 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots numbered 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; northerly by Frank street; northeasterly by Frank street and Lots 16, 18 and 24 in said Block; southeasterly by Badger street and Lot 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 3,546 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Frank street, being Lot No. 31, Block 2, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deed, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 32, 33 and 34 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; southerly by Lot 30 in said Block; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

ERENA CIRIGLIANO.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Laurel and Harvard streets, thence the line runs easterly on Harvard street 100 feet; thence southerly by land now or late of Foster 50 feet; thence westerly by other land now or late of Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by Laurel street 50 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MAUD M. PACKARD.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street 355.6 feet southerly from land of Adna Page measuring on said street; thence the line runs south 4° 58 east by said Vernon street 60 feet; thence westerly by land of Mary P. Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by other land now or late of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 100 17

JOSEPH H. ORENDOFF.—About 4,214 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 24 A on Plan of Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded at end of Book 2254 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Vernon street 68 feet; southeasterly by Hawley street 93¾ feet; easterly by land of Foster 25 feet; northerly by lot 24 on said plan 87½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 43 on plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2254, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by lot No. 44 on said Plan; southerly by owner unknown; westerly by lot 42 on same plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn. being Lot No. 45 on Mary P. Foster Plan recorded at end of record both 2254, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by land of Wade et als; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 44 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 93

WILLARD WELCH.—About 11,586 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of J. J. Doherty; northerly by land of Richardson, Vining, et als; southerly and easterly by land of Plympton.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 14,285 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 10 Madison street in said Woburn, being Lot No. 64 on Plan of House Lots in Woburn Center, belonging to Jeduthan Fowle, dated July 12, 1855, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot No. 63 on said Plan; easterly by lot No. 45 on said Plan; southerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 15,080 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on easterly side of Madison street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street; southerly by land of Russell and Johnson; westerly by Lot No. 53 on Jeduthan Fowle Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ELIZABETH B. HARTNETT.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 44 on Plan of Mary P. Foster, situated in said Woburn, on Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 45 on said Plan; southerly by land of Holton; westerly by Lot No. 43 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

CHARLES R. SHERMAN.—About 37,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 54 on the Emerson Plans recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 55 on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street on said Plan; southerly by lot 53 on said Plan; westerly by lot 59 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

WILLIAM H. LEE AND HENRY H. SAVAGE.—About 6,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of Vernon street, at a point 475.6 feet, southerly from land of Adna Page; thence the line runs south 40° 58' east by said Vernon street about 60 feet to a stake at land now or late of Mary P. Foster; thence at right angles westerly by land last named about 100 feet; thence northerly by land formerly of Foster about 60 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Foster about 100 feet; being same premises described in deed of Anna Bogle to said Dee and Savage, dated April 5, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2358, Page 315.
Tax of 1897, 81 27

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the State Election, on the

Evenings of Oct. 14, 15, 17 and 18, at 7 o'clk And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on October 19.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 19.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Acts 1898, Chap. 548: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 30, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue and in execution of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Warren Menchin to the Arlington Co-operative Bank, dated October 13th, 1897, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2603, Folio 180, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, the 27th day of October, A D., 1898,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises by said mortgage deed conveyed, viz: A lot of land, with the buildings thereon, containing about two acres, situate on the easterly side of Waltham street in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and bounded as follows:—Westerly by said Waltham street, there measuring two hundred two feet; southerly by land of Charles S. Menchin, there measuring about four hundred feet; easterly by a stone wall; and northerly by a line parallel with and two hundred ten feet distant northerly from the southerly line of said premises.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes.

$200 cash to be paid at time of sale. For further information apply to J. A. BAILEY, JR., Attorney for Mortgagee, 5 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

THE ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK, Mortgagee.

September 29, 1898.

Commissioners' Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to a warrant, dated September 13, 1898, issued by the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts, to the undersigned as Commissioners to make sale and partition among the parties entitled thereto of the hereinafter described real estate, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the eighteenth day of October, A. D., 1898,

the following described parcels of real estate, namely:—

First, there will be sold on the premises, at three o'clock in the afternoon of said day a lot of land, with dwelling-house and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing 33,006 square feet and bounded as follows, namely:—Easterly by Main street, there measuring one hundred sixty and 57-100 feet; southerly by Kilby street, there measuring two hundred twenty-nine and 93-100 feet; westerly by land of Erskine Ames, there measuring one hundred nineteen and 3-10 feet; and northerly by land of A. M. Winn, there measuring two hundred twenty-eight and 2-10 feet.

Terms: $300 down, and remainder within ten days from the day of sale.

Second, there will be sold on the premises, at four o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a parcel of land situated in the town meadow, so-called, in said Woburn, and bounded beginning at the easterly corner or said premises at land of John Cummings; thence the line runs in a northwesterly direction by land of Cummings about 530 feet to land late of Mary W. Eaton; thence turning the line runs in a southwesterly direction by land last named and by land formerly of John Bacon about 490 feet to a corner; thence in a curved line in a general southeasterly direction about 164 feet to land of Stephen Dow; thence turning the line runs in a northeasterly direction about 560 feet to the point of beginning.

Terms: $50 down and remainder within ten days from day of sale.

FRED E. BAKER,
EDWARD F. JOHNSON,
J. CHESTER HANSON,
Commissioners.

September 30, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John J. Dixon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Forest H. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES. J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

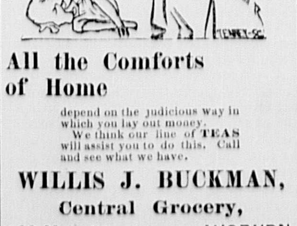
S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of William Arbuthnot, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SUSAN ARBUTHNOT, Admx.

13 Vinings Court, Woburn.
October 6th, 1898.



All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.
We think our line of TEAS will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

LOOK!

Five up-to-date Houses For Sale at Central Square.
Agent for the National Rolling Window Screens.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Foot-ball.

Malden High School vs. Woburn High School.

MALDEN.		WOBURN.
Langley (Clapp)	r.e.	Frost
Hill	r.t.	Ham
Flanders	r.g.	McSweeney
Rice	c.	Davis
Green	l.g.	Dodge
Kelley (Briggs)	l.t.	Maloney
Mitchell	l.e.	Payne
McCarthy	q.	Maguire
Howe (Smith)	l.h.	Dow F.
Briggs (Walsh)	r.h.	Dimick
Flanders	f.b.	Cutler

Referee, Geo. Bishop. Umpire, Geo. W. Stetson. Linemen, Bettis and Parker. Time two 15 minute halves.

Woburn kicked off and nailed Malden well down toward the latter's goal. Dimick and Dow made easy gains around the ends, and helped out with 5 yds. for foul tackling. Dow took the ball over Malden's goal for the first touchdown in less than five minutes; score, 5 to 0 for Woburn. The try for goal was quite oblique, but Dow made a clean kick and the score went to 6-0 for Woburn.

With but 15 seconds of play, and the ball on Woburn's thirty yard line it looked as if Malden would not score; but Howe went thro' right tackle for a touchdown from which, however no goal was kicked. Score, 6-5 for Woburn.

The second half resulted in no score, altho' Woburn showed up very strange. It did show that the referee was not of the first quality, for without doubt, Woburn earned a touchdown, which was judged a touch-back; other decisions were also discredited. Nevertheless Woburn won, 6 to 5.

Jogalong vs. Woburn, Saturday, Oct. 8.

JOGALONG.	WOBURN.
r.e. Brown	Payne l.e.
r.t. Burge	Swan l.t.
r.g. Thonnose	Carter l.g.
c. Doonan	Davis c.
l.g. Barter	McSweeney r.g.
l.t. Fish	Dodge r.t.
l.e. Good,	Frost r.e.
q. Slader	
l.h. Wheelock, Capt.	Dimick r.h.
r.h. Hewes	Fowle l.h.
f. Bradley	Cutler f.

Referee, Cogan; Umpire, Finnegan; both of Stoneham.
Lineman, Crosby.
Time, two 15 minute halves.
Score, Woburn 0. Jogalong 0.

The game was hotly contested all through and at no time was either goal in serious danger. Woburn by clean rushing carried the ball three quarters of the length of the field in the beginning of the second half, but lost on a fumble. The balance seemed favorable to Woburn, but with the ball in the centre of the field at the end of the game, it can be said fairly that honors were even. The game this week is with Cambridge Manual Training, and will be an exceedingly hot game and well worth seeing.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at Parker's Drug Store.

Carnival of Opera.

Up to date Judge Parker L. Converse, Business Manager, is highly gratified with the financial success of the "Carnival of Opera" which has been running ever since Tuesday evening at the Auditorium; and equally so is Mr. Charles W. Eddy, Director, with its artistic triumphs. It may also be said that the Executive Committee, consisting of Mrs. Henry M. Eames, Mrs. William R. Cutter, Mrs. P. L. Converse, Miss Susan Edgell, Miss R. B. Tidd, names intimately associated with the Home for Aged Women, for the benefit of which the grand entertainments are given, are also delighted with the outcome.

The Chaperones were: Cubans, Nellie S. Gilbert; Gypsies, Mrs. Marcellus Littlefield; Fleur de Lis, Edith E. Ramsdell; Flowers and Bees, Mrs. Charles G. Lund; Corsicans, Mrs. J. B. Hoag; National Dance, Mrs. H. M. Eames; Egyptian Belles, Nellie Ellis; Red Hussars, Lizzie E. Richardson; Floral Arch, Mrs. F. M. Crosby; Fairies, Edith G. Platts; Police, George W. Stetson, Sergeant.

The Carnival has proved a grand entertainment in every respect. More than 200 individuals, old and young; actors, dancers, singers, special artists, instrumentalists, participate in the novel programme, which is changed every night and makes a progressive season of song, acting, dancing and marching of rare merit.

As a Director Mr. Eddy is a Past Master. The training of the 200 participants is perfect; the execution is without a flaw. It is a pot pourri of delightful, yea, delicious, titbits, and everybody enjoys them.

The Auditorium has been crowded every evening, and they all say they have got more than their money's worth every time.

There is to be a matinee tomorrow afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

It is not a remedy put up by any Tom, Dick or Harry; it is compounded by expert pharmacists. Ely Bros. offer a 10 cent trial size. Ask your druggist. Full size Cream Balm 50 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

Woman's Club.

The next meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club will be held at Music Hall, Friday afternoon, October 21, at three o'clock. The Club will be addressed by Rev. Charles F. Dole upon the subject, "What Woman can do for the Public Welfare."

By invitation from the New Bedford Woman's Club, a meeting of the State Federation will be held in the North Christian Baptist church, New Bedford, Wednesday, October 19, Subject, "Sensational Journalism," presented by able speakers. Round trip tickets from Boston $2.15. The new blue Federation ticket will be necessary for admission, and can be obtained by the Recording Secretary. Those desiring tickets are requested to obtain them on or before Monday, Oct. 17.

C. G. RICHARDSON, Rec. Sec.

WINCHESTER.

The McKay machine shops employ 550 men.

Registrars of Voters will hold meetings on Oct. 20 and 22.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 13, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898.

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 328 Main St.
Ward Two,—Fifield's Hall, Fowle St.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Two Special Commissioners, District Attorney, Register of Probate and Insolvency, Sheriff, Representative in 56th Congress.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

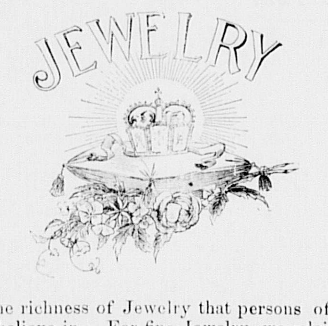
ATTEST: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

"No use for a duster — there's no dust on **Battle Ax PLUG** It sells too fast"!

Every dealer who has handled Battle Ax knows this to be a fact. There is no old stock of Battle Ax anywhere:—nothing but fresh goods, as Battle Ax sells five times more than any other brand in the world. All who chew it never change.

Remember the name when you buy again.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

WE ARE

Often asked why we don't tell our customers when we have bargains. We have them all the time, and if you don't get one you are sure to get another. If you call this week you will have a chance to get the greatest bargain ever offered in Dress Skirts. We will not quote prices as we prefer you to see the goods and prices together.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

To Let.

No. 111 Pleasant street. All modern conveniences
Apply to JAMES W. McDONALD,
6 Broad Street, Woburn.

When death has laid its cold and relentless hand upon a kind and loving husband, the wife cannot be blamed for asking herself if all her years of devotion and work and helpfulness were worth the while, when it comes so soon to this tragic end.

If men would only take the most common sense precautions against the encroachments of ill-health, there would be fewer houses of mourning, and fewer women left alone almost helpless before the battle of life is half over. A man's liver and stomach are twin machines that work together, either to make or unmake. If they work wrong, they deplete and poison his blood. Impure and impoverished blood mean sickness and death. If they work right, they purify and enrich the blood. A man whose blood is rich and pure, and whose liver is active cannot well be unhealthy. Headaches, biliousness, indigestion and costiveness, which men generally disregard, are Nature's warnings that the twin mechanism, stomach and liver, is working against, instead of for him. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine to use under these circumstances. It creates appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, invigorates the liver and fills the arteries with rich, red, healthy blood. As an invigorating, restorative tonic, it is far superior to all the malt extracts. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It does not build sickly, flabby fat as cod liver oil does, but the firm, muscular tissues of health.

"For the last nine years," writes William Miller, Esq., of 651 Mulberry Street, Reading, Pa., "I have been very poor in health. I suffered with a running sore leg. I tried many kinds of different medicines, and doctors without relief. Then I used three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and can say that I am entirely cured. I can now do as good a day's work as the next man."

Unfailable—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation and biliousness.

THE BALLADE OF BRAVE MEN.

A song for the men so true,
The sailors of sunken ships,
The sport of the winds that blew,
Devoured by the waves' white lips.
There where the sea gull dips,
There 'neath the sky so blue,
There where the schoolboy strips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the shipwrecked crew,
The men of the docks and slips.
Propelled by a sail or screw,
You made many perilous trips.
With the canvas torn to strips,
Before the gale you flew.
No more the wild wind whips.
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the men too few,
For nature so few equips,
Who drink that awful brew
That only a brave man sips.
The stanchest of ships are chips.
No power can the sea subdue.
No longer the cold spray drips.
Brave men, there is rest for you.
—William S. Lord in New York Tribune.

LIZOTTE.

My south is not that of Mistral, of Daudet or of Roumanille. The great water courses which traverse it have no torrentlike rapidity. The hillocks do not cast upon the imperturbable heavens hard and classical profiles. The south wind which often blows here does not burn the skin like an African simoom. It bears the fresh breath of the ocean; it does not consume; it caresses. My south is not that of Provence. It is an attenuated south, calmed by the vicinage of an occidental sea. Sometimes the joys of cold weather may be tasted here. It resembles Tuscany so much that, traveling in the neighborhood of Siena or of Perugia, I have often forgotten that I was in an alien country.

My south is that corner of Languedoc so celebrated for the gayety, the valor and the braggadocio of its inhabitants. It is the Gascon land, with a soil that is meager on the hills, and so there propitious to the vine and rich upon the plains, and so there propitious for pasture land. A stream of the color of copper (the Garonne) and a large river calm as oil (the Lot) irrigate it, overflowing every winter in fecundating inundations. A mild country, tempered by its associations with Provence, it is nevertheless the south. The Gascon is nearer to the Spaniard and Italian than to the French of Touraine and of Normandy. My south is environed by three things which make one thoughtful and grave — the ocean, the mountain and the pine forests.

I am back there once more, and, notwithstanding the passage of 20 years, I recover there the joy of my vanished childhood. What a simple, free and rustic life I led there as a little boy! I still retain a taste for the country which nothing has been able to abolish—not the years spent in Paris, not the emotions of the literary life or the passion of travel. That little village where I lived, where I learned simultaneously orthography, Latin and nature; that church in which, as a lad in red soutane, I served mass for the good cure, Destourbes—that blessed spot, in short, is nearer to my heart than Paris and even than those cities of art which I have most passionately loved. How many times in Paris, dreaming on all this, I found myself suddenly miles away from the realities which surround me! Then they asked me, "Of what are you thinking?" And I dared not answer.

How can I tell these grave people, these academicians, these senators or even these flighty and light headed worldlings:

"Excuse me, I am thinking of the village of Fontgrance, of the parsonage, of the Abbe Destourbes and of Lizotte."

Lizotte?

Yes, that Agenaise lassie, half peasant, half worldling, who revealed the sweetness of woman's presence to the little thinker and dreamer that I then was.

I must tell you that they are good to look upon, our girls of the Gascon country. They have not the rather hard type, the accentuated Greek type, of the Arlesiennes, but their tall figures are less supple, less stocky, their more humid eyes have more sweetness. Like the girls of Arles, they know how to walk proudly under a burden, their busts rolling under their corsets. Upon their head, girt with a black silk handkerchief, you are astonished not to see, placed in exact equilibrium, the urn of the canephore.

Lizotte was an incarnation of this charming and piquant type.

When I became her friend, I was 15 years old. I lived in Fontgrane. Every day I went to the parsonage to take a lesson in Latin from the Abbe Destourbes. The abbe was a kindly teacher, a lover of Virgil, whom he recited with devout intonations like a prayer. Irma, his housekeeper, adored me and would have made me eat or drink every hour of the day. As to the parsonage, an ancient building, whose walls dated from the Roman epoch, it was, with its ruined arches and its thick walls, a delightful retreat, cool in summer and warm in winter and always perfumed with an odor of incense and of wax.

But what was best in the parsonage was Lizotte—Lizotte Destourbes—the little niece of the abbe, the daughter of the Destourbes of Agen, he who kept at the corner an important establishment of fruits and candies. Lizotte was some months older than I. She loved fun like a child, and none the less did not disdain from time to time to play the lady, as she paced along the sidewalk on Sundays, attracting much attention from the young fellows, for she was truly adorable, with her pink cheeks, her cherry lips, her eyes whose whites were faintly tinted with blue. She arrayed herself in brilliant colors. She loved red and yellow and white, but she knew how to harmonize this discord of tints upon her strange little person, and it seems to me that she was always very well dressed.

She would roll her black hair under an embroidered silk handkerchief, enveloping the top of her chignon with a sort of toque, one end of which fell upon the nape of her neck. That is the customary headdress of the Gascon girls, and I know nothing more fetching. Alas, the peasants are beginning to abandon it.

Unforgettable days, in the parsonage at Fontgrane. The garden belonged to us, with its regular squares carefully laid out, as well as the somber church with broken columns and the parsonage, of which only a corner was occupied by the cure, all the rest being devoted to our games and our discoveries. Never since have I made such tremendous journeys nor such curious ones as those which I then undertook with Lizotte in the attic of the parsonage—a real wilderness of entangled beams. Under the direction of Irma we used to work, Lizotte and I, in decorating the altar. The skillful hands of the little girl played around my clumsier boyish fists. When I was guilty of some awkwardness, when I let a garland fall or allowed a candle to go out, the saucebox did not spare to box my ears. I was perfectly happy.

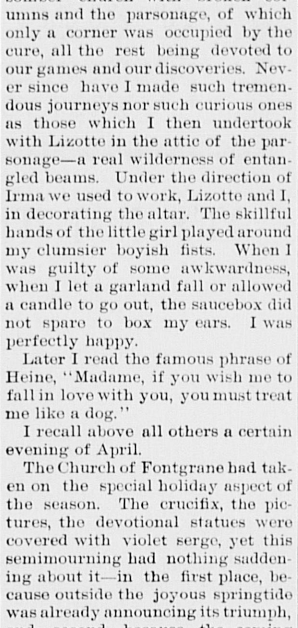
Later I read the famous phrase of Heine, "Madame, if you wish me to fall in love with you, you must treat me like a dog."

I recall above all others a certain evening of April.

The Church of Fontgrane had taken on the special holiday aspect of the season. The crucifix, the pictures, the devotional statues were covered with violet serge, yet this semimourning had nothing saddening about it—in the first place, because outside the joyous springtide was already announcing its triumph, and, second, because the coming feast of the Redemption illumines with hope even the sad days that precede it.

Lizotte and I were enjoying a holiday on the plea that we had to attend to the decorations. I dined pleasantly enough at the parsonage between the Abbe Destourbes and the little minx, who amused herself by kicking me on the shins under the table. This hurt me sometimes, but I always found it delicious, and I said nothing. * * * We had finished the frugal repast and had already left the table, when a messenger came to call away Abbe Destourbes to a very old lady who was very sick and wished to make her confession.

He instantly donned his overcoat, took his hat and his stick and sallied out with the final instruction that I was not to leave Lizotte alone in the parsonage. For, the night being dark, Irma accompanied her master,



The longer you sift the less you save. There is no economy in using a coal stove in summer, no matter how careful you are. A modern

VAPOR STOVE

will reduce your fuel bill, lessen your labor. You can do anything on a Vapor Stove that you can do on any other stove, and do it better. It makes no dirt, is always ready, and never over-heats the house.

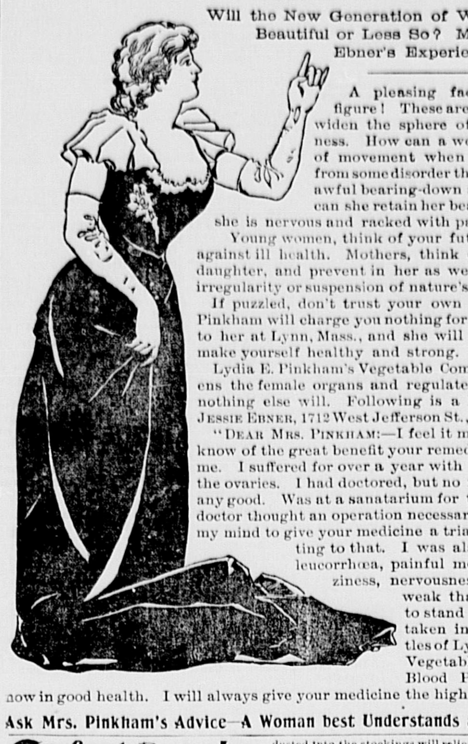
STOVE GASOLINE

is the most economical fuel you can burn, because there is no waste to it. It is the cleanest fuel you can burn because there are no ashes. Therefore no dust or dirt. If you want to know what real comfort is, get a Vapor Stove.

If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS TO THE FUTURE WOMAN.

Will the New Generation of Women be More Beautiful or Less So? Miss Jessie Ebner's Experience.



A pleasing face and graceful figure! These are equipments that widen the sphere of woman's usefulness. How can a woman have grace of movement when she is suffering from some disorder that gives her those awful bearing-down sensations? How can she retain her beautiful face when she is nervous and racked with pain?

Young women, think of your future and provide against ill health. Mothers, think of your growing daughter, and prevent in her as well as in yourself irregularity or suspension of nature's duties.

If puzzled, don't trust your own judgment. Mrs. Pinkham will charge you nothing for her advice; write to her at Lynn, Mass., and she will tell you how to make yourself healthy and strong.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the female organs and regulates the menses as nothing else will. Following is a letter from Miss JESSIE EBNER, 1712 West Jefferson St., Sandusky, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit your remedies have been to me. I suffered for over a year with inflammation of the ovaries. I had doctored, but no medicine did me any good. Was at a sanatarium for two weeks. The doctor thought an operation necessary, but I made up my mind to give your medicine a trial before submitting to that. I was also troubled with leucorrhœa, painful menstruation, dizziness, nervousness, and was so weak that I was unable to stand or walk. I have taken in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and am now in good health. I will always give your medicine the highest praise."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

Comfort Powder dusted into the stockings will relieve aching, smarting, tender feet; also excessive perspiration of the feet. For proof of this, ask Lieut. W. F. Gunn, of Hartford police force. Over 30 of his men also verify the claim. It soothes and heals all skin trouble.

....ten in hand.

So I was left, tete-a-tete with my little friend, instructed to defend her at need against all nocturnal perils. This charge gave me great pride, but at bottom I was forced to own to myself that she had in me a rather poor defender. She was at that time far braver than I. That evening was delicious and terrible. Masters of the parsonage and of the church as we were, and familiar with every recess and corner, we could walk around in the utter darkness without danger of a misstep. Such was the strange diversion which Lizotte determined upon. Taking me by the hand, she drew me into the interminable, winding corridors of the house, then into the cool solitude of the nave. She whispered into my ear at the same time awful stories of ghosts. Suddenly she burst out into a song, her fresh young voice accentuating the vowels in the Languedoc fashion.

Come, divine Messiah!
Bless our unfortunate days!
Come, source of life!
Come, come, come!

But when she ceased the church answered to her voice in such horrible reverberatory echoes that we madly fled back through the sacristy and the long, winding corridors to the dining room of the parsonage, where we fell into chairs, affrighted and laughing at our fright.

Then as the Abbe Destourbes did not return, Lizotte enumerated to me all the presents she had received on her birthday, which fell that year on Palm Sunday—what her father had given her, and what her Uncle Dalidou, and her Aunt Combes, and Mme. de Rancagnas, whose daughter was studying with her the catechism of perseverance. Every time the creaking of some of the ancient woodwork gave me a thrill, or one of the mysterious sounds that occasionally issued from the neighboring church startled me, Lizotte would pinch my arm to recall me to reality. At last, the subject of presents having been exhausted, my little friend, who was never taken unaware and never suffered from a scarcity of ideas, rose from her chair and went on tiptoe to open the buffet of the dining room. She drew from it a box of white wood, which she laid cautiously on the table.

This box was a present which Lizotte had brought from Destourbes d'Agen to his brother, the cure. A hundred of the finest prunes were arranged side by side in layers of 20, upon beds of laced paper. You must not forget that Agenais is par excellence in the country of prunes. The whole valley of the Garonne and that of the Lot between Agen and Villeneuve are planted with plum trees, which give marvelous fruit of a well noted celebrity. After the harvest, which takes place in August, they are stewed, they are put away in boxes, and there are your prunes ready for the whole year.

The prunes which Lizotte had brought were phenomenal ones, large, meaty, bursting with juice and lustrous and perfumed. He who has not seen such prunes has seen nothing. The girl was right in the pride with which she displayed these products of the paternal business. As to me, I should have wished to compare their taste at once with their fine appearance. But, alas, the slightest theft would be easy to discover. The prunes fitted in one against the other like the stones in a mosaic, and the abbe had not yet touched them.

After a long and contemplative silence Lizotte said:

"If I let you taste one of these prunes, what would you say?"

I really acknowledged that the experiment would be very agreeable to me.

The little minx made that gesture which signifies in every language, "Wait a moment; don't stir." She delicately lifted out of the box, first the upper layer of prunes, then the second, each in its bed of paper, took a prune from the third, carefully replaced the two layers that she had taken out, then closed the box and put it back in the buffet.

All these maneuvers were executed with an ease, a perfect mastery, which filled me with admiration.

But now Lizotte had returned to me, holding between two fingers the stolen prune. She began by appropriating to herself at one bite the exact half of the prune. This seemed to me entirely equitable. Then, just as people offer sugar to a lapdog, she tendered me the other half in her red finger tips, amusing herself by withdrawing it as soon as I approached my mouth to the morsel.

A pretty game! My lips caught without retaining sometimes her nails, sometimes her brown fingers and sometimes the fist of my little friend, and how shall I say it? It was soon the prune that tempted me the least, and in prolonging the chase I at last felt weak with the delight of it. Then I seized Lizotte's arm, I snapped the prune, but when I had swallowed it I still held imprisoned the slim little hand with my lips above it. Lizotte was much stronger than I. In our childish struggles she always came out victorious. Nevertheless this time she did not withdraw her hand. She merely turned away her face, which had become suddenly red, and it seemed to me that she trembled a little.

Oh, that exquisite hour of innocent caresses! All who have known such an hour know also, I think, how to love most delicately. Almost swooning away, I murmured:

"Oh, Lizotte! I love you, I love you!"

It seemed to me that for the first time I saw the pretty pink face of my little friend, her great black eyes, her supple figure and the beauty of her somber tresses gathered under the knotted kerchief.

Suddenly Lizotte thrust me away from her. She turned a little, hiding her head with her arm. Astonished, I raised my eyes. I saw the Abbe Destourbes standing in the frame of the doorway. He looked straight at us. He was very red. The scene of which he had been a witness had undoubtedly disturbed him violently, for his breviary was hanging from the end of the little piece of cloth in which he usually carried it, and the devotional pictures, sliding out of the pages, were whirling around the floor like choristers escaped from a sacristy.

He said severely:

"Pick those up!"

Lizotte did not stir. Half turning her back, her head slightly bent, she was nervously playing with her fingers on the strings of her apron. I noticed that her shoulders and her chignon shook.

"She is weeping," I thought. At present, having deeper thought on this matter, it is my opinion that she was laughing.

Sheepishly, I picked up the sacred objects—the Holy Virgins, the Saint Josephs, and replaced them in the breviary. The abbe did not scold me. He contented himself with saying:

"Go home to your parents. It is time for you to be in bed."

After this event I was no longer allowed to play with Lizotte. That was an awful grief to me, but you may be sure I spoke of it to no one, and so I began to know, before love itself, the delicious suffering of love.

When the holidays arrived, I still saw at the church and afar off the pure profile, the supple figure, the knotted kerchief of Lizotte.

But, alas, never more did she laugh at me or box my ears. Never more did my lips touch her brown hands.

All this happened long ago. Nevertheless, when I visit Gascony, when I walk in Agen, I sometimes meet Lizotte.

Only Lizotte is a woman. She has married a notary. She wears a hat. And she is no longer Lizotte.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Tropical Beauty of Porto Rico.

Edwin Emerson, Jr., contributes an article entitled "Alone In Porto Rico" to The Century. Mr. Emerson thus describes one of his rides in the interior of the island:

A cool sea breeze blew from the coast and stirred up the fragrance of the tropical foliage covering the hills on either side of the road. Bright humming birds darted about, and from the woods came the incessant cooing of the mountain dove, the paloma, relieved occasionally by the song of warbling vireos. My heart sang with them as I rode, and I felt altogether too well to worry about the fate hanging over my friend at Ponce, nor did I bother to think of my own uncertain destiny. All round me birtella bushes were flowering crimson, and the stately sabino tree, with its immense white flowers and silvery leaves, perfumed the soft air. It seemed to me as if I had found the loveliest spot on earth.

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An Ideal Found.

Willie Wishington had been indulging in another period of introspection.

"I have been thinking a great deal lately," said he.

"Yes?" said Miss Cayenne.

"What a man wants in this life is poise. He goes too much to extremes; he wants equilibrium."

"I hope, Mr. Wishington, that you are not trying to lead the conversation around to the bicycle again."

"I refer to mental poise. People do not stop to think before they speak."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and the consequence is that every now and then they say something interesting."

"But they lack consistency. Neither they themselves, nor their friends, can rely upon them for the same ideas of things for any length of time."

"If your ideal man always says the same thing," she replied, "I think you may look forward to a cheering amount of self appreciation."

"I don't claim that he ought to say always the same thing," protested Willie, but he ought always to say the right thing in the right place."

"I don't think I should like such a person."

"But consider the pleasure of knowing somebody who always says exactly what he means and no more, and who never intrudes a suggestion except when it is called for."

"It wouldn't be any pleasure to know him."

"Why not?"

"He would remind me too much of a dictionary."—Washington Star.

A Well Known Fern.

In the woods, if there are large rocks there, will undoubtedly be found that fern familiar to every woodland walker—by sight, if not by name—the common polypody. Sociable in its habits, the polypody loves to congregate on ledges and on the tops of bowlders, where it forms cheerful patches, spreading busily by means of its long root stocks, which creep this way and that—true to its name, the many footed. It is among the faithfulest of plants. In every season of the year, in heat or cold, in stormy or fair weather, it sticks to its rocky post. If it seem to the critical somewhat luxurious in its way of life—usually growing in beds of moss—it surely may be accorded a little indulgence to make up for the lack of winter vacation, which so many of the other ferns enjoy. Sometimes we come upon families of it clustered about the mossy roots of trees and occasionally venturing part way up the trunk, as an affectionate child clambers upon its mother's breast.—Godey's Magazine.

Close Calculation.

Natural witticisms are always repeating themselves. Frances Power Cobbe says that she heard two Irishmen in London talking about the distance to Hampstead Heath. At length they met a stranger, and one asked:

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hampstead Heath?"

"Ten miles," was the reply.

The Irishman turned to his friend. "Five miles apiece!" said he. "We can easily do that."

It was a little American girl who made a similar calculation. She and her sister were one morning so long in dressing that their mother came up to investigate.

"What have you been doing?" she called. "I heard you up half an hour ago."

"Oh, we don't know. Everything is wrong side out," answered Elsie despairingly.

"Five minutes," called Maud the dutiful.

"I want ten," put in Elsie, "so that makes 15."—Youth's Companion.

Not His Fault.

"Dere ain't no justice in law," said Roaming Robin as the policeman led him away. "His honor gimme 30 days fer bein too fresh wid 'im when he knowed I was just pulled this mornin."—Detroit Free

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 16.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxiv, 4-13. Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, II Chron. xxxiv, 12—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

4. "And it came to pass after this that Joash was minded to repair the house of the Lord." After the death of Jehoshaphat, who did right in the sight of the Lord (II Chron. xx, 32), the story is a sad one of unbelief and rebellion until Joash at the age of 7 and under the guidance of Jehoiada the priest began to do right in the sight of the Lord (verses 1-3). It may have been 20 years or more after the death of Jehoshaphat that the temple, so long neglected, began again to be honored. The neglect of the temple meant the neglect of God.

5. "Gather of all Israel money to repair the house of your God from year to year and see that ye hasten the matter." It is interesting to note that the neglected house of the Lord was a safe hiding place for the child Joash for six years (II Kings xi, 3). What a comment upon the disuse of God's dwelling place in the midst of Israel and their utter forgetfulness of God! This compulsory attempt to raise the money for repairs is very much like the way most Christians act now, but it is not the Lord's way. The Levites probably understood this and therefore were slow to obey the king's command.

6. "The collection of Moses, the servant of the Lord, and of the congregation of Israel for the tabernacle of witness." The king called for Jehoiada and asked why the Levites had not been required to bring this in. The answer of Jehoiada is not given. Prayer is more powerful than argument, and possibly priests and Levites gave themselves to prayer. In Ex. xxx, 11-16, there is the record of the ransom or atonement money which every man gave when enrolled in the army of Israel, but this money was used to build the tabernacle (Ex. xxxviii, 25-28). In Deut. xvi, 16, 17, there is a record of an offering freely given when the people came to Jerusalem to worship the Lord, and this, I think, would be the proper offering for the repairs. Notice that this was brought to the temple.

7. "The sons of Athaliah, that wicked woman, had broken up the house of God, and also all the dedicated things of the house of the Lord did they bestow upon Baalim." Is there any danger of our taking things that belong to God and, like that wicked woman and her sons, giving them to Baal? Let Baal stand for all other lords except the Lord Jesus Christ; then, if honest, would we not have to say, "O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us" (Isa. xxvi, 13). Whatever is given to self or the world of that which belongs to the Lord is like taking from the Lord to give to Baal.

8. "They made a chest and set it without at the gate of the house of the Lord." In II Kings xii, 9, it is said to have been placed beside the altar on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord. By comparing the two verses we see that it was done by Jehoiada, the priest, at the king's commandment. The altar suggests the sacrifice, God's love to us, the cost of our redemption, the love of Christ which constraineth us to yield all we are and have cheerfully to Him. Giving is easy when we consider Him who so loved us that He gave Himself for us. What can we give compared with His gift?

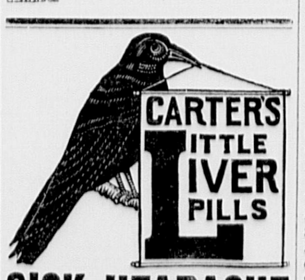
9. "And they made a proclamation through Judah and Jerusalem, to bring in to the Lord the collection." This is wholly different from sending out the priests to gather it (verse 5). This is the Lord's way, the other is man's way. When the tabernacle was to be built, proclamation was made that all who were willing might bring their offerings, and the result was that so much came in that Moses had to command the people to stop bringing (Ex. xxxv, 29; xxxvi, 6, 7). It was the same willing spirit that provided for the temple (I Chron. xxix, 9). I believe that if people were taught the privilege of giving because of God's great gift to them they would today give as freely as in the days of Moses and of David. I have seen it and know it and have heard of the same spirit in other parishes, where the efforts to raise money were set aside and the people permitted to give willingly.

10. "And all the princes and all the people rejoiced and brought in and cast into the chest until they had made an end." David prepared for the temple with all his might, because he had set his affection to the house of his God, and when the people gave he said, "Who am I, and what is my people that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort, for all things come of Thee and of Thine own have we given Thee" (I Chron. xxix, 2, 3, 14). There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give—not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver (a hilarious giver) (Prov. xi, 24; II Cor. ix, 7).

11. "Thus they did day by day and gathered money in abundance." When the chest was full, they counted it and put it up in bags and put the chest in its place again. Compare II Kings xii, 10. It was so easy to thus gather it. No one was asked to give. All gave as they were led, and no one knew but the Lord who gave much or little. Doubtless then, as when long afterward He sat over against the treasury, many who were poor gave more in proportion than some of the rich. In the day of the rewards each one shall be recompensed according to his works (Rev. xxii, 12), and He who reads the heart will reward righteously.

12. "And the king and Jehoiada gave it to such as did the work of the service of the house of the Lord." The money is first provided, and then the work is carried on. When the Lord would send His servants, Joseph and Mary, down to Egypt, He first provided the gold that was necessary through the wise men who came from the east. When He wants anything done, He always provides for it fully. When anything seems as if it ought to be done and there is nothing to do it with, either it is not the Lord's work or it is not the time to do it. But when His work is done in His way and in His time all is easy. How few are found as faithful as these men into whose hands the money was given and no reckoning kept (II Kings xii, 15).

13. "So the workmen wrought, and the work was perfected by them, and they set the house of God in his state and strengthened it." The next verse says that the work was finished, and they had a surplus of money. There is no straitness in the Lord's provision. He does exceeding abundantly. There is a house now being builded, the church of God, the body of Christ, and many are seeking in many ways to gather money to do the work, and there is a lack of funds and many hindrances.



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A Suffering Soldier.

This veteran fought for his country; suffered untold hardships, and returned with health shattered. Many a brave soldier has the same history. To-day this one rejoices in a new-found strength and tells his experience to benefit others.

No man is better known and liked in that rich tier of Illinois counties, of which Peoria is the centre, than genial Chester S. Harrington, of Princeville, Ill.

Mr. Harrington is a veteran of the late war. Like many another brave soldier, he suffered not only during that service, but for years afterwards from diseases contracted then.

For years his health was shattered; his sufferings increased. He was unable to gain relief, but now he tells a story which is of profit to many:

"I served three years in the 124th Illinois, enlisting at Kewanee, Ill.," said he. "I was in Libby Prison and suffered like many another Northern soldier.

"The strain of army life did its work in undermining my health, although the collapse did not come for sometime after.

"For fifteen years I suffered from general debility and nervousness so badly that I could not sleep. Indigestion resulted and my misery increased.

"My eyes began to fail, and as my body lost vitality my mind seemed to give way. I could scarcely remember events that happened but a few weeks before.

"For two years I was unfitted for business. I was just able to creep around during part of this time, and there were many times when I could not get up.

"My brother is a doctor, but all his efforts to help me failed to give any relief.

"I tried a number of remedies without avail. Finally, having read articles regarding cures that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I decided to try them. That was in 1896. I bought a box and took the pills according to instructions.

"Four days later I had the happiest hours I had known for years. That night I went to sleep easily and slept soundly as a child and awoke refreshed.

"After I had taken four boxes of the pills, I found that I was cured and had also increased 27 pounds in weight.

"This greatly surprised my friends, who thought my case was a hopeless one. I began my work again and have continued ever since in excellent health.

"Another valuable gain to me was, that while I was taking these pills I had been cured of the smoking habit, which had formed when I was a boy and had clung to me all these years. The craving for tobacco left me and I have never experienced it since.

"I cannot say enough for these pills and have recommended them to many."

To verify this statement Mr. Harrington made affidavit to its truthfulness before Lincoln M. Coy, Notary Public.

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GENERAL WHEELER'S WAY.

How "Fighting Joe" Got the Trenches Dug at El Paso.

When the American line had fought its way to the top of the hills at El Paso and San Juan and Caney, General Wheeler issued an order that every command should dig trenches in preparation for the conflict that he knew would break out again in the morning, but the soldiers had thrown away most of their trenching tools during the fierce rifle charges, and as darkness fell upon the scene of battle they threw themselves upon the ground and went to sleep from sheer exhaustion. Adjutant Hood of the rough riders, noting this condition of affairs, rode over to General Wheeler's tent and informed the good old veteran that the men were played out. Wheeler at the time was lying upon his cot more dead than alive, but there was a smile upon his lips and his never failing good humor twinkling in his eyes, when Adjutant Hood said:

"General, I am afraid our men can't dig the trenches."

"What men?" asked the general.

"The cavalry division," said the adjutant.

General Wheeler sat up in bed and began pulling on his boots.

"Send me the man," he directed.

"What man?" asked the adjutant.

"The man who can't dig the trenches."

"But it is not one man. It is many men. They are just played out."

"But you can surely find one man who says he can't dig the trench. I only want one. Go get him and bring him to me."

"But there are"—

"I don't care how many there are. Go get me one."

The adjutant had never faced such a man as Wheeler before, and he did not know just what to make of the conversation. The little old general was as smooth and suave and courteous as could be, and Hood had nothing to do but ride back to the line. In some way he managed to round up a colored trooper belonging to the Ninth cavalry and brought him back to the division headquarters. He stood looking sheepishly at the ground when Wheeler addressed him.

"Are you the man who says he can't dig these trenches?" asked the general.

The negro's feet shuffled uneasily in the ground.

"Ize one of 'em, boss, but there's a"—

The general stopped him and walked out of his tent.

"You can go to sleep now, my man, and I'll go up and dig your trench for you. When the sun comes up tomorrow morning, the Spaniards are going to open on us, and every man who isn't protected is not only in danger of being killed, but will be unable to help us maintain our own position. The trenches have to be dug, and if you are unable to dig yours I'll just go and do it for you. Where's your pick?"

With the most businesslike air in the world Wheeler slid into his coat and turned toward the big cavalryman. The latter's eyes opened as he saw the proceedings, and they began to bulge out when the general motioned to him to lead the way to his camp. For half a minute his voice stuck in his throat, and then he said:

"Boss, you ain't fit to dig no trenches. If they done got to be dug, I'll just naturally do it myself. I'm dog tired, but that ain't no work for you."

Wheeler stopped and looked at the man with a flicker of amusement in his eyes.

"I know it isn't work for me to do," he said, "but I am going to need soldiers in the morning, and I am going to save your life if possible. Do you think now that you can dig the trench?"

The negro started up the hill without a word. Then the general turned to Adjutant Hood with a voice as pleasant as sunshine in May.

"He seems to have changed his mind," he said. "Now you go find me another man who can't dig the trenches."

The adjutant bowed and rode off. He never came back. In the morning the trenches were dug.—Atlanta Constitution.

She Saw a Real Ghost.

Near the village of Mold, in Flintshire, Wales, there existed from time immemorial an old burial mound, something after the character of those rude earthworks known in this country as Indian mounds. The superstitious Welsh peasantry called the mound the "Hill of the Fairies." A road nearby led to the market town. Along this one night in 1827 a woman was returning home. Suddenly she was frightened out of her senses to see rise from the mound the skeleton of a man, which was clothed in a vestment of shining gold. With a shriek of fright the woman fled away, and for years no one dared go near the place at night. Finally the mound was cleared away for farming purposes. Then was found in addition to the urns and bones usual in those places a complete skeleton, which, curiously enough, wore a corselet of pure gold, engraved and embossed in the best skill of ancient art. This unique relic is now in the British museum.

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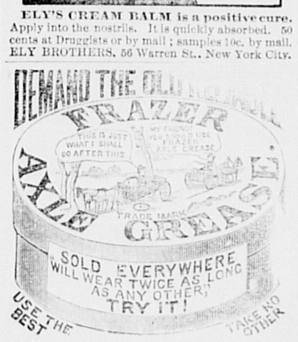

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Maps as Ear Trumpets.

It has long been considered that a person can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world.

A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there recently expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long and attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other toward the speaker.

It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the house was turned into a ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched his lecturn.

He at once spoke louder.—Pearson's Weekly.

Our little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee; and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. BAYS, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6..0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

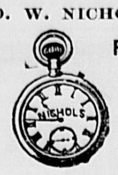
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street, WOBURN.

ELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
214 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED


FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and
Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Miss S. Bancroft,
WIG MAKING.
Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Quick Ease for Corns!
15c.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

JAMES S. CASSEDY,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
☞ Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
*** Patronage respectfully solicited.

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

UPHOLSTERING!
C. L. SMITH,
No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.
(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)
I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

There's a keen and grim old huntsman
On a horse as white as snow;
Sometimes he is very swift,
And sometimes he is slow,
But he never is at fault,
For he always hunts at view,
And he rides without a halt
After you.

The huntsman's name is Death;
His horse's name is Time;
He is coming, he is coming,
As I sit and write this rhyme;
He is coming, he is coming,
As you read the rhyme I write;
You can hear his hoof's low drumming
Day and night.

You can hear the distant drumming
As the clock goes tick-a-tack,
And the chiming of the hours
Is the music of his pack;
You may hardly note their growling
Underneath the noonday sun,
But at night you hear them howling
As they run.

And they never check or falter,
For they never miss their kill;
Seasons change and systems alter,
But the hunt is running still.
Hark! The evening chime is playing;
O'er the long gray town it peals.
Don't you hear the deathhound baying
At your heels?

Where is there an earth or burrow,
Where a cover left for you?
A year, a week, perhaps tomorrow,
Brings the huntsman's death halloo.
Day by day he gains upon us,
And the most that we can claim
Is that when the hounds are on us
We die game.

And somewhere dwells the Master,
By whom it was decreed;
He sent the savage huntsman;
He bred the snow white steed.
These hounds which run forever,
He set them on your track;
He hears you scream, but never
Calls them back.

He does not heed our suing
We never see his face;
He hunts to our undoing,
We thank him for the chase;
We thank him, and we flatter,
We hope—because we must—
But have we cause? No matter!
Let us trust!

—A. Conan Doyle in Speaker.

A CLEVER REVENGE.

A celebrated painter of Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom I shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escurial. He had received a large sum of money for his work, and by way of a little relaxation after the long continued toil bestowed upon it he had assembled around a well spread table a few choice spirits from among his fellow artists. It was a bachelor entertainment. Not a lady was to sit down with them. Even the mistress of the house herself, Dona Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off with her maid to pass the day with one of her cousins.

But Dona Casilda, having a little curiosity in her composition, was very anxious to know what was to take place in her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could have to talk about when there were no women present. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the house of her cousin she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her, and the two were presently ensconced in a little closet adjoining the studio, where, with eye and ear closely applied to the keyhole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us, my friend," said one of the guests, "why are we deprived of the pleasure of Senora Morales' company. Surely her beauty and wit would not have diminished the charm of the delightful meeting."

"There!" whispered the lady to her cousin. "That is the first sensible speech I have heard."

"Bosh!" replied the husband, pouring out a glass of golden sherry. "Women know nothing of the poetry of life."

"That is true," added another. "Women are mere matter of fact beings—commonplace, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts or the enjoyments of artists?"

"Fools!" exclaimed Casilda.

"Yes," continued Morales. "Take from women love, intrigues and household affairs and they absolutely have nothing that they can think or talk about."

"Impertinent fellow!" was the comment of the listeners.

"Why," added the painter, "they cannot comprehend a rich joke or one of those capital pieces of humor which the air of the studio inspires. They cannot appreciate them. When a woman plays us a trick, it is always at the expense of our honor."

"Wretch!" This word escaped the two cousins at the same instant and was uttered in a loud tone, but the noise of the guests and the rattling of glasses prevented its being heard. "Ah, Master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you? By our Lady of Atocha, I vow that before Lent is over I will have my revenge!"

Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Place Cabeda, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with ironwork and heavy moldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother and a few friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid she relied in carrying out her plot. On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent where he had just completed the painting of a chapel, which the monks were to have opened at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper.

The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight Morales' wife began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if suffering intense pain.

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed she. "I am dying! My dear husband, my last hour is come!"

Her husband, in consoling tones, tried to quiet her.

"I can bear it no longer!" she cried. "Get me a confessor—the sacraments! It is almost over with me!"

At these cries the domestic hastened to her assistance, but nothing relieved the sufferer. Poor Morales, though sore against his will, was forced to leave his bed.

"I know what it is that ails you, mistress," said the girl. "It is that bad vinegar you mixed with the salad. You know, it served you the same way last time. Mother Castinoja cured you then."

The painter at this began to scold his wife because experience had not made her more careful, but she only sobbed out in half suffocated words:

" 'Al hecho no ay remedio' (What is done cannot be undone). For mercy's sake, go for Mother Castinoja. She is the only one who can give me relief. Bring her quickly, or there will be nothing left for you but to open my grave."

"My little wife," replied her husband, in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, Mother Castinoja has moved to the other end of the city. The night is very cold, and the rain is pouring in torrents. Even if I could find Mother Castinoja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? Compose yourself, my dear, and do not force me to take such a long walk, which I am sure will be of no use."

At this Casilda began to sob anew.

"See what a husband God has given me! I only ask him to go for a nurse at the risk of wetting his shoes, and he refuses. But I know what it is you want—you wish to be a widower and live over again your bachelor life. Ah, I am dying! A priest! I'm poisoned!"

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing if she died that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by caresses and prepared to light a lantern. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a cloak over his shoulders and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of Mother Castinoja.

The painter knew that she lived somewhere in the Rue Foncarral, but of the precise location he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed the day on which he was married. It may readily be imagined that in such a mood he was not likely to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off on his expedition than she summoned her brother and a few chosen friends who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion. Above it they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed in large letters the following inscription:

"The Hotel of the Cid. Good Entertainment For Man and Beast."

This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood who had been let into the secret were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition. A repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, drink and dance by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband who had gone in search of Mother Castinoja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than 50 doors and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our good painter was at length obliged to return without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted. On approaching his house the sound of musical instruments, singing and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with the sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered and began to traverse the pavement anew.

"It is indeed the Rue de Lapaire," said he. "Here is the bookstore of Pedro Trappal, and this is the house of Diego le Boiteux, and then surely comes mine." He recognized the doors of all his neighbors—his alone was changed.

"God help me!" said he, making 50 signs of the cross, "this indeed must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house they would establish one."

He began to make a closer examination, passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker.

At last, determining to make himself heard in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he would learn the cause of this mysterious transformation, he began to thump on the door with blows loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood.

The merrymakers within pretended not to hear him.

He knocked still more loudly.

At length, after he had stood a long time under the drippings of the roof, a man, with head covered by an old handkerchief, opened the window above.

"Hello, my good man, what in the devil do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go elsewhere for your lodging."

"But I wish to enter my own house."

"My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"Morbleu! but I tell you this is my house, and my father, Diego Morales, paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

"Hark ye, my fine fellow, I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Pequas or Logroquo, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So go on, or I'll let loose a mastiff. Good night."

Thus saying, he closed the window.

The singing, and laughter were renewed within. Morales commenced knocking again, when presently he heard some one call out:

"Antonio, unloose the dogs."

At this the door was thrown open and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke a rather serious one had they not been held back by their keeper.

"You cursed fellow," he said, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But, my good friend, this is my house, and I cannot comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. Call my wife, Casilda. If she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"The landlady is Maria Perez. For more than six years this has been one of the most frequented hotels in Madrid. Its master is Piedro Carasco, and I am his valet. And now take yourself off."

The poor painter made the best of his way by groping along through the darkness to the house of a friend. From the lamentable voice in which Morales asked admittance the friend thought some serious calamity had befallen him, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure, but his friend listened with incredulity. However, he prepared him a bed and advised him to go to sleep, for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the "jocund grape."

In the morning the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story, and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home.

But to the utter astonishent of the mystified artist another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvelous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portal and everything had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

"Come, Morales," said his friend, slapping him on the shoulder, "confess that you had taken a drop too much last night and were afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man and as an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

Morales rapped sharply at the door. Bridget, the maidservant, hastened to open it.

"Oh, Senor Morales!" cried she in tones of well feigned astonishment. "How could you have the heart to stay out all night carousing with your friends and your poor wife lying here at death's door? And to go off under pretense of finding Mother Castinoja! Shame on you!"

"Shame on you!" cried a dozen shrill voices from the nighboring windows. "You have an angel for a wife, and you leave her in this cruel way to die without assistance!"

"Ah, indeed! And where have you been all night? In some filthy tavern, I guess, drinking with your good for nothing companions. What an abominable thing a man is who plays the bachelor!"

"But it is with me he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking wan and pale, as was natural, after a night of dissipation. "And so you believed I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties! But you did not reckon on the kind services of the neighbors."

"My dear little wife," said Morales soothingly, "if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than blamed."

And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him.

But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that to others! Do you take us for idiots, Morales, to whom you are telling some of your humbug stories of the studio? Confess the truth, man. You have fallen in with some of your scapegrace companions, with whom you have passed the night drinking and carousing. Tell the truth and beg pardon for your fault, instead of standing there telling these cock and bull stories that no one will believe."

And, in truth, Morales had to come to this at last. Crestfallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, he was forced to sue humbly for pardon, which was only granted him on the condition that he would give no more bachelor parties.—From the Spanish For Short Stories.

Breezy Lady Holland.

A writer in The Pall Mall Magazine says that in the midst of some of Macaulay's interesting anecdotes Lady Holland would tap on the table with her fan and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this—give us something else," or to Sydney Smith, "Sydney, ring the bell." He answered, "Oh, yes, and shall I sweep the room?"

To Lord Portchester her frankness went even further: "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?" If her dinner table was too crowded, she instantly gave her imperious order, "Luttrell, make room!"

"It must certainly be made," he answered, "for it does not exist."

Scrapbook Paste.

A fine paste for scrapbooks can be made from alum water and flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls of powdered alum dissolved in enough cold water to make a pint of paste. Pour the water when the alum is dissolved on enough flour to thicken it as stiff as common paste. Bring it to a boil, stir all the time, and when done add a few drops of oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves prevents or destroys all vegetable mold.

HORRORS OF WAR.

FRIGHTFULLY ILLUSTRATED BY BATTLES IN THE SUDAN.

Wounded Dervishes Who Would Not Allow the English Doctors to Attend Them Deliberately Put to Death and Thus Out of Misery.

When civilized nations war with one another, the wounded of the defeated enemy remaining on the field after the battle are cared for as tenderly as circumstances will permit—as carefully as the size of the medical corps and the number of the victor's own wounded will allow. But it is different in the Sudan, for there the English doctor attends only to the wounded of his own army.

Now, there is no braver, kinder man in the world than the army doctor. In his extemporized field hospital, often under a heavy fire, with a hastily thrown up screen of commissariat cases, pack saddles, water tanks or whatever came handy, he performed miracles. He was ready to minster to the wants of all wounded men. He was anxious to tend the wounded dervish whenever one might be brought in, but no wounded dervish ever was. It was as much as any one's life was worth to go near a wounded dervish. He would lie on the ground, glaring about him like a wild beast. Approach him, and out came his curved hamstringing knife. With it he would make vicious sweeps, any one of which would maim you for life.

It is not possible in the terrific stress of Sudan warfare to detail fatigue parties to overcome the resistance of wounded men and beat them to the field hospital. Hundreds died of their wounds as they lay on the battlefield, and those that did not die of their wounds had to be put out of their misery. Terrible stories are told of this dire necessity. Those know best who have been engaged in battle with the dervish what happened after the fighting was over and how the problem of dealing with the enemy's wounded was solved. In the campaign of 1855 parties of English soldiers, commanded by English officers, used to go out to kill the wounded. One private prodded the helpless body between his shoulders with his bayonet. If there was no movement, the party went on; if the dervish proved alive and squirmed, another private instantly blew his brains out.

In one case, remarkable for its inevitable cold blooded horror, it is said the troops inside a zareba, the night after one of the most desperate of battles, were driven to madness by the voice of a wounded warrior who lay outside amid heaps of slain. All night a groaning cry of "Allah! Allah!" rose into the silent night, not the fierce sharp ring of the word when it is the warcry for a headlong charge, but an imploring, despairing moan—hour after hour that one word only.

"For God's sake, silence that man"—that was the feeling of all. Council was held as to how it could be done. Soon three men were told off to get upon the sand bags of the little redoubt at the corner of the zareba and when the moon came out from behind the clouds to fire volleys in the direction from which the cry came. The volleys were fired, but the cry went on. Finally it ceased. Whether the man was thus silenced or not was not ascertained, but in the morning there were only dead men in that part of the field. There were others, however, still alive. These could not be tended.

Another story was current in those terrible days of how an officer, going up to a group of surgeons round a wounded dervish and inquiring what was the matter, was told that nothing could be done with him; no one could approach him. He lay there with his knife out, ready with one of those sweeping hamstringing cuts for any one who dared to come near, whereupon the officer, still under the blood madness of the fight and "seeing red," whipped out his own knife, avoided the rapid sweep of the wounded man's weapon and drove his own to his heart.

Such are some of the incidents of Sudan warfare. As said before, the dervish has learned to know us better and has become tamer, but the problem of dealing with his wounded must still remain. Was there any mention of dervish wounded after the battle of the Atbara, and were there many of them in the hospitals in the rear? The correspondents always remained strangely silent upon this subject. It has been denied in parliament, we believe, that ever such things as we have described took place.

"Well, ministers are not less hypocritical than the rest of us, and possibly some of them knew that these things did happen. Whether they knew it or not, there are dozens of men, like the writer of this article, who know that they happened—because we were there and saw them. They do not make pleasant reading. But our military commanders in Egypt cannot be blamed for them. They are the cost of going to war with such a people.—London Saturday Review.

To Clean Piano Keys.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolors them. Instead they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxygenized water, which can be obtained at any chemist's, and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin or diluted whisky.

A simple way of cleaning ivory is as follows: Get some bicarbonate of soda and some hot water. Dip a brush into the water and then into the soda and rub the ivory with it.—London Mail.

Necessary.

"Since Mrs. Black has been a widow," he suggested, "it seems to me she looks younger."

"Of course," she replied. "It is more necessary now that she should."

Thus do women betray each other's angling proclivities.—Chicago Post.

Moths.

When moths have once taken possession of flannel, its valuable property is destroyed. Any strong scent in the drawer in which it is kept, or bitter apples from the chemist's, cut in slices, sewed up in muslin bags and placed among the articles, whether woolen or furs, will preserve them from the attacks of the moth.

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate
Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

For Ward Officers in Woburn.

Mayor Feeney has made the followin nominations for Ward Officers for elections:

Ward 1—Warden, John Duncan Jr.; Deputy, George S. Hudson; Clerk, Thos. F. Shea; Deputy, Thomas H. Dolan; Inspectors, Patrick Burke, Jere Weafer, E. Q. Brackett, Harry G. Wyer; Deputies, Edwin K. Porter, Z. W. Atwood, John J. Beatty, John Lynch.

Ward 2—Warden, Matthew J. McDonough; Deputy, John H. Murphy; Clerk, J. Chester Hanson; Deputy, Geo. R. Ferguson; Inspectors, Bernard McGowan, William McMahon, John C. Andrews, E. C. Collamore; Deputies, Thomas Curran, John J. Gately, Irving R. Bancroft, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3—Warden, no appointment; Deputy, Charles H. Harrington; Clerk, no appointment; Deputy, Bernard Doherty; Inspectors, Fred J. Rice, Daniel McSweeney, John C. N. Parker, George W. Duren; Deputies, Orlando M. Brooks, Nathan W. Frye, Luke D. McDermott, Henry C. Blake.

Ward 4—Warden, Chas. A. McDonald; Deputy, Charles T. Mahoney; Clerk, William R. Sawyer; Deputy, John E. Buck; Inspectors, Henry T. Smith, Geo. W. Merrill, William H. O'Brien, George H. Newhall; Deputies, George E. Kendall, William Reddy, Fred T. Hovey, John A. Kelley.

Ward 5—Warden, Jas. Cogan; Deputy, Sewall D. Sampson; Clerk, William F. Greenough; Deputy, Charles A. White; Inspectors, Thomas Connell, James H. Cogan, Albert D. Carter, John C. Fowle; Deputies, Michael King, Patrick McDonough, Alvah Wiswall, William T. Kendall.

Ward 6—Warden, Joseph M. Eaton; Deputy, John J. McGrath; Clerk, Jos. C. Duncan; Deputy, Arthur W. Walls; Inspectors, Charles T. Dearborn, James P. O'Brien, Thomas Creighton; Deputies, William H. Curtis, Arthur W. Green, Philip O'Brien, Walter McInerney.

Ward 7—Warden, George Russell; Deputy, Geo. R. Menchin; Clerk, Frank Naven; Deputy, Jeremiah Sullivan; Inspectors, Frank M. Doherty, James E. Nolan, James Given, Frank Menchin; Deputies, Thomas Caulfield, Timothy O'Leary, George Ellard.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get *Dr. Inclination*, *Dr. Experience* and *Dr. Reason* to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

War Exposition.

The War Exposition, one of the most remarkable exhibitions ever given in Boston is now in progress at the Boston Auditorium on Tremont street near Dover. The entire interior of this commodious structure, formerly the Cyclorama-Casino building, has been reconstructed and is devoted to the most unique and timely display ever witnessed. The purpose of this war exposition is to delight the visitor and arouse the best patriotic impulses by the display of artistic and soul-stirring mementoes of the war with Spain. To this end the distinguished artist, Mr. John G. Ohnimus, with competent assistants, has been at work for weeks upon a mammoth creation of the brush, which will serve to place before the eye at a single glance the most stirring events of the war.

It is open daily from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. No one should visit Boston without seeing it.

How it Hurts!

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

Berthrong Honored.

Mr. H. W. Berthrong of Boston, who has had 28 years' experience in the customs service, has been selected to take charge of customs matters at Manzanillo, Cuba.—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. H. W. Berthrong of this city, who has had 28 years' experience in the customs service, has been selected to take charge of customs matters at Manzanillo, Cuba. Mr. Berthrong is well known in Boston. His home is in Arlington. Besides his post in the Custom House he is an artist of ability and is noted for his drawing of campaign portraits on a large scale.—*Boston Journal.*

Mr. Berthrong is well known here. His wife was Miss Annie Boutwell, daughter of Mr. James Boutwell of Woburn, and she has many relatives in this city. He is a Veteran of the Civil War and until recent years a member of Post 33, G. A. R. Mr. Berthrong is a sterling man, and we are glad to learn of his advancement in the customs service.

The Old Ticket.

In renominating the old State ticket the Republicans have done the best possible thing for the State. Not one of these officials but has deserved the "well done, good and faithful servant." And the voters will endorse their service by the usual large majority. The voters know a good thing when they see it; and they know that Governor Walcott, by his wise and patriotic course during the war when he was proving himself as Governor of the whole people without regard to creed, nationality or party preference, well deserves the unanimous vote of the people.

Old fashions in dress may be revived, but no old-fashioned medicine can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1898.

WOOD AND GRIMES.

The 28th Middlesex Republican Representative District convention was held at the Republican Headquarters in this city last Friday evening. Mr. Lewis M. Bancroft of Reading was Chairman, and Mr. Frank E. Cotton of Woburn Secretary Thirty-six ballots were cast. James W. Grimes of Reading received 36; Alva S. Wood of Woburn 29; Herbert S. Riley of Woburn 7; and Mesers. Grimes and Wood were declared the nominees of the convention. Mr. Riley got more votes than he asked for at the caucuses and was well satisfied with the result.

The best informed people we have among us do not hesitate to claim the election of Wood and Grimes by a larger majority than they had last year.

GOOD PLATFORM.

The Republican platform, adopted, by the State convention, last week, is as clear and explicit on the question of "imperialism" as possible with present information. Our Commissioners at Paris have a vastly wider and more comprehensive range of information than even the leading men of our own state here at home. They understand the conditions much better than we can. And on this point the convention said:—

"While we would not interfere with the diplomatic negotiations now in progress, we desire that they be so conducted and terminated as to secure to the Philippine Islands and to Cuba in amplest measure the blessings of liberty and self government."

PORTO RICO OURS.

At high noon October 18, 1898, the American Flag was raised over the Capitol and other government buildings at San Juan, Porto Rico, and that Island became a part of Uncle Sam's posessions. Realizing its significance it was one of the most important events of the century. San Juan made a holiday of it.

☞ Mr. William R. Bartlett, the marketman, is the Democratic candidate for Representative. He is a good man for Mr. Wood to beat.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. E. Sproul—Pray.
T. F. Hovey—Auction.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
C. P. Buckley—Clipping.
Richardson Bros.—Removal.
Boston Journal—New Features.

— Apples are $3 a barrel and scarse at that.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Indications point to a lively social season here this winter.

— Registration for the State election closed last Wednesday evening.

— Look at Prof. Worthly's notice of his next professional visit to this city

— Copeland & Bowser are having a very satisfactory dry goods trade this fall.

— The next session of the Woburn Conference will be held at Bradford on Oct. 25.

— The 6th Mass. Reg't sailed from San Juan, Porto Rico, for home last Wednesday.

— Charlie A. Jones, Esq., returned from his fishing trip to Maine last Tuesday evening.

— Mrs. Betsey Stearns of Providence, R. I., visited old neighbors and friends here early this week.

— The Hibernians, Division 3, will give a reception at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, Oct. 27.

— So far ths Mechanic Fair, Boston, has been a great success. Crowds of people visit it every day.

— The Home for Aged Womeu cleared $88.78 from the "Carnival of Opera." Much work for small pay.

— George H. Ellison of the Boston *Transcript*, a graduate from the JOURNAL office, made us a call Tuesday evening.

— The "Carnival of Opera" played to a slim house Saturday evening. Everybody had become pretty well worn out.

— A concert will be given in the Swede Lutherern church by The Young People's Society on Thursday evening, Oct. 27.

— The forests and fields of Winchester offer strong inducements to hunters these autumn days. Game is very plenty down there.

— John McConologue has all he can turn his hands to cleaning stoves, furnaces and chimneys. He is a good man for the business.

— Lawyer Curran has not yet mounted the stump for Bruce and Flynn. There is lukewarmness among the Woburn Democracy this fall.

— Our advice to those who want to hear Dr. March's "Personal Reminiscences of Seventy Years" at First Church next Thursday evening is: Get your tickets at once.

— Those who would witness a lifelike representation of the War with Spain should not fail to visit the "War Exposition" at the old Cyclorama building on Tremont st., Boston.

— "The Gospel of the Body" will be dwelt upon by Mrs. Dr. J. M. Plummer for the Maternal Association in the parlor of the First church at 2.30, p. m., Wednesday, Oct. 26.

— Mr. and Mrs. Warren A. Morse have returned from their bridal trip, and the former is at his post in the American Express office just as though nothing had happened.

— The Woburn Brass Band gave a concert and dance at Music Hall last evening. We haven't heard anybody say how it came out, but presumably with success, for the Band is popular.

— Richardson Brothers will take a part at least of their employees to Boston with them. Many of the girls are experts and are needed. The Richardsons are to run a large establishment at the Hub.

— A course of dancing assemblies will open at Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, under the management of Mr. Alvah J. Foster for the Woburn Encampment, I. O. O. F. Tripp's Orchestra will play.

— Charles H. Taylor has been executing some photographic art work for Miss Hamlin of Connecticut, the genealogist, this week. His subjects were historical and antiquarian, and related to the Carter family.

— The John Wyman homestead which was sold at auction last Tuesday by the Commissioners was bid off by Mr. James McGrath for about $4,500. It is a fine property, centrally located, and went for a fair price.

— A Good Investment. Have your horse clipped by electricity at Buckley's Clipping Rooms, Buel Place, rear Buel building, Main street. It saves 50 per cent on labor; 20 per cent in feed, and saves doctor's bill. Horses called for and returned. Frank McDonald, Manager. Telephone 86-2.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx Be sure you get it.—tf

— Mr. Frank E. Cotton, the bookkeeper, tells us that business is good at the Russell Counter Co.'s factory, although orders are not quite up to highwater mark. The factory is running nearly fullhanded, Mr Cotton says.

— If he would take the office, Capt. Jacob M. Ellis is the man who ought to be elected a member of the Board of Public Works this fall. We do not think of anyone in the city who would fill the bill to better public advantage than he would.

— Horses clipped by Frank McDonald look as smoot as a seal skin; 35 years experience in clipping. Frank is manager of Buckley's Electric Clipping Rooms, Buel Place, rear Buel building, Main street. Borses called for and returned. Tel. 86-2.

— On Oct. 14, Mr. C. E. Cooper took a twig from an appletree on the Stiles place, West street, N. W., on which were blossoms as bright and fresh as any in June. Mr. Cooper thought it worth bringing to the JOURNAL office for a notice, and we agreed with him.

— Mr. Luke D. McDermott, a compositor in the *News* office, brother of Chief of Police, Charles McDermott, and Miss Mary Lyons, also a *News* compositor, were united in wedlock last Sunday evening. Immediately after the ceremony the newly married pair left on a trip to the South. They will reside on Reade street, this city.

— Mr. Wiswell is transforming Mishawum (Richardson's Mills) into the most desirable residence quarter of the city. Fine houses are now in course of erection there and next year more of them will be built. An electric road ought to run through it, and then no spot would be equal to Mishawum for homes. That will come in due time.

— Miss Reardon, Postal Telegraph operator and news paper dealer at Holdridge's hardware store, 421 Main street, is agent for Mr. Robert B. Wyman, the North Woburn coal and wood dealer, and will receive and have promptly executed all orders left with her for wood and coal. She will take pay and give receipts for the same. Miss Reardon is perfectly reliable.

— Old Peoples Day was duly celebrated at First church last Sunday. The attendance was fully up to the average. Rev. Dr. Daniel March, Pastor Emeritas, preached an excellent sermon appropriate to the occasion, Mr. Hood presided at the organ, and the choir, under his direction, acquitted themselves very creditably. Many venerable people were preseut.

— We call especial attention to the advertisement of an auction sale at Winchester by T. F. Hovey, auctioneer, of some very desirable real estate in that town, the sale to take place at half past 12 o'clock Tuesday, Oct. 26. The property is the Stephen H. Cutter estate, 271 Main street, Winchester, which is well known to all Woburn people. The advertisement tells the story; read it.

— The next lecture in the Star Course will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Packard next Wednesday evening, Oct. 26, at the Methodist church. The theme is to be "Florence, and Illustrious Florentines," a subject replete with interest, and it will be illustrated in the best style of stereopticon art. Lecture and pictures are of a high order of merit, and the large attendance on Oct. 12 demonstrated that they are appreciated by cultivated people.

— The Woburn Light, Heat and Power Company have closed a contract with the General Electric Company for an entire installation of enclosed Arc Lamps, similar to those which are to be installed in the city of Boston, under its new contract. The Company are to displace all the present lamps and fixtures with new lamps they have contracted for. One of these lamps has been installed at the Post Office. It burns one hundred hours with a single trimming and is much more compact, neater and attractive looking than the lamps now in use. These lamps are to be furnished for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer and Major H. C. Hall returned from their visit to Camp Meade, where the Woburn boys are located, last Tuesday morning, having been gone about a week. They also visited the battlefields of Gettysburg, Antietem, etc., making in all a very pleasant trip. They found Co. G, 5th Regiment, well, hearty and anxious to leave for their new Camp in South Carolina. The number of soldiers at Camp Meade is large. The Camp is well located in a healthy part of Pennsylvania, and our boys there fare well and are reasonably happy. Company G were glad to see Major Hall and Captain Wyer, for their presence and intercourse seemed to bring them nearer home. Of course it is not yet determined where the 5th Regiment will finally fetch up. It may be in Cuba, and it may be at their own firesides; but whatever is in store for them will be accepted cheerfully, for that is the way they are built.

— A determined movement in opposition to the purchase of the Kelley estate for the new schoolhouse is to be made by some members of the School Board. The property has been only conditionally bought, and there is a chance for a big fight. The fact of the matter is, no new High School building should be built at this time. An outlay of $10,000 would put the present edifice into a condition that would answer every needed purpose for the next 15 years, make a good looking one of it, and leave $90,000 for purposes much more important than a new schoolhouse. Remove that wooden excrescence, replace it with brick, increase the size somewhat, improve its internal arrangements, and you have a building large and good enough for any city. We need the money for something else. Not only are our roads in the most diplorable condition, absolutely dangerous in many sections; many of the streets destitute of sidewalks, a disgrace to any municipality; but the whole city is in a dilapidated, rundown, slipshod condition. Let us mend these matters before building a $100,000 schoolhouse.

SCROFULA

It is Foul Blood's Advertisement

But It is Soon Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Yes, Scrofula, if anything, may be called the advertisement of foul blood. It is the scourge of the world—offensive, painful, debilitating, stubborn and well nigh unendurable.

Outward applications do not cure, they only drive the difficulty to new quarters. Emollients may palliate, they cannot abolish the evil. There is but one sure way out, and that is to eliminate the taint from the blood.

There is one remedy that can effect this, and it is the only one that, so far as we know, has almost invariably succeeded—even where the system has been poisoned by long years of taint, and the ravages to be repaired are tremendous. That remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"My daughter was afflicted with impure blood. There were running sores all over her body and they caused her much suffering. We tried medicines that were recommended as blood purifiers, but could not see that they did any good. A friend told me about Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began giving the girl this medicine. The result was that she was perfectly cured after taking a few bottles. She has had no symptoms of scrofula sores since that time." MARIETTA M. SMITH, South Middleboro, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Insist upon HOOD'S; take no substitute.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Watches at Wholesale!

If you are looking for a watch this Christmas, bear in mind that Mr. Osborn Gillette was for years connected with a large wholesale house, and this gives him the inside prices on goods, and he can save you from twenty to twenty five per cent (or the wholesale profit paid by the retailer). A very large and complete stock of Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, solid Silver and Rogers's Plated Ware.

Special attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Watches loaned while yours is being repaired.

OSBORN GILLETTE,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

379 Main St., Woburn.

Winslow, Rand & Watson,

High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only; is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN

433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

To our Laundry Customers!

We wish to say that our removal to Boston about Nov. 1st, will IN NO WAY AFFECT or interfere with our Laundry collections and deliveries in Woburn and Winchester, or with work brought to our Woburn Store.

All work will be collected and delivered as promptly as heretofore.

Our present help, so far as possible, will continue to be employed by us in Boston, and the HIGH STANDARD of our work will be strictly maintained

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronoge, we remain

Respectfully yours,

A. L. RICHARDSON & BRO.

— The people are talking about Dr. March's lecture. More than enough to fill the church have made up their minds to hear it. Next Thursday evening, Oct. 27, is the date when the doctor will tell his experience of 70 years, and there will be no tickets left when the church doors are opened to let in the crowd, nor seats enough to accommodate all who apply for them. Present indications point to a rush. Only in a general way have we an idea of what Dr. March will say. We haven't been going around with him for 70 years and seen the things that he has seen, and heard the things that he has heard; but it is safe to say that the "Reminiscences" will be intensely interesting and very entertaining. It is always the case with Dr. March that when he talks he says something. That, all the people know as well as we do, and some of them better. He likes to have a houseful of listeners when he talks; he will have one this time. The fact is it will be a notable occasion, and those who miss hearing the story which Dr. March will relate will miss the richest literary and historical treat that has been offered to a Woburn public for years.

— We were surprised on Thursday morning last to learn that the schools of this city had done nothing the day before, Oct. 19, towards celebrating "Lafayette Day," a day set apart to honor the great name of Marquis de Lafayette, the noble friend of the American Colonies in their supreme struggle for independence. It is proposed to build a great monument in America to perpetuate the memory of the brave and gallant French nobleman who came over here and fought side by side with George Washington in the War to free the Colonies from the oppressive rule of the mother country, the monument to be paid for by small contributions from the school children of the Republic, and Oct. 19, 1898, the 117th anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in which battle Lafayette took a heroic part, was set aside as the date on which to receive such contributions, and was named "Lafayette Day." Familiar with the history of Lafayette and his invaluable services to America in the Revolutionary War, is it any wonder that we, with many others, were painfully surprised that the schools in this city ignored the day and the appeal of the patriotic committee for aid? Is Woburn to forever remain under a cloud through the indifference, or worse, of her rulers?

— Last Monday two sisters, Katie and Ellen McHugh, who lived with their brother on Madison street, died within a few hours of each other from what at the time was considered by some a mysterious cause. Katie was to have been married to James Livingstone on last week Wednesday but was too ill to have the ceremony performed. Ellen was about 26 years old and Katie a little more than that. Their deaths were attributed to poisoning. On Saturday, Oct. 8, the two sisters, who were remarkably, one might say, almost abnormally, fond of each other and always seen together, went to Boston on business. When they left for home they bought some bologna sausage, of which they ate that evening. The next day, or perhaps Monday, Katie was taken ill, and not long after, her sister Ellen. On Thursday Dr. J. H. Conway, their family physician, was sent for and on arriving found the young ladies suffering quite severely with what appeared to be gastric trouble. Katie and Ellen told Dr. Conway that they had eaten bologna sausage Saturday evening, and he attributed their illness to that cause. They were not apparently in a dangerous condition and the Doctor would call again when sent for, or in the course of 48 hours, at anyrate. He was sent for Sunday night but being absent on duty, another physician was summoned. When he arrived Ellen was dead. Katie suffered greatly and died Monday afternoon at 2 30 o'clock, Ellen's death having occurred in the morning. Dr. Conway concluded without hesitation that death in both cases was caused by eating the sausages. Medical Examiner H. G. Blake was called and the facts laid before him. He was of the opinion that they were cases of poisoning. No doubt of it. The sausages which Katie and Ellen ate, and which no other member of the family tasted, were the fatal dose. Uquestionably they contained the poison that sent two good young women to a premature grave. There was talk of an inquest on Tuesday because of the stories that were afloat concerning the deplorable case; but the opinion prevailed that none was necessary. It was a very sad affair.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Obituary.

In the person of ROBERT BRADFORD EATON this city lost by death on Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1898, one of its best and most highly esteemed citizens. No man stood above him in the regards of the public; no one was more generally respected than he.

Mr. Eaton was born in Henniker, N. H., on July 10, 1818, and received his education in the schools of that town, at a private school in Hopkinton, and the Norwich University. He was instrumental in establishing the Merrimac Chemical Works at North Woburn 45 years ago, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the country, of which he owned a principal share of the stock at the time of his death. He was likewise a large landholder in Nebraska.

In 1856 Mr. Eaton married Adelaide A. Elmore of Peru, N. Y. She died in 1872, since which time he has made his home with Mrs. Page Eaton, his sister-in-law, at Central Square.

Mr. Eaton was an active and influential member and trusted officer of Trinity (Episcopalian) church in this city and a liberal contributor to its support. He will be greatly missed by the church, as he will be by the community at large.

Mr. Eaton was a courteous, courtly gentleman of the old school who it was always pleasant to meet. He had an open hand and a warm greeting for all. Although of a quiet, retiring disposition he was well known in this city and had hosts of good friends, to whom the news of his death came as a severe shock and produced sorrow among all who knew him.

The funeral will take place on Saturday afternoon. There will be a service at the late home of the deceased at 12 o'clock; and at Trinity church at 1 p. m. Rev. S. S. Marquis, former Rector, will conduct the services. The interment is to be at Mt. Auburn.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

Laughter reigns supreme at the Boston Museum where the engagement of the Rogers Brothers in "A Reign of Error" will be brought to a triumphant conclusion this week. All New England knows the great success which this production of jollity has created. The appearance of the Rogers Brothers as stars is proving the conspicuous venture of the present theatrical season as they are more popular than ever. Their songs, their parodies, their bits of repartee, all keep the house convulsed with merriment and the burlesque duet in the third act is pronounced by all to be the funniest thing of its kind that Boston has ever seen. The supporting company is the best that Klaw & Erlanger could possibly bring together. There are pretty girls in abundance who turn the production into a regular beauty show and make "A Reign of Error" a series of stage pictures of rare beauty. Another of Klaw & Erlanger's companies will follow at the Boston Museum on Oct. 31, when "Jack and the Beanstalk" will come back to what might be termed its home theatre.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

New England Soldiers.

The "Personal Experiences of New England Soldiers in the War," which are now running in the Boston *Sunday Journal*, not only give their readers an intensely interesting series of articles on the picturesque and stirring events connected with the service of the soldiers from this section, but provide also a most valuable contribution to the history of the war from the point of view which appeals most closely to New England people. Notable among these articles are those by Gen. William A. Bancroft, Col. E. P. Clark, commander of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Maj. H. B. Fairbanks of the Second, whose article appears next Sunday, and other officers of the fighting troops.

This is but a single feature of the new Boston *Sunday Journal*, which by its leadership in adopting a size of page that is convenient for the reader, and by its photographic illustrations, has attracted widespread attention. The *New England Home Magazine*, which is given regularly with the Boston *Sunday Journal*, is in itself the most expensive feature ever offered by any newspaper.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent, For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1 00 every bottle guaranteed.

Card of Thanks.

The Executive Committee of the Carnival of Opera wish to express their sincere thanks and grateful appreciation of the excellent service of Judge Converse, the business manager, the chaperones, participants, ushers, doorkeepers, ticket seller, and all others, who in any way contributed to the success of the entertainment.

MRS. C. FRANCES EAMES,
MRS. LUCY E. B. CONVERSE,
MRS. MARY E. CUTTER,
MISS SUSAN E. EDGELL,
MISS ROSANNA B. TIDD,
Exec. Com.

A man once had a baby tiger in the house for a pet. Very nice as long as the tiger staid little. But the tiger got bigger and bit the man's hand off. A cough is a baby tiger. Use Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Fire.

The alarm from box 26, about 3 o'clock this morning for a fire that burned a barn and contents including horse, occupied by Mr. Perry and owned by Otis Cummings at North Woburn.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Word of God Accomplishing its Purpose." Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—20th Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., 2d People's Sundayevening Service. Quartet Choir will lead the singing. The pastor will preach. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. I. H. Packard at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M. Junior League. At 5.45 P. M. Epworth League. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday Class Wednesday, Lecture, Florence and Illustrious Florentines. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by Rev. C. J. Larson, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Young Peoples' Meeting at 6 P. M. Wednesday, Service at 7.30 P. M. The Young Men's Reading Room is open every Saturday night from 7.15 to 9.30 o'clock.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 16, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Luke D. McDermott and Mary E. Lyons, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 16, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Daniel M. Webber and Lydia A. Moore, both of Boston.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

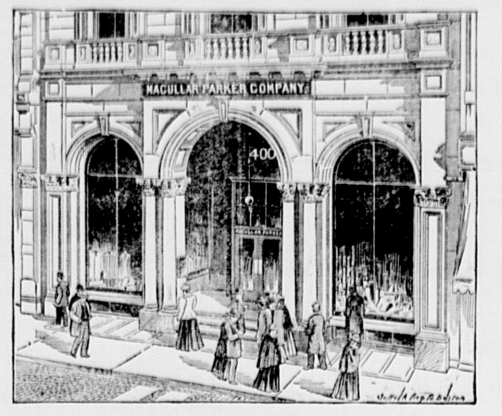
In this city, Oct. 16 Catherine Doherty, aged 52 years.

In this city, Oct. 16, Ellen M. McHugh, aged 24 years.

In this city, Oct. 17, Catherine E. McHugh, aged 26, years.

In this city, Oct. 19, Robert B. Eaton, aged 80 years.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS



Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,

400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

MECHANICS' FAIR

1795 1898

By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.

Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.

MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!

The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.

XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.

Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.

Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.

"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*

FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.

Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.

25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFÉ Always Open.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 13, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

TUESDAY, the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Fifield Hall, Fowle St.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Two Special Commissioners, District Attorney, Register of Probate and Insolvency, Sheriff, Representative in 56th Congress.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Boston Sunday Journal

NEW FEATURES.
NEW FORM . . . .

The only paper with a bound magazine free with each issue.

The only paper with photographic illustrations as a free feature.

40 Pages of News
8 Pages Photographs
48 Pages in the Magazine
96 Pages in all

TRY IT NEXT SUNDAY.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Otis Simonds, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John J. Dixon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Forest H. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

HALLET & DAVIS CO. 179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE: Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

STAR Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

Beginning Oct. 12, 1898.

SUBJECTS and DATES:

OCT. 26. Florence and illustrious Florentines.
NOV. 2. Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii.
NOV. 16. Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents**. Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

First Church. Lecture by Dr. March

"Personal Reminiscences of Seventy Years." Judge Parker L. Converse will preside. Organ Concert by Mr. D. N. Hood.

Thursday, Oct. 27, 1898.

Doors open at 7.15 P. M. Concert at 7.30.

Admission 25c.

Tickets to be had at F. P. Brook's, F. A. Flint's, Gordon Parker's, H. A. Wilcox's.

CITY OF WOBURN.

OFFICE OF

Sealer of Weights and Measures,

Basement of Court House.

Notice is hereby given to all persons, firms and corporations doing business in the City of Woburn and selling or buying any goods, wares, merchandise or other commodities by weight or measure, or as a public weigher, to bring in their weights and measures to be adjusted.

The sealer will be at his office every Tuesday and Saturday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock.

JONATHAN C. ELA, Sealer of Weights and Measures.

Woburn, Oct. 11, 1898.

To Let.

A Fine Suite of Rooms

At 385 Main street, Woburn, second floor, suitable for offices, manufactory of small wares, or other similar use. Admirably located for any kind of business. Possession given Nov. 1.

RENT REASONABLE.

Apply to F. A. HARTWELL, 387 Main St., Woburn.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

MONDAY, October 3, 1898.

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included. Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH, 20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction

— IN —

Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Try Our Boston Blend Coffee 25c. lb.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing Tin Roofing

BUY THE

SOMERSET PALLAS,

— OR —

FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping Furnaces

PUBLIC AUCTION
AT WINCHESTER, MASS.
T. F. HOVEY, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, at 12.30 P. M., will be sold at public auction, on the premises, 271 Main street, Winchester, one of the healthiest and most desirable towns in Massachusetts, a 10-room house, modern improvements, fruit and shade trees, large stable, with room for several horses, hennery, and about one acre of land; five minutes' walk from the steam cars; electric cars pass the door; this property is finely located, is known as the Stephen H. Cutter estate; assessed for $5500; $2000 can remain on mortgage; property is now let to pay 8 per cent on assessed value; possession, if desired, can be given immediately; terms, $200 cash deposit at sale, and balance above $2000 mortgage on delivery of deed. For particulars before sale address or inquire of ALLEN, room 9, Globe building, Boston.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of William Arbuthnot, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SUSAN ARBUTHNOT, Admx.

13 Vinings Court, Woburn.
October 6th, 1898.

Have You a Boy?

[illegible]

All Are New Fall And Winter Styles.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,

355 Main Street.

Stop-ache Has Cured 1912 Headaches

It will Cure Yours.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., 361 Main St.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 5, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, November 19, 1898,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the nonpayment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 1.

LIZZIE M. ATWOOD.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situate in said Woburn on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of Jane C. Butman; northerly by land now or formerly of one Wyman, and by land of E. W. Hudson; easterly by land of James W. DeLoriea; southerly by Lawrence street.
Tax of 1897, $38 75

HANORA F. BRADY.—About 9,205 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being numbered 24, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street 70 feet; easterly by land now or late of Mary E. Whitford 131 feet; southerly by land of Louise C. Hudson 70 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph H. Buck and Mary E. Whitford 132 feet.
Tax of 1897, 88 83

MARY CLAFFY.—About 5,762 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Porter street, in said Woburn, being Lot No. 19 on plan of Thomas Richardson lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 41, plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Eustace Cummings; northerly by said Porter street; easterly by Lot No. 20 on said plan; westerly by Lot No. 18 on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 40 64

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,141 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 34 and 36 Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 70 feet; westerly by Buckman street, 53.96 feet; southerly by land now or late of Buck 69.1 feet; easterly by land now or late of Buck 65.6 feet.
Tax of 1897, 35 91

JOHN J. CONNOLLY.—About 4,324 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Stoddard street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Stoddard street 61 feet; easterly by lot No. 12, on Plan of land of Joseph Buck 75.55 feet; southerly by lot No. 31 on said plan 62.02 feet; westerly by lot No. 16 on said plan 65.2 feet.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

ELLEN DEVLIN HEIRS.—About ½ acres of land with buildings thereon, numbered 17 on northerly side of Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by said Buckman street; westerly by Buckman court; northerly by land of one Burke, and easterly by land of Carl A. Dunbury.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

FRED GOWING AND LIZZIE F. GOWING.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon, numbered 6 and 8 Wyer's Court, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of St. John's Parochial School Corporation; westerly by Wyer's Court; easterly by land formerly of Colson; southerly by land formerly of L. G. Richardson.
Tax of 1897, 45 36

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ½ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Ash street; southerly by Buckman Court; easterly by land of Burke; westerly by land now or late of Lombard.
Tax of 1897, 32 13

PATRICK H. GRANEY.—About ⅓ acre of land and buildings thereon, situated on Buckman street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a Court about 55 feet; northerly by land of Coleman Feeney and Tolan about 171.9 feet; westerly by a private way about 65.8 feet; and southerly by Buckman street about 78 feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

ABBY KEATING.—About 17,084 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated number 42 Buckman street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Buckman street 112 feet, and by Willey street 87.8 feet; westerly by land now or late of Joseph Buck 65 feet; southerly by land now or late of Thomas J. Pierce 181 feet; easterly by other land of said Abby Keating about 181 feet.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

ABBY KEATING.—About 15,184 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on Buckman street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southerly or southwesterly corner of the premises at other land of said Keating; thence the line runs northerly 15.3 feet and by said Buckman street 5 25-100 feet to land now or late of Joseph Buck; thence easterly by land of said Buck 200 31-100 feet to passageway which leads to Stoddard street; thence southerly by said passage way 112 45-100 feet to land of Ellen Richardson; thence westerly by land last named 137 4 feet to other land of said Keating; thence northerly by land last named 93.6 feet, and again northerly by same land 87.8 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH KEATING.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 17 Ash street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Dorr; easterly by land now or late of Burke; southerly by said Ash street; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

MARGARET T. KENNEY.—About 7,374 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Pleasant street, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Pleasant street 72.5 feet; westerly by Court street 95.7 feet; southerly by land of Harris 86 feet; easterly by land of Geo. F. Bean, Trustee.
Tax of 1897, 84 11

MICHAEL LEMBRIEUX.—About 28,880 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Main street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Lake avenue 240 feet; westerly by land now or late of Duffy 120 feet; northerly by land of Stanley 240 feet; easterly by Main street 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 141 75

MARY MAGUIRE.—About 4,642 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, numbered 40 Richardson street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Richardson street; southerly by land now or late of Sheehan; easterly by land now or late of McCarthy; westerly by Buck street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

RONALD S. MCCORMICK.—About 10,527 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connors and by land of Murphy; easterly by land of Murphy and by land of Levigne; southerly by a private way; westerly by land now or late of Levigne.
Tax of 1897, 9 92

PETER P. MCLAUGHLIN.—About 6000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Lake avenue, and bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Lake avenue 52.67 feet; westerly by land now or late of Mary Levigne 111.1 feet; southerly by other land now or late of said Levigne 51.5 feet; easterly by land now or late of John P. Dever and Margaret E. Kelley.
Tax of 1897, 56 85

MARY A. MURRAY.—About 13,200 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Lawrence street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lawrence street; easterly by land of Heirs of Jacob Munroe; southerly by land now or formerly of Norris; and westerly by land of Heavey.
Tax of 1897, 49 52

FRANK E. SOLES.—About 26,385 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 24 and 26 Sturgis street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Notherly by Sturgis street; easterly and westerly by land now or late of Edward W. Hudson; southerly by land now or late of Jacob Pierce.
Tax of 1897, 85 05

WILLIAM VAUGHN'S HEIRS.—About 1¼ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Lexington street and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; southerly by Heirs of Walter Frost; easterly by land now or late of Joseph McIntire; northerly by Lexington street.
Tax of 1897, 34 97

MARIETTA WALSH.—About ⅛ of an acre of land on Bennett street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Parker; easterly by Bennett street; southerly by land of Connolly; westerly by land now or late of A. B. Wyman and land of L. Wyman.
Tax of 1897, 49 14

WOBURN POWER COMPANY.—About 14,545 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by Main street; northerly by Myrtle street; westerly by land of E. W. Hudson; southerly by land of John J. Williams.
Tax of 1897, 268 38

Non-Residents.

MARGARET J. ANDERSON.—About 6,077 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Porter street, being lot numbered 8 on Plan of Thomas Richardson estate, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by lot No. 9 on said plan; southerly by said Porter street; easterly by land formerly of said Anderson; westerly by Jones Court.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WARD 2.

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 20,000 square feet of land, buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Nashua street, being Lot 28 on Plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 29 on said Plan, 160 feet; easterly by Nashua street, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 27 on said Plan, 160 feet; westerly by Lot 34 on said Plan, 125 feet.
Tax of 1897, 30 24

SARAH E. BARNETT.—About 28,370 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 34 on Emerson Plans, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans, No. 5 Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Tremont street 128½ feet; northeaiy by Lot 33 on said Plan, 173 feet; easterly by Lot 28 on said Plan, 125 feet; southerly by Lot 35 on said Plan 201 feet.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

HUGH BILLINGSLEY HEIRS.—About 15,300 square feet land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of James E. Abbott; easterly by land now or late of Walsh; westerly by Arlington street; southerly by Belmont street.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

FRANCES G. CLARK.—About 18,150 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by the continuation of Ferguson Place about 150 feet; southerly by land of J. G. Flagg about 121 feet; easterly by other land of said Flagg about 150 feet; northerly by land Ferguson about 121; same premises conveyed by J. G. Flagg by deed dated March 18, 1893, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2182, Page 168.
Tax of 1897, 7 56

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on westerly side of Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by said Garfield avenue; southerly by land of Mary A. McCabe; westerly by land now or formerly of Brown; northerly by land of Fowle.
Tax of 1897, 20 79

WILLIAM C. C. COLGATE.—About 10,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Jefferson Court, bounded as follows, viz.—Westerly by a private way; northerly by land of James Callahan; easterly by land of Samuel Leeds; southerly by land of Heirs of Geo. J. Munroe.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

LOUISE A. CUTLER.—About 16,315 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on No. 59 Fowle street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Fowle street; easterly by a private way known as Sonrel street; southerly land of James M. Kimball, and westerly by land of Maria M. Kimball.
Tax of 1897, 69 93

MARIA F. DEAN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Holton street, being Lots numbered281 and 283 on Plan of building lots in Winchester and Woburn owned by S. S. Holton and L. Holton, dated Dec. 1874 recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 28, Plan 44 bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Lots 280 and 284 on said Plan, north-easterly by lot 285 on said Plan; south-easterly by Hanover street; southwesterly by Lot 279 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897 1 89

PATRICK FALLON.—About 15,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Garfield Avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on easterly side line of East street where an imaginery line drawn for the southeasterly side of Belmont street at its junction with East street and at right angles with the westerly line of said East street would touch at a stake, thence the line runs northeasterly at right angles with said East street 150 feet to a stake; thence southeasterly 100 feet to a stake; thence southwesterly 150 feet to said East street; thence northwesterly on said East street 100 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 2,200 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land formerly of Jaquith and at land of Svenson, thence southerly by land of Svenson 36 feet; thence westerly by land of Callahan and land formerly of Jaquith 61 feet; thence northerly by land of Fifield 36 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Jaquith 60½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 6,080 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at land of Callahan; thence southerly by land of Callahan 80 feet; thence westerly by land now or late of Clapp 79 feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Collamore 80 feet; thence easterly by land of Fifield and land formerly of Jaquith 79 feet; being second lot described in deed of Caleb H. Jaquith dated March 20th 1894, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2261, Page 221.
Tax of 1897, 8 51

WILSON FITCHETT.—About 3,449 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of premises on Fowle street at land now or late of Svenson, thence the line runs southerly by land last named 57 feet; thence westerly by other land of Fitchett about 60½ feet; thence northerly by land now or late of Fifield 57 feet; thence easterly by Fowle street about 60½ feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on southerly side of Hawley street, being Lot No. 26 on Plan of land owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by lot No. 27 on said plan; northeasterly by land now or late of Sawtelle; southeasterly by Lot No. 25 on said Plan; southwesterly by Hawley street on said plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

MARY E. FULTON.—About 15,680 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated at No. 83 Green street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Green street; southerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Gates.
Tax of 1897, 33 08

WILLIAM GRANEY.—About 4,620 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 11 Main street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of J. P. Crane; easterly by land now or late of J. P. Crane; southerly by a private way; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 36 85

CATHERINE GRANEY.—About 8,040 square feet of land with buildings thereon, numbered 19 and 21 Main street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz—Northerly by land now or late of Garvey; easterly by land of Crane; southerly by land of William Graney; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

HENRY GRESEY JR.—About ¼ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Holden Place, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by private street leading from Montvale avenue; southerly by land late of Joseph G. Pollard; westerly by land of Esther M. Keith; northerly by land of one Burke.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

THOMAS F. HARKINS.—About 8,409 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, on Arlington street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Carter street about 60 feet; westerly by land now or late of Theophelus King, 149.7 feet; easterly by land of said King about 117.7 feet; southerly by land now or late of said King and by land now or late of Fitzpatrick about 80 feet. Being Lot No. 24 on Plan of land of Theophelus King et al., recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 51, Plan 44.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ADELIA HILL.—About ⅛ acre of land with buildings thereon situated No. 32 Spring Court in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; easterly by land now or late of J. G. Pollard; northerly by land now or late of J. G. Flagg; westerly by a private way known as Spring Court.
Tax of 1897, 17 96

PATRICK H. KERRIGAN.—About 5,120 square feet of land with buildings thereon numbered 131 Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land formerly of Blake; easterly by land now or late of H. M. Parker; southerly by land now or late of Maguire; westerly by Main street.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

LAURITZ J. LAWSON.—About 5,759 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 86 Eastern Avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by a private way about 65.15 feet; northerly by land of L. H. Allen, 91.45 feet; easterly by land of Luke W. Fowle 65 feet; southerly by land of Luke W. Fowle 85.77 feet.
Tax of 1897, 51 98

MARY B. MCBRIDE.—About 6,049 square feet of land, situated No. 10 Spring Court, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land now or late of Allen 109½ feet; northerly by land of Flagg 55 feet; easterly by land of Bonnin 109½ feet; southerly by Spring Court 55 feet.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

JAMES MCKITTRICK.—About 17,340 square feet of land situated on Medford street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by land now or late of Holton 121 feet; northerly by land now or late of Rooney 139 feet; westerly by land now or late of Martin 120 feet; southerly by Medford street about 150 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MARY MEEHAN.—About 19,650 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Highland street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Fountain; easterly by land of McDonough; southerly by land of McMurray; westerly by said Highland street.
Tax of 1897, 105 84

ELLA T. NEWTON.—About 12,153 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 68 Eastern avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Green street 175 feet; westerly by Eastern avenue 100 feet; southerly by land of Beaton and land of Allen 167.5 feet; easterly by land of Allen 45.9 feet.
Tax of 1897, 48 20

SARAH J. ORDWAY.—About one acre of land and buildings thereon, situatee on Fowle street, in said Woburn, bounded as follsws, viz:—Northerly by Fowle street; easterly by Eastern avenue; westerly by Sourel street; southerly by land now or late of Horton.
Tax of 1897, 209 79

JOHN W. PITMAN.—About 7 acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Garfield avenue, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner at junction of Clark street and Garfield avenue; thence southerly by said avenue 365.23 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace et al about 224 feet; thence southerly by Sarah F. Wallace land 191.08 feet; thence westerly by land of said Sarah F. Wallace 140 feet; thence southerly by Garfield avenue 40 feet; thence easterly by land of Allen 135 feet; thence southerly by land of Allen about 175.5 feet; thence easterly by land of Bassett 90.5 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 19 feet; thence northeasterly by land of Wyman 460 feet; thence northerly by land of Wyman 48 feet; thence northwesterly by land of Wyman 284.6 feet; thence westerly by Horton and south end of Sonrel streets 201.5 feet; thence northerly by Sonrel street 135 feet; thence westerly by Clark street 297 feet.
Tax of 1897, 154 04

JAMES P. ROONEY.—About ⅜ acre of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 20 Arington street in said Woburn, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Belmont street 120 feet; westerly Arlington street; southerly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet; easterly by land now or late of Richardson 120 feet.
Tax of 1897, 15 12

MARY ROONEY.—About 46,560 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 122 Garfield avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viv:—Northerly by land now or late of Glennon, land of Allen and land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman, 452 feet; easterly by land now or late of Holton 35 feet; southerly by land of Quinn 452 feet; westerly by said Garfield avenue 152½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

CHARLES A. SMITH HEIRS.—About 11,400 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 67 High street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows. viz:—Northerly by High street; easterly by Garfield avenue; southerly by land formerly of Thomas Richardson; westerly by land now or late of Buckman, ahd by land now or late of Butters.
Tax of 1897, 92 61

WILLIAM B. WARD.—About 7,774 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 145 Montvale avenue, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale avenue; easterly by a private way; westerly by land of Foss; southerly by land now or late of Ward.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

GEORGE B. WOODSIDE.—About 5,695 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 3 McCabe Court, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by McCabe Court; easterly by land of Tuft's College and by land of McCabe; westerly by land of Sarah A. Woodside; southerly by land of Belcher.
Tax of 1897, 22 68

Non-Residents.

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 26,068 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 1 to 8 inclusive, Block 1 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plons 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Popular street shown on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street shown on said Plan; southerly land of owner unknown; westerly by lot No. 9 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 00

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 3,241 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 18, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recoded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 19 and 20 in said block; easterly by Lots 25 and 26 in said block; southerly by Popular street in said block; westerly by Lot 16 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 26

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 8,751 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 24, 25, 26, Block 3 on plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 21, 22 and 23, in same Block; easterly by Frank street on same Plan; westerly by Lot No. 18, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, .79

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 11,040 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 27, 28, 29 and 30 Block 2 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz;—Northerly by Lot 31 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; westerly by Frank street on said Plan; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 06

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 7,082 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 36 and 37 in Block 4 on Plan of a section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by Lot 35 in said Block; southerly by Green street; westerly by Lots 38 and 39 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 53

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 16,340 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 40, 41, 44, 45 and 46, Block 4, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Montvale Avenue, and Lot No. 43, in said Block; easterly by Lots 38 and 39 in said Block; westerly by Badger street and Lots 42 and and 43 in said Block; southerly by Green street.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 13,280 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 45 and part of 46 shown on Plan of Emerson's lands, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at northeasterly corner on Tremont street, and at land of Patrick H. Powers at a stake 261 feet southerly from Nashua street; thence the line runs southerly by Tremont street 433 feet; thence northwesterly by Lowell street 385 feet; thence northerly by land of Carter 136 feet; thence easterly by land Powers 454.4 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

CORA MAY BADGER.—About 19,156 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 10 to 15 inclusive, Block 1, shown on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Poplar street, shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 9 on said Plan; westerly by Badger street on said Plan; southerly by land of owner unknown.
Tax of 1897, 1 33

CORA MAY BADGER:—About 2,664 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 16, Block 3, on Plan of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 17, in said Block; southerly by Poplar street on said Plan; easterly by Lot 18 in said Block; westerly by Badger street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 26

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 16,028 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots numbered 17, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23, Block 3 on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Green street; northerly by Frank street; northeasterly by Frank street and Lots 16, 18 and 24 in said Block; southeasterly by Badger street and Lot 24 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 3 78

FRANK C. BADGER.—About 3,546 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Frank street, being Lot No. 31, Block 2, on Plan of section of Mount Vernon Park, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deed, Book of Plans 92, Plan 48, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lots 32, 33 and 34 in said Block; easterly by owner unknown; southerly by Lot 30 in said Block; westerly by Frank street.
Tax of 1897, 23 63

ERENA CIRIGLIANO.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at the intersection of Laurel and Harvard streets, thence the line runs easterly on Harvard street 100 feet; thence southerly by land now or late of Foster 50 feet; thence westerly by other land now or late of Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by Laurel street 50 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

MAUD M. PACKARD.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on said Vernon street 355.6 feet southerly from land of Adna Page measuring on said street; thence the line runs south 4° 58 east by said Vernon street 60 feet; thence westerly by land of Mary P. Foster 100 feet; thence northerly by other land now or late of said Foster 60 feet; thence easterly by other land of said Foster 100 feet point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 100 17

JOSEPH H. ORENDOFF.—About 4,214 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 24 A on Plan of Mary P. Foster, dated Oct. 22, 1896, recorded at end of Book 2254 in Middlesex So. Dist. Registry of Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Vernon street 68 feet; southeasterly by Hawley street 93¾ feet; easterly by land of Foster 25 feet; northerly by lot 24 on said plan 87½ feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 5,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 43 on plan of lands owned by Mary P. Foster, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2254, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by lot No. 44 on said Plan; southerly by owner unknown; westerly by lot 42 on same plan.
Tax of 1897 2 84

PARACLETE W. HOLMES.—About 6,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn. being Lot No. 45 on Mary P. Foster Plan recorded at end of record both 2254, bounded as follows viz:—Northerly by Hawley street; easterly by land of Wade et als; southerly by land of owner unknown; westerly by Lot 44 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 93

WILLARD WELCH.—About 11,586 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by land of J. J. Doherty; northerly by land of Richardson, Vining, et als; southerly and easterly by land of Plympton.
Tax of 1897, 9 45

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 14,283 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated No. 10 Madison street in said Woburn, being Lot No. 64 on Plan of House Lots in Woburn Center, belonging to Jeduthan Fowle, dated July 12, 1855, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot No. 63 on said Plan; easterly by lot No. 45 on said Plan; southerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street.
Tax of 1897, 24 57

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 15,080 square feet of land situated in said Woburn on easterly side of Madison street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way; westerly by Madison street; southerly by land of Russell and Johnson; westerly by Lot No. 53 on Jeduthan Fowle Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

ELIZABETH B. HARTNETT.—About 5,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being lot No. 44 on Plan of Mary P. Foster, situated in said Woburn, on Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hawley street shown on said Plan; easterly by Lot 45 on said Plan; southerly by land of Holton; westerly by Lot No. 43 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

CHARLES R. SHERMAN.—About 37,500 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 54 on the Emerson Plans recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 5, Plan 23, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 55 on said Plan; easterly by Tremont street on said Plan; southerly by lot 53 on said Plan; westerly by lot 59 on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

WILLIAM H. LEE AND HENRY H. SAVAGE.—About 6,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on the westerly side of Vernon street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on the westerly side of Vernon street, at a point 475.6 feet, southerly from land of Adna Page; thence the line runs south 40° 58' east by said Vernon street about 60 feet to a stake at land now or late of Mary P. Foster; thence at right angles westerly by land last named about 100 feet; thence northerly by land formerly of Foster about 60 feet; thence easterly by land formerly of Foster about 100 feet; being same premises described in deed of Anna Bogle to said Dee and Savage, dated April 5, 1895, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 2358, Page 315.
Tax of 1897, 81 27

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.

We think our line of TEAS will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Local News.

— There was a heavy rain Wednesday.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— The engagement of Mr. J. Winn Brown and Miss Edith E. Ramsdell is announced.

— Read carefully the monster advertisement of John H. Pray, Sons & Co., in this paper.

— William H. Feeney of this city, a Boston *Herald* reporter, is doing some very creditable story writing these days.

— Miss Grace H. Pollard will be pleased to show the latest novelties in winter millinery at 19 Abbott Street Woburn, up stairs.

— The Ladies Charitable Society of the M. E. Church gave a fine entertainment last Wednesday evening. It was their annual supper.

— Mrs. Almira Pease of Hockanum will be at the M. E. Church Wednesday evening Nov. 9th to exhibit her Family Album. Tickets 15 cts.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— On the occasion of Dr. March's lecture next Thursday Miss Trecartin has consented to sing the famous soprano solo "I will extol Thee," from Costa's grand oratorio "Eli." First time in Woburn.

— The celebration of the 15th anniversary of Rebekah Lodge at Odd Fellows Hall Tuesday evening was a grand success. About 125 people were present. There were music refreshments and speaking.

— There was an immense gathering at the Catholic Parish reception at the Auditorium last Wednesday night. Fine music, dancing and other good things were furnished in abundance, and the affair was a great success.

— Misses Trecartin and Nickerson and Messrs. McKay and Hayden will sing next Sunday exening at the First Church, 7 P. M. Mr. Scudder will begin a series of special sermons. All non-church goers cordially invited.

— There is not a veterinary in the city but that will tell you that to have your horse clipped will stop his coughing, make him stronger, a better driver and a great deal better looking. Buckley's Electric Clipping Rooms, Buel Place, rear Buel building, Main street. Horses called for and returned. Telephone 86-2. Frank McDonald, Manager.

— Miss Florence Etta Charman has has not gone South for her health. She has gone to Atlanta, Ga., to take charge of the office opened there by the same firm she was connected with in Boston. The last heard from her she was well and enjoying her wheel immensely. She lately sent a box of very handsome roses to her mother and another of violets to her sister, Mrs. Edward Singer.

— Miss J. Gertrude Menard assisted Mrs. Gosse, President of the New England Women's Press Association, in arranging the programme for the celebration of Lafayette Day at the Parker House, Boston. Mrs. R J. W. Phinney of Woburn sang a patriotic song, also a new one by Miss Belle Menard, who acted accompanist. Solos were also given by Miss Westervelt of Boston, as well as papers by Mrs. Charlotte Perkin Stetson, a grandneice of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Madame Papa of Italy, Mrs. Breed of Lynn, and others.

Burlington.

Lieut. Col. Butler Ames of the gallant 6th Mass. Regt. was nominated last Monday for re-election to the Legislature from this District. There was no opposition to him in the convention. He deserves it.

One of the beloved sons of Burlington has been the first from this vicinity to fall as a sacrifice to the late war. Frank Richardson Foster, son of Edward and Ella Richardson Foster, and grandson of the venerable Edward Foster Senior of Burlington and Warren Richardson of Billerica, while on a trip to Arkansas, last spring, enlisted in the 1st Arkansas Volunteers, following out his purpose to volunteer as soon as his services were needed by his country. In September he was taken with typhoid but recovered and was anxious to go to Cuba, but the disease had so far invaded his system that on October 8 he died of heart failure at Little Rock. His body was sent home, and on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 12, a public funeral was held in the church, which was filled with his relatives and friends. The services were conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker of Woburn. A quartette from the church choir sang "It is better farther on," "Thy will be done," and "The Vacant Chair"—the last named being one of his favorite selections that he had requested to be sung if he never came back alive. In his uniform, sleeping beneath the folds of the Flag for which he gave his young life, his peaceful face bore the look of the soldier who has put off the armor forever and laid down to his rest. The casket was surrounded with beautiful tributes of flowers from his family, the Burlington Band, Mr. C. H. Walker, and others. The Veterans of the G. A. R. attended, his grandfather being one of them. The bearers were four members of the 5th Regiment, now on furlough at their homes in Stoneham. Frank was one of a large family and a most devoted son and brother. He had many friends among the young people of the town and their sad faces told the story of their love for him. The burial was in Burlington Cemetery, and as taps—the soldier's good night—echoed through the stillness of the autumn afternoon, all hearts were moved with mourning.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters, and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering with this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by Parker, Druggist.

LOOK!

Five up-to-date Houses For Sale at Central Square.
Agent for the National Rolling Window Screens.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Brussels Carpets

— AT —

95c PER YARD

It being late in the season and finding ourselves largely overstocked with Brussels Carpets, we have decided to make a SWEEPING REDUCTION in prices to close out our present stock and save carrying them over through the winter.

We shall offer MONDAY, October 17th,

500 Pieces at 95c Per Yard

Goods usually retailed by us at $1.40 and $1.25. These are the best quality, and this low price is made only to close them out at once. The assortment of patterns is large, and among them can be found carpets to suit all tastes.

In this same sale we shall also offer 200 pieces, or about 10,000 yards of Standard American Brussels at

85c and 90c Per Yard

The Quantities are not as large, but the patterns are all desirable.

Also 100 pieces, or about 5000 yards of

The Best English Brussels

At $1.35 Per Yard

Marked down for this sale from $2.00 per yard.

Also 150 pieces or 7500 yards of

Best Quality Axminsters

At $1.50 Per Yard.

Carpets usually retail at $2.00 to $2.25 per yard, including a good range of patterns and colors, suitable for Parlors, Dining-rooms, Libraries, Halls and Stairs. As a special bargain we call attention to 10 patterns of

BIGELOW AXMINSTERS At $1.35 Per Yard

An early call will ensure the first choice of patterns, although for that matter the whole line is a strong and desirable one.

All goods delivered free at any residence within 10 miles of our store.

John H. Pray, Sons & Co.

LARGEST AND OLDEST IN NEW ENGLAND.

Carpetings, Oriental Rugs and Upholstery Goods,

Importers, Contractors, Jobbers, Retailers,

658 WASHINGTON STREET,

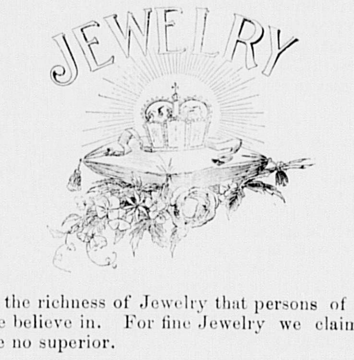
OPPOSITE BOYLSTON STREET.

BOSTON.

The man who wants **Battle Ax PLUG** can get it anywhere. It is as popular as sunshine and almost as universal. It satisfies that dry taste in the mouth better than anything else, and you can buy a larger piece of Battle Ax for 10c. than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4–3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

WE ARE

Often asked why we don't tell our customers when we have bargains. We have them all the time, and if you don't get one you are sure to get another. If you call this week you will have a chance to get the greatest bargain ever offered in Dress Skirts. We will not quote prices as we prefer you to see the goods and prices together.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co

Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

To Let.

No. 111 Pleasant street. All modern conveniences
Apply to JAMES W. McDONALD,
6 Broad Street, Woburn.

The Amen! of marriage is always a baby. Without it, wedlock is a summer field that never blooms, a flower that never buds, a night without stars, a sermon without a benediction, a prayer without an Amen.

There never was a husband worthy of the name, who did not aspire to be the father and the grandfather of healthy, capable children to hand down his name and the fortune accumulated by the sweat of his brow, from generation to generation. There never was a wife fit to bear that noble title, who did not wish to wear womanhood's most glorious crown, the sceptre of motherhood. Thousands of wedded couples, otherwise happy, fall short of wedlock's greatest happiness because they are childless. In the majority of cases, this is because the wife, through ignorance or neglect, suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. For women who suffer in this way there is one great medicine that does not fail to accomplish its purpose. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the shattered nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It quickens and vitalizes the distinctly feminine organism. It banishes the maladies of the expectant months and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and nourishment in plenty. It is the best supportive tonic for nursing mothers.

Mrs. Jennie Parks, of Marshall, Spokane Co., Wash., writes: "I am glad to tell of the good results of your great medicine,—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was benefited by your medicine in confinement. It gives me strength. I have no tired feeling and my baby is the picture of health. I feel better than I have in ten years."

In cases of constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used as an adjunct to the "Favorite Prescription," they are extremely simple, perfectly natural and insure prompt and permanent relief.

A BIT OF LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door
And sang as many times before.
A man to daily toil passed by.
No love nor pleasure lit his eye,
But when he heard the merry song
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churchyard slept,
But when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burning tears was staid,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain
And softly joined the sweet refrain.
Thus, all day long that one song bore
Its joyousness from door to door.

—Clara J. Denton in Ladies' Home Journal.

"TATTERS."

After baffling the unholy greed of the train conductor for tickets by flashing an annual pass in his face the country editor threw his feet upon the opposite seat and told the following story:

"Of course I didn't escape being a victim of the rage for 'woman's editions' which swept over the land a few months ago. The ladies of a local society for the amelioration of something or other descended upon me, and I surrendered, took two pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco and a fishing rod and decamped, leaving The Budget in their charge for one week, with the privilege of making all they could out of it. My printer was supposed to stay; but, being by classification a tramp and having a heavy board bill hanging over his head by a single hair, he embraced the opportunity, two hours after I had gone, to walk away down the railroad track. This left the mechanical end of the office at the mercy of the 'devil,' an inky imp called Tatters. The ladies were a good deal disturbed at the defection of the printer, but bravely decided to go ahead with Tatters and get out the paper. They called him in to give him some instructions. He stood before them wearing, as usual, a long apron stiff with ink, paste and unknown substances. The only thing which saved his face from being in the same condition as his apron was the fact that he was in the habit of constantly twisting it into so many shapes that the ink, paste and unknown substances on it never had time to stiffen. His hair pointed in all directions, like that of a jack in the box, and in his left hand he carried a section of a column of wet type.

"'What are you doing, Tatters?' inquired the lady who was president of the amelioration society, with some difficulty.

"'Throwin in,' answered the imp.

"'Throwing in what?'

"'Type.'

"'Into what?'

"'The case. Think I was throwin it into my hat?'

"The lady looked at him coldly, and he went on:

"'But I'm 'most through, and you'll hear me hollerin for copy in 'bout a quarter of a nour.' And he retreated to the composing room and slammed the door.

"The ladies were indignant, but there was clearly nothing to do but to grin and bear it. A few minutes later there came a most dismal, long drawn wail from the other room, which, after some effort, they managed to interpret as the promised 'hollerin.' It was followed by the appearance of Tatters' head at the door.

"'What is it?' asked the president, who had been chosen editor in chief, a little sharply.

"'Copy," returned Tatters. 'Did you think I was singin the Doxolergy?'

"'There is no copy ready yet. Can't you be doing something else?'

"'I can that.' And he snatched off his apron and started for the door. 'I can be goin fishin just as easy as not.'

"'Tatters,' cried the frightened editor, springing before the door, 'don't you dare to desert me. You stay here till some copy is ready for you.'

"Tatters retreated and put on his apron in an agitated frame of mind.

"A moment later one of the younger ladies, who had been appointed managing editor, took a roll of daintily written manuscript from her handbag and said:

"'Here, Tatters, is something which you can begin on.'

"Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it and said:

"'What is it—spring poetry?'

"'No, it's the essay that I read at commencement. We shall put it on the fourth page.'

"'What! The editorial page?' shrieked Tatters. 'Put such guff as that on the editorial page of The Budget. Not much.' And he tossed the manuscript on the table.

"'We shall certainly do as we see fit,' interposed the editor in chief with great dignity.

"'I resign,' cried Tatters, again tearing off his apron and throwing it behind him, where it struck in the city editor's lap, greatly to her dismay. 'I resign my posish, that's all. Here, if you want it in ink, gimme a pen. Lemme write it out in black 'n' white: "Dear Madam, I hereby resign my posish. (Signed) Tatters." Gimme a pen, I say.'

"'Tatters, be calm. Act reasonable,' said the editor in chief in a soothing tone. 'What shall we put on the editorial page?'

"'Editorials, of course,' he answered, slightly mollified.

"'On what subject?'

"'Tariff 'n' the currency.'

"'But we don't know anything about the tariff and the currency.'

"'Neither does the boss, but he writes two columns 'bout 'em every week. But if you can't do it write 'bout bikes.'

"This struck the ladies favorably, and one of them began writing an article on the bicycle craze, while the city editor handed Tatters an item, which he took, wrinkling up his nose, and, remarking that 'her question marks look like button hooks,' retreated to the composing room.

"For the rest of the day they kept him pretty well supplied with work. When not so provided, he spent his time perched on a high stool blowing a wheezy mouth organ and occasionally shouting 'copy' in an agonized tone. Once or twice something offended him, and he threatened to resign, but as the ladies immediately surrendered nothing came of it.

"The next two days passed in a somewhat uneventful manner. By giving him plenty of work he was kept reasonably quiet. There was not much trouble Thursday either, though shortly after noon he set up a loud roar, saying that he had been taken suddenly sick and was in mortal agony. The ladies asked him if they could not do something for him, but he only howled the louder and finally lay down on the floor upon his back and began pounding the boards fiercely with his heels. A doctor was called, but as soon as Tatters saw him he got up quickly and went back to work.

"'What's the trouble with you, young man?' inquired the doctor.

"'Antimony poison from the type,' answered Tatters dismally. 'I'll go off some day with it just like —scat. All good printers die of it sooner or later.'

"Tatters may have told the truth about his illness, but I learned later on that he had eaten his hatful of green apples at noontime, and you can draw your own conclusions.

"Friday was press day, and the ladies arrived at the office early. Tatters rushed into the front room, and, addressing himself confidentially to the city editor, said:

"'Say, want a bully item of news?'

"'Why, yes, Tatters, of course. What is it?'

"'Dog fight,' answered Tatters. 'Jim Beasley's dog and Deacon Ketcham's. Down by the postoffice. The deacon didn't want his dog to fight, but Jim didn't care. Set down and get your pencil—tell you all about it. You see, the dogs met, and Jim's dog sort of walked around the deacon's dog once or—what's the matter? Ain't you goin to use it?'

"The editor said she thought not.

"'What!' cried Tatters in consternation. 'Nothin about it, after I watched it and got all the facts or you?'

"'No, I don't think we care for it.'

"'Now, see here,' said Tatters, dropping his voice into a still more confidential tone, 'act reason'ble, as you say to me. I saw last night your paper was goin to be dull, that it needed livenin up—'tain't all your fault, it's a dead week. I saw this, I say, and what do you think I did this mornin, just to help you out?'

"'I don't know, Tatters. What was it?'

"Tatters came closer, sank his voice almost to a whisper, and said:

"'I drove the deacon's dog around to the place and then I sicked Jim's onto him. All to give you an item.'

"The lady was deeply touched by his devotion and said as much, but was forced to add that they could not mention a common dogfight in their edition.

"Tatters drew back and stood silently gazing at her. She expected nothing less than a final resignation on the spot. But his face showed sorrow rather than anger. The young lady thought she detected a tear, but this is not probable. For a half minute he did not move, then he said:

"'You couldn't use it in a funny way either, I s'pose? It was funny. The deacon pulled on his dog's tail, and Jim pulled on his dog's tail, though Jim didn't do any hard pulling—Jim may have pushed a little when the deacon wasn't noticing. You wouldn't let me write it up either, I s'pose?'

"'No, Tatters. I'd like to, but I can't.'

"Tatters turned back to the composing room, and not a sound was heard from him except the steady click of his type for an hour.

"It was about 11 o'clock when the editor in chief came into the office and said to the city editor:

"'I think there is an item of news for us out at Tarbox's on the Coopersville road. I hear that Mr. Tarbox has been injured by an unruly cow. It's only a mile and a half out there. Can't you go out on your bicycle and get the particulars?'

"There was a loud shout behind them, and Tatters burst in and ran through the room, shedding his apron in his flight and saying:

"'I'll attend to that, girls. I'm the wild cow editor of this paper. Back in ten minutes.'

"The editor in chief ran to the window and looked down into the street.

"'Goodness gracious!' she cried to the other, 'there he goes on your bicycle, riding like the wind and shouting for everybody to get out of the way of the wild cow editor. What shall we do now?'

"'I'll see if I can't catch him on your bicycle. And I'll go on and find out about the accident anyhow.'

"But though she was a good rider she might as well have tried to overtake an express train as the wild cow editor. Leaning over the handle bar and ringing the bell constantly, he never slackened his pace for the whole distance. When she arrived at Tarbox's, she found that he had got the facts, gone down a lane, and started back by another road. She saw Mr. Tarbox, got his story of the occurrence, and returned herself. Tatters was in the office, looking innocent and hard at work.

"'Don't say anything to him,' was the advice of the others. 'He'll surely resign if you do.'

"She wrote a paragraph about the accident, and it was sent in to Tatters with the last of the copy. In a few minutes he came out, holding the sheet of manuscript in his hand.

"'See here,' he said, 'are you going to print such stuff as this about that cow fight?'

"'What is it, Tatters?' asked the editor in chief.

"'Just listen,' answered Tatters. 'She says: "Yesterday forenoon Brookdale's worthy milkman, Mr. Tarbox, had a narrow escape. He had just separated a calf from its mother, when the latter became enraged and attacked him with her horns. He was badly shaken up, but escaped serious injury." Do you hear that?'

"'Yes. It seems to me all right. Put it in just as it is.'

"Tatters uttered a howl. 'I re'— Then he paused and was silent. He looked at the floor for a full minute, then he said: 'No. I'll stick to it. After all I've lived through this week it's too late to go now.' He went back to the other room and resumed his work.

"It was after supper that night before they got to press, but with the prospect of a good sum for ameliorating the unameliorated heathen, the ladies did not complain. Tatters' friend, Jim Beasley, had been engaged to come in and turn the crank of the press, while Tatters himself fed in the blank sheets and superintended the work. He seemed remarkably meek and pleasant, and the ladies all observed that they had not seen him in so amiable a frame of mind during the whole week. 'The bicycle ride did Tatters good,' they remarked. He appeared, however, to be in a great hurry, and constantly urged Jim to turn faster and advised the ladies to make haste with the folding and get the papers ready for the postoffice.

"It was a little before 11 o'clock that the edition was finished, and Tatters began taking the forms off the press. The ladies were in the front room. The editor in chief was glancing over the paper.

"'I don't see that item about Mr. Tarbox,' she said.

"The city editor opened another copy and began to run her eye down the columns. Suddenly she exclaimed:

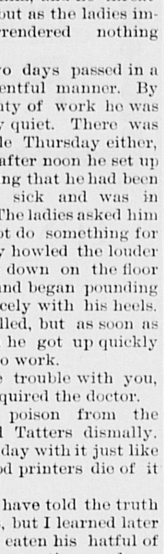
"'Why, what's this down in the corner?'

"'What is it?' cried the others in chorus. She read aloud:

"'Terrible Accident.—Yesterday forenoon, as old Bill Tarbox, the milkman, went into the barnyard to put a new handle on his pump, the old one being entirely worn out, he was attacked by a wild Texas cow. The critter had hydrophobia and was gnashing her teeth like a hyena and bellowing like an elephant. She was a large cow, higher than a horse, and had horns most a rod long. Tarbox fit her with the handle, but she tossed him 50 feet into the air and then caught him on the fly and h'isted him up again. This time he lit in a tree and was rescued by the hook and ladder company. The cow jumped a 16 foot fence and took to the woods. The mad cow editor of The Budget followed her and last saw her tearing up large hemlock trees with her horns. Tarbox is not expected to live. Full account of an interesting and important dogfight next week.'

"The ladies ran into the back room, but Tatters had escaped through the back door.

"I got home the next day and resumed charge of The Budget. But Tatters' item was a good thing for charity, after all, because, on account of it, a great many people bought the paper who would not otherwise have done so."—New York Tribune.



Stop lugging coal to dirty the house, over heat the kitchen, and waste fuel while you are not cooking. If you want to see how 2,000,000 housekeepers keep cool, avoid work and worry, and save cash, go buy a modern

VAPOR STOVE

and do your cooking with *Stove Gasoline*

You can do anything on a Vapor Stove that you can do on any other stove, and do it better, with less expense and trouble. It's safe as a coal stove, and the cost of operation is so small it is hardly worth considering. It will not heat the room. You light it in an instant, turn it out the moment you are done cooking.

If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.

HAPPY MOTHERS AND HEALTHY CHILDREN.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Goes Straight to the Cause of All Female Troubles and Assures a Healthy Maternity.

Mrs. M. Singer, 104 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y., writes to Mrs. Pinkham as follows:

"When I applied to you for advice I had been suffering some years from debility, nervousness, etc. I had had several miscarriages and was pregnant when I wrote to you.

"I am grateful to say that after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was considerably better, and after using three more it brought me where I am to-day. I am well, and the mother of a three-months' old baby.

"Doctors had failed to help me. I have no one to thank but Mrs. Pinkham and her wonderful remedy."

Mrs. Ella Dungan, Reeder's Mills, Iowa, writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I thank you for what your medicine and advice have done for me.

"I have a baby two months old. When he was born I was sick only fifteen minutes, whereas with my other children I was sick for two or three days, and also suffered with my left leg, and could get nothing to relieve the pain but morphine. My leg did not trouble me at all this time. I had no after pains and was not as weak as I had been before.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. May God bless you in your noble work."

Mrs. J. W. Pruett, Medford, Oregon, says:

"My health, also the baby's, we owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. John W. Long, Wyoming, Iowa, writes:

"I had shooting pains all over my body, was very weak and nervous. I could not straighten up. I wished to become a mother but was afraid I never could. Seventeen months ago I got some of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking half a bottle was much relieved. I took four bottles and was cured. Now I have a big baby boy which I feel I owe to your Compound. Many thanks for your kind advice."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

The modern nursery powder is Comfort Powder. The old Talcum powders are gradually making way for this new product of science, which has none of the irritating and disagreeable features of the old powders. At all druggists. 25 and 50 cents a box.

Comfort Powder

Testing Cornstalk Pith.

The American consul general at St. Petersburg gives this account of a trial of cornstalk pith made by the Russian admiralty board on the proving grounds at Peligon, near St. Petersburg:

"A cofferdam 6 feet long, 6 feet deep and 3 feet broad was packed with blocks of cellulose made from the pith of Indian corn stalks. The material was supplied by an American corporation. A 6 inch solid shot was fired through the dam, striking it about 20 inches from the bottom. The shot passed clear through both the iron walls and the cellulose packing. Less than half a pound of cellulose was carried out by the projectile. The water compartment of the dam was filled, giving a pressure of nearly five feet of water on the perforated surface. In just half an hour a moist spot began to show on the outer surface of the dam, but it was evident the moisture had come along the bottom of the packing and not along the path of the shot. In four hours no water had come through the shot's path.

"The experiment conclusively demonstrated that a ship provided with a cofferdam packed as was the one used in the experiment could be perforated five feet below the water line without the least danger of the entrance of water."

A Story of Palmerston.

A correspondent of the Etoile Belge tells a good story of Lord Palmerston. At a soiree of the Duc Decazes in 1847 Lord and Lady Palmerston, then in Paris, arrived too late for formal presentation to the two literary "lions," Dumas and Victor Hugo. Shortly before the company separated the host motioned to Dumas to leave a vacant chair between himself and his companion. With grave mien the British statesman conducted his wife thither. "What is the time, my lady?" "Half past 12, my lord." "Then I pray you remember that at that hour you sat between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo, an honor you may enjoy only once in a lifetime." So saying, he led his wife back to the hostess.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

MAKE HENS LAY

like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first

One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for many family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness,

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

HOW VENEERS ARE MADE.

The Woods Used—Sawed and Cut Veneers—The Marvelous Slicer.

Veneers are cut from almost all the finer woods, both native and foreign, including mahogany, birch, rosewood, ebony, satinwood, cedar, tulipwood, Hungarian ash, sycamore and others, veneers being used on pianos and other musical instruments, on furniture, doors and so on.

Some veneers are sawed and some are cut from the log by means of a knife. The sawed veneers are the better and more desirable, and they cost twice as much as cut veneers. More cut veneers are used, however. Twenty years ago 75 per cent of veneers were sawed and 25 per cent cut, but now these percentages have been reversed.

Some woods can be worked for veneers under the saw only, some can be either sawed or cut, and of such both kinds of veneers are made, but there are woods that practically are made in knife veneers only.

Veneers may be made of almost any degree of thinness, as, say, one one-hundredth of an inch. They are most commonly made for the many uses to which they are put in sawed veneers of a thickness of 26 to 30 to the inch and in cut veneers of a thickness averaging 30 to the inch. Of sawed veneers of such thickness but 12 to 13 can be produced from an inch of solid wood. The rest is lost in sawdust. There is no waste of material in making cut veneers.

Sawed veneers are cut, a single sheet from the log at a time, by a circular saw of between five and six feet in diameter, of a kind specially made for the purpose. The inner side of this saw—that is, the side toward the body of the log—is flat. The outer side of the flange, which is the disk of the saw, to which the teeth are attached, is made slightly concave, so as to throw the veneer a little clear of the saw as it comes along. If it were permitted to hug the saw, the thin sheet of wood would be burned or scorched by the friction. The saw is of course adjusted to run with the greatest nicety, and the squared log that is to be sawed into veneers is rigidly secured to the frame that carries it to the saw.

The cut veneers are shaved off on a simple but powerful and costly machine called a slicer, in which the log, securely held on a moving frame, is brought against a knife held rigidly. The knife of a slicer is perhaps 17 feet in length, made in two parts each 8½ feet in length, but perfectly joined, making one continuous knife 17 feet long. The knife is set horizontally, edge upward, in the face of what is called the knife bed, which is a ponderous casting immovably set. Extending along over the top of the knife bed and above the level of the knife edge is a massive casting called the cap. Attached to the front of the cap, horizontally, just above the knife edge, parallel with it and adjusted at a line back from it the thickness of the veneer that is to be cut, is what is called the pressure bar. The knife and the pressure bar so held, constitute in effect a gigantic plane, which is not moved to cut the thick shaving that it is made to produce, but which is held securely while the log from which the shaving is taken is brought against it.

The squared log from which the veneers are to be cut is rigidly secured horizontally by means of clamps to the face of what is called a stay log, this being in effect a log frame that is placed not horizontally, but with its face in a vertical position and opposite to that part of the machine in which the knife is held. There are many slats along in the stay log, at the top and bottom of which are clamps that are moved in their openings as may be required to clutch and hold firmly the log stretched along its face. The stay log moves in a vertical plane, but in a diagonal direction, on heavy slides.

Motion is communicated to the stay log by means of an arm attached to a rocker shaft, which thrusts the stay log upward and pulls it down on the slides with regular alternations. The motion of the stay log being diagonal in its direction, the wood is brought against the knife with a slicing movement. The stay log is adjustable with relation to the knife by means of a wheel something like a steering wheel, set at one end of the stay log apparatus.

To one unaccustomed to it the operation of the slicer seems almost marvelous. The stay log is thrust upward on the slides and drawn downward about as rapidly as a man would work a jack plane.

A Curiosity.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.

Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband, I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.—Strand Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 23.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. vi, 1-13—Memory Verses, 5-8—Golden Text, Isa. vi, 8. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple." Although King Uzziah died a leper, yet his life as a whole was "right in the sight of the Lord" (II Chron. xxvi, 4). There is a King who never dies, and He is on the throne of the universe. We are not qualified to serve Him as we should until we continually realize His position and our relationship to Him. The word "Lord" is Adonai, not Jehovah, and signifies my master or possessor. It was none other than the Son of God whom Isaiah saw (John xii, 41). Ezekiel was qualified for service by a vision of the Lord as a man upon the throne (Ezek. i, 26).

2. "Above it stood the seraphim." These holy beings are mentioned only in this chapter in the Bible, while cherubim are mentioned many times from Genesis to Revelation. I am persuaded that the cherubim represent the church, the body of Christ, as part of Himself, one with Him in His glory and power when the kingdom shall have come. The seraphim (burning ones) may possibly be identical with cherubim. Compare Rev. iv with this chapter.

3. "And one cried unto another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." Compare the only other thrice holy in Scripture in Rev. iv, 8. On the last clause of this verse see the marginal reading and compare chapters xi, 9; Num. xiv, 21; Hab. ii, 14. There is no self praise in heaven, but all unite in glorifying Him who alone is worthy to be praised. No flesh shall glory in His presence. The Lord alone shall be exalted in that day (I Cor. i, 29, 31; Isa. ii, 11, 17).

4. "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried and the house was filled with smoke." In Ex. xix, 18; Isa. iv, 5, smoke and cloud are associated with the presence of the Lord. We think also of the pillar of cloud that led Israel and of the tabernacle and temple filled with His glory at their dedication (Ex. xl. 34; I Kings viii, 10, 11).

5. "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone." As the prophet saw the King in His glory he was filled with a sense of his own unworthiness. Compare Job xlii, 5, 6; Dan. x, 8; Rev. i, 17. To serve the Lord as we should we must not only be filled with a sense of His worthiness, but also with a deep sense of our own unworthiness. Not wisdom of words, but the power of God is to do the work. Not any might or power of ours, but His Spirit. This is His way (I Cor. ii, 4, 5; Zech. iv, 6).

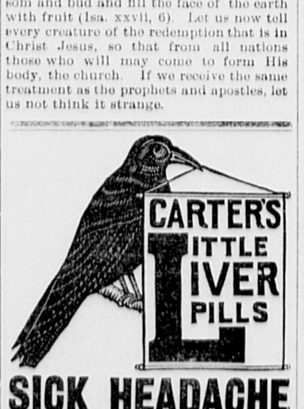
6. "A live coal from off the altar." The brazen altar in tabernacle and temple is suggestive of the work of Christ on Calvary for us, when He shed His own blood for our sins, gave Himself a sacrifice for sin once for all. The golden altar speaks of His present work of intercession for us. By the one we are saved and by the other we are kept day by day.

7. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." The mouth suggests the heart, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh (Math. xii, 34; xv, 18). Nothing but the sacrifice of Christ can take away our sins or give us a clean heart. No works of ours can help. It is His work alone that does it, and we must accept it as His gift, as Adam and Eve accepted the coats of skins which the Lord Himself provided by the shedding of blood (Gen. iii, 21; Rom. vi, 23).

8. "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." To bring the time when the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord messengers must go forth in His name and proclaim His name and declare His doings, that He may be exalted (Isa. xii, 4). These messengers must be redeemed people, knowing their sins forgiven, recognizing as their Lord the one living and true God, who says "Whom shall I send?" and also the Trinity, who say, "Who will go for us?" When we remember that although in ourselves utterly unworthy, we are yet commissioned by a King, even the King of kings, having all power in heaven and on earth, and that He is in heaven for us, ordering and arranging all the details of the work which He would have us do, or rather do through us, it gives great quickness and confidence in His service.

9, 10. "And He said, Go and tell this people." Then follows a commission which sounds anything but encouraging, for he is told that the people will not perceive what he is setting before them nor understand his message. The commission to Jeremiah and Ezekiel was in somewhat similar terms (Jer. i, 17-19; Ezek. iii, 7-9; xxxiii, 30-32). The words of these verses in Isaiah are quoted three times in the New Testament (Math. xiii, 14, 15; John xii, 40; Acts xxviii, 26, 27), and also referred to in Rom. xi, 8. When our Lord sent forth the twelve, He said, "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves (Math. x, 16). He afterward taught them that not all the seed sown would bear fruit, that tares would grow with the wheat, that birds would get in the branches and that the food would become leavened, but He also told them for their encouragement of the treasure and the pearl and that He had given up all to buy the field and the pearl. He is not discouraged, He shall be satisfied, the kingdom shall be the Lord's, and every purpose of the Lord shall be performed (Isa. xlii, 4; liii, 11; Obadiah 21; Jer. li, 29).

11-13. "Then said I, Lord, how long?" The Lord's purposes seem slow of fulfillment, and it oft seems to our eyes like prolonged and unnecessary delay, but the time will come when there shall be delay no longer (Rev. x, 6, R. V., margin), and we shall see that for all seeming delay there has been a cause (Ezek. xiv, 23). Isaiah was a messenger to Judah (Isa. i, 1), and our Lord Himself and His apostles were sent first to Israel, but it has come to pass as He said, and Israel has been removed far away and her land is desolate. Yet the Lord's portion, a faithful remnant, has always been in Israel, even in her worst days, and shall yet burst forth into much life to the glory of God. When the trees cast their leaves, they seem to be dead, but the life being there becomes manifest in due time. There will be a springtime for Israel when she shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvii, 6). Let us now tell every creature of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, so that from all nations those who will may come to form His body, the church. If we receive the same treatment as the prophets and apostles, let us not think it strange.



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A School Girl's Nerves.

This record is of especial value to parents. It's a message from a loving mother dedicated to the mothers of growing girls. A truthful narrative of the utmost interest and import.

It is important that the nerves are carefully guarded. Mothers who have young daughters of school age should watch their health more carefully than their studies.

The proper development of their bodies is of first importance.

After the confinement of the school room, plenty of out-door exercise should be taken. It is better that children never learn their a, b, c's, than that by overstudy they lose their health.

All this is self-evident. Everyone admits it—everyone knows it, but everyone does not know how to build the health up when once broken down, even the best physicians failing at times.

The following method of Mrs. Stephen Barnes, whose post office address is Burney, Ind., if rightly applied, may save your daughter.

When her daughter Lucy was at that critical girlhood age of twelve years she grew weak and nervous.

"Previously she had been a bright, healthy young girl," says Mrs. Barnes, "She was diligent and progressive in her studies.

"It became necessary, however, for her to leave school.

"She was overtaxed mentally and physically.

"Her nerves were at such a tension that the least noise irritated her.

"She had continual twitching in the arms and lower limbs and symptoms of St. Vitus' dance.

"Her blood was out of order she was thin and pale, almost lifeless. In three months she lost twenty-three pounds.

"We did everything possible for her, and she had the best of medical treatment.

"Several skilled physicians attended her, but no benefit was apparent.

"A family friend visiting us, told how her daughter had been similarly affected, but cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"She urged us to try the pills, and we finally consented.

"We have always rejoiced that we did.

"The pills helped Lucy at once, and after taking eight boxes she was entirely cured.

"She is now in perfect health, strong, weighs ten pounds more than ever before, and her cheeks are full of color.

"Two years of schooling were missed on account of ill health, but now she can gratify her ambition to study and become an educated woman."

The reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were helpful in the above case, is that they are composed of vegetable remedies which act directly on the impure blood, the foundation of disease.

As the blood rushes through all parts of the body, the conveyer of good or bad health, it is necessary that it should be pure, rich and red.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood by supplying its life giving elements which nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus drives disease from the system.

The pills are in universal demand and sold by all druggists.

Literary Notices.

Recognizing the growing desire in the United States to establish closer relations with our Canadian neighbors, and that New Englanders in particular will feel an increased interest in whatever pertains to the land just over their northern border, the New England Magazine offers to its readers in its October number an admirable article by W. D. Lighthall on the city of Montreal. A fine general view of the city forms the frontispiece of the number and is but one of many fine illustrations which appear with the article. Mr. Lighthall, the author, is a well known citizen of Montreal, and pays a fine tribute to his home, dealing interestingly with its early history as well as with its life at the present day. Another finely illustrated article is that on The Arnold Arboretum, by William Howe Downes, art editor of the Boston *Transcript*, which opens this issue of the magazine. Mr. Downes' contribution is one of the series of papers on the Metropolitan park system now running in the magazine. That the Arboretum is more than a mere park does not detract from its beauty and adds much to its interest. Mr. Downes describes its many attractions in a most appreciative way, and the illustrations which appear in connection have been especially prepared. Other articles are: The Home of Sophia and Oliver Smith, The Great Shell Mounds of Damariscotta (Maine), A Forgotten Friend of America, Henry Seymour Conway, Forest Preservation in the State of New York, Early and Late with the Birds. The stories of this number are of unusual merit, one being a story of the Indian reservation, entitled Beast or Brother? the other, a Scion of the Covenant. There is much good poetry. The Editor's Table is devoted to Chas. Sumner's efforts for Universal Peace, the criticisms upon Sumner by President Eliot at the last Harvard Commencement being warmly controverted. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessity in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

A Locust Plague In Africa.

The largest locust swarm I ever witnessed I find recorded in my diary under date Sept. 16 of the same year. Being on that date at the Limbi plantation, about six miles from Blantyre, I saw them passing, like a dense cloud, some distance to the westward. Returning to the mission on the following morning, I saw, as I find noted, "the trees beyond the Nasolo brown with locusts, the stream full of them and not fit to drink"—in fact, it was black and loathly; the word may pass unchallenged this time. I remember being struck, some distance off, by the strange appearance of the trees. They looked all brown and dead, whereas, though this was winter, they should in those parts have shown a fair proportion of green.

I asked my hammock boys what they made of this unusual phenomenon—were the trees burned or what?—and they replied, "Dzombe." As we drew nearer we saw them roosting in the branches in clinging masses, almost like swarms of bees. It was a damp, chilly morning, with a driving Scotch mist, and doubtless they felt no inclination to turn out. Later in the day I find the following entry: "Went to Mlomba's, saw Che Ndombo, who says the locusts have eaten the mbelemende." They were getting sharp set by this time.—Longman's Magazine.

A Pauper's Contribution.

A poor workman of Cologne, known by every one not to possess a farthing, put down his name for 20 marks ($5) on a subscription list which was circulated in the city in order to purchase a present for Bismarck's seventieth birthday. The workman was receiving an allowance from the public relief fund, and the overseer of the parish, seeing his name on the subscription list, sent for the man and said to him: "Now, what do you mean by this? Aren't you getting parish pay?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I should like to know how you are able to give 20 marks toward the testimonial to Prince Bismarck."

"I don't intend to give them, sir, if you please."

"Well, what did you put your name down for, then?"

"Why, I haven't paid anything, and when they come for the money I shall just ask them to let me off with so many days in jail."

The poor fellow was much disappointed to learn that police court methods would not work in this case.

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A LOCAL Disease. A Climatic Affection.

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure it. Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy,

ELY'S Cream Balm

It is quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation.

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COLD IN HEAD

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full Size 50c.; Trial Size 10c., at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Our Motto: Quality before Quantity.

JOSEPH LINNELL,

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.

406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.

Telephone 14-2.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 19, 1896

Ely Bros., Dear Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed. Yours truly,

(Rev.) H. W. Hathaway.

No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A Fig For Him.

"A fig for your dates," as the Smyrna man said to the Tunisian, the latter being, of course as an African, chronologically perfect. But why should that fruit, the fig, be held so cheap? Why do we say, "A fig for him?" A folklorist finds that the Portuguese, to prevent the influence of the evil eye on their asses and mules, hung around the neck of their animals an amulet which they called a "figa." Southey, so a correspondent writes to Notes and Queries, took the pains to tell what was the Portuguese nonsense.

But, with all respect to folklore, we fail to see that the story points to any thing at all. Figs, when found where they grow, are sold at a comparatively low cost, and, besides that, a bushel of fresh figs is not as good to eat as a single apple or peach.—New York Times.

The Matter of Fact Girl.

In the county of Wicklow lies the picturesque vale of Avoca, famous in song. Here is the confluence of two rivers, the Avonmore and Avonbeg, which bears the name of "The Meeting of the Waters." Two British tourists chanced to meet at this spot a girl bearing a pitcher of water, of whom they inquired the name of the river. "The Meeting," was the prompt reply. "Oh, we know that," quoth the tourists, "but what river is it—what name do you call it by?" "Och!" said the girl, "I never call it at all; it always comes of itself."—London Spectator.

Our little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee; and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Bays, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6..0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

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Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

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VIVE LA FRANCE.

[A sentiment offered at the dinner to H. I. H. the Prince Napoleon at the Revere House, Sept. 25, 1861.]

The land of sunshine and of song!
Her name your hearts divine.
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose breasts have poured its wine.
Our trusty friend, our true ally,
Through varied change and chance.
So fill your flashing goblets high.
I give you, "Vive la France!"

Above our hosts in triple folds
The selfsame colors spread
Where valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red.
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's glance—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west.
Once more, then, "Vive la France!"

Sister in trial, who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
Our conquering arms advance
And victory's double garlands twine
Our banners? "Vive la France!"

Oh, land of heroes, in our need
One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed—
The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one captain of thy past
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle blast
To rouse us. "Vive la France!"

Pluck Conde's baton from the trench,
Wake up stout Charles Martel
Or find some woman's hand to clench
The sword of La Pucelle.
Give us one hour of old Turenne,
One lift of Bayard's lance.
Nay, call Marengo's chief again
To lead us. "Vive la France!"

Ah, hush! Our welcome guest shall hear
But sounds of peace and joy.
No angry echo vex thine ear,
Fair daughter of Savoy!
Once more the land of arms and arts,
Of glory, grace, romance.
Her love lies warm in all our hearts.
God bless her! "Vive la France!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

The great organ at Haarlem was pouring forth a volume of sound into the church of St. Bavorek, where a few American and English tourists had gathered to hear the recital. One of the latter was still a girl in appearance, though the dress which fitted her graceful form to such perfection was that of a widow in the stage of very much mitigated woe.

Her dark eyes wandered from an open letter in her lap, as if glad to leave it. They rested on the 28 columns of the church, lately divested of the whitewash with which the early reformers had so zealously coated them. She gazed up to the roof, where hang the little ships which commemorate the victories of Count William of Holland during the fifth crusade, then she looked away to where a bullet imbedded in the wall remained as a visible token of the Spanish siege.

"Now that I am at last free, why should I go back to England and submit myself again to Henrietta's yoke? She wants to lead me into captivity, and so she can afford to be very affectionate just now," glancing again at the letter and reading:

"When do you return? Every one is asking for you. It is such a brilliant season, and, as more than a year has elapsed since your sad bereavement, dear Sibyl, you might begin to take part in a few gayeties."

Sibyl folded up the letter impatiently.

"Oh, Henrietta, what a hypocrite you are!" she murmured. "You know better than any one else what my life with George was, but you must still observe the conventionalities. When you made me give up the man I cared for to marry the most unpopular person in town at 18, you told every one that it was a love match. Now, after six years, you maintain appearances. No, Henrietta, I am not going back."

The organ died away into silence, and rousing her companion — a meek, middle aged woman, who was profuse in her apologies for having slept during the music—Lady Armitage left the church.

Outside they stopped to look at the statue of Laurence Coster, supposed inventor of the art of printing.

"Look at him," she cried gayly. "How shocked you used to be with me in the old schoolroom days when I wished that he had never been born. I attributed all my trials to him—poor Laurence Coster! You and I never thought that we should stand by his statue together, did we, Lammie?"

A passerby paused at the sound of her words and came up to them with a bright smile on his pleasant face.

"Lady Armitage—I thought I was not mistaken—and Miss Lambert! How glad I am to see you again! It is six years since we met, and I have been in India for five—a large slice out of one's life. One hardly expects to be remembered. Are you staying here?"

"No, we are going on to Amsterdam this evening," Sibyl answered, finding her voice with difficulty and looking nervously at the speaker.

"I am staying there, too, so we shall meet. You are driving out to Bloomendaal now? Au revoir."

And, helping them into their carriage, he turned away.

"Captain Hunter is very little changed," observed Miss Lambert. "He looks older, of course, but still I should have known him anywhere. I wonder if he is married? He did not say 'we,' but 'I,' so perhaps he is not."

"Has he forgotten me?" she murmured to herself. "Does he remember me only as a pleasant acquaintance? I can never forget. Every hour of those few weeks stands out in my memory as if it were only yesterday—from the day when I first met him until we said goodby forever. But for Henrietta we might have been so happy. Why did she spoil my life?"

Mrs. Mannering had certainly played a leading role in the drama of her young stepsister's destiny.

She had no children of her own and received complete control of the little orphan who became her charge at the age of 7.

Sibyl was then an indulged and wayward child, but a short experience of Henrietta's discipline altered her surprisingly.

Only to kind, sympathetic Miss Lambert did any sign of the original Sibyl show itself. Her love made up in some measure for Henrietta's coldness, which was never relaxed.

No one at Gray Towers ever rebelled against Mrs. Mannering's dominion. Her husband, and her servants alike, trembled before her and flew to obey her. One icy word was more effectual than the severest scolding from another.

When Sibyl was nearly 18, her sister was called from home by the serious illness of an aunt, whose heiress she hoped to be. She remained away so long that discipline at Gray Towers was much relaxed.

Little Mr. Mannering, who was a sociable soul, rode his cob every day to the county town, where he foregathered with the officers of the Westshire regiment, and in return invited them to luncheons and dinners innumerable.

His young sister-in-law made her appearance at all these entertainments, chaperoned by Miss Lambert. Sibyl was delighted to be emancipated and looked upon it as the most halcyon period of her life.

There was no Henrietta to frown down her happiness. She laughed and sparkled unrebuked and won the heart of—alas—no eligible, but Keith Hunter, the son of an impecunious Scotch laird.

Mr. Mannering was delighted at the little romance. Hunter was a good fellow, and as to means, why, he and Henrietta had enough and to spare, so could afford to make the young couple happy.

They were such a charming pair —the tall, fair Scotchman and the small, dark, piquant English girl.

One day, without any warning, the blow fell. Henrietta's aunt died, leaving her only a small legacy. She returned, angry and disappointed at the result of her weeks of care and attention to her ungrateful relative. Affairs at home were not calculated to smooth her down. She found a disorganized household, a husband who had dared to assert himself, a governess who had taken part in the rebellion, instead of notifying her employer, and, worst of all, a schoolroom girl broken loose and engaged to a subaltern in a marching regiment.

Henrietta said very little, but in a few days the whole aspect of things had changed. The officers found that the preserves at Gray Towers were henceforth reserved for the county magnates. No more invitations either to shoot or dine reached the barracks.

Miss Lambert was dismissed, and Sibyl was made to feel once more like a naughty child. The old habit of obedience quickly asserted itself, and before Sibyl had been "out" a month she found herself engaged to Sir George Armitage and married off with all possible haste.

She did not care to recall the years that followed. Sir George was more than twice her age, a dyspeptic, ill tempered, yellow visaged little man, no kinder to his pretty wife than to the rest of the world.

When his death released her, she found it difficult to assume a decent appearance of sorrow. His brother succeeded to the title and estates. Sibyl had a good income secured to her, and at 23 the world was before her to wander where she would.

Sibyl's maid found her unusually difficult to please that evening. It was some time before her thick, dark locks were arranged to her satisfaction. The table d'hote dinner had already commenced before the English ladies made their appearance.

There were few tourists so early in the year. The Dutch habitues of the hotel were already noisily discussing their soup as Lady Armitage entered, and the ubiquitous German waiter flew to place her chair next that of Keith Hunter. She did not guess that the venial Teuton had been bribed beforehand to do so. She merely noted the conventional smile of greeting, the ordinary small talk of friendly acquaintance, which replaced the ardor of the past. She would rather have met reproaches than this unbroken calm, but she resigned herself to circumstances, laughing and talking so naturally that no outsider would have guessed that she and the man beside her had kissed and parted in the long ago.

A few days sped by in sightseeing. The shops in the Kulver straat were an irresistible attraction to Sibyl, who squandered sums of money on old silver, blue delft and other treasures.

One day the little party of three went by steamship down the Y to Zaandam, on the usual pilgrimage to the hut where Peter the Great lived while studying shipbuilding there. Arrived at the hovel, to which they were the only pilgrims that day, Miss Lambert cried nervously: "What a little dark place! I am quite content to look at the outside, without venturing in." So Keith Hunter stooped his lofty head and followed Sibyl alone.

The dim light revealed bare walls, ornamented only by portraits of the great czar and his Catherine. Sibyl's foot slipped on the uneven floor. She stumbled, and would have fallen had not Keith caught her in his arms. He held her closely for a moment as he whispered, "Darling, have you forgotten?" Their lips met, but parted suddenly as a too well known voice outside exclaimed:

"In there, do you say, Miss Lambert?"

The rustling of a stiff silk skirt was heard, a large presence filled the doorway, and Henrietta entered. The culprits trembled, as in a would be playful voice she cried:

"Here's a surprise for you. We've taken advantage of the Whitsuntide recess to come over and see what the attractions are that have kept you so long in Holland. We came straight on to Amsterdam from Flushing, and they told us at the hotel where you were. What a dark hole! Come out into the light of day, child."

Sibyl obeyed, feeling very young and very naughty, as she always did in Henrietta's presence. Miss Lambert was nervously making conversation for a small and mild mannered man who gazed in a startled manner at his formidable spouse, when he saw who was Sibyl's companion.

Henrietta kept her piercing eyes fixed upon Sibyl's flushed face.

"It must have been very hot in there," she remarked austerely.

"Not very," said Sibyl hastily. "Henrietta, don't you remember Captain Hunter?"

Mrs. Mannering looked as if she were ransacking the recesses of her memory. Then, endowing him with two fingers and an icy smile, she turned her back.

"There's nothing more to see here," she said. "We'll drive to Zaandyk. That is the correct thing to do." For Henrietta, armed with a guidebook, always knew more of a foreign land than even the natives themselves. "We'll take two of those extraordinary market carts which pass for carriages here. William, you go with Miss Lambert. Sibyl and I have so much to say to each other." And marshaling her party she was gone.

Captain Hunter, left forlornly in the czar's hut, saw his ladylove whirled away from him without time for a word. He muttered a malediction on Henrietta as he returned to Amsterdam, thinking:

"Confound the woman! She turns up at the most awkward time. She ruined my life once, and she'll do it again if she can."

Sibyl, carried off like some captive princess by a fiery dragon, cared little for the quaint toy box scenery through which she passed. She turned a listless ear to the platitudes of her stepsister, who avoided the subject of Captain Hunter and was in an unusually gracious mood.

At dinner Sibyl was hemmed in by her relatives and could only exchange a smile with Keith. She was carried off to Henrietta's private sitting room afterward, and so the evening passed. Next morning, feeling that the case was a desperate one and demanded desperate remedies, Sibyl walked boldly up to him, under Henrietta's very eyes, saying, with a fine assumption of courage:

"We are going to The Hague and Scheveningen today, Captain Hunter. Will you come too?"

Henrietta looked daggers, but said nothing, and the expedition started.

Sibyl soon found that her revolt was unsuccessful, for no moment of that day did she escape from under her stepsister's ample wing—not a word could she exchange alone with Keith.

Henrietta's eye was everywhere. She kept her party well in view, and relentlessly whipped up any stragglers.

The sense of restraint irritated Sibyl. The day had been one of disappointment, and she felt that she could bear no more. Arrived again at Amsterdam, she threw herself on her bed, exclaiming:

"Now, Lammie, if you allow Henrietta near me again tonight I shall go mad. Tell her that I have a headache and must not be disturbed. I want no dinner—nothing but peace and quiet."

Miss Lambert departed, and Sibyl spent a couple of hours in solitude, lamenting the hard fate which had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips just as she was about to drink it.

A cautious, creaking footstep roused her.

"I thought you ought to have this letter, my dear. It is from Captain Hunter. Mrs. Mannering has been having a long talk with him. He ate no dinner to speak of and looked so pale. He is packing in his room now, and Mrs. Mannering has taken her husband to the theater."

Sibyl tore it open and read the few lines:

"I am leaving tonight, after a long talk with your sister. She has shown me, even more convincingly than in the past, what a selfish beast I should be to make you my wife. She reminds me that I am as ineligible as ever, with only the difference between a subaltern's and a captain's pay. This wek has been the happiest of my life. I shall never forget it—or you. Goodby.

"K. H."

Sibyl sprang to her feet.

"Lammie, go at once to Captain Hunter and ask him to join me in Henrietta's room."

She smoothed her rebellious locks and looked her loveliest in the eyes of the man who met her.

"What is the use of this?" he asked despondently. "Why torture me further? It can never be, and another parting is more than I can bear."

"Why can it not be?" asked Sibyl. It was no moment for scruples.

"Because I cannot ask you to share my poverty and forfeit all that makes life pleasant by marrying me, as your sister says you must."

"Quite true," answered Sibyl calmly. "I forfeit my jointure as Sir George Armitage's widow, but not the £50,000 which I inherited from my father. And on that, I think, we might manage to live and spare a little for poor old Lammie. It is leap year, Keith. Will you marry me?"

"Will I?" was all he said, but it was enough.

It seemed a very short time before Henrietta, full of the pride of victory, sailed into the room. Her triumphant smile changed to a look of horror.

"Sibyl," she cried, "I thought you were ill in bed. And Captain Hunter! I expected that you were on your way to Flushing."

"No," said Sibyl, smiling, "he is not going until I do. I have just been asking him to marry me."

For once in her life Henrietta was silent and obliged to acknowledge herself defeated.—Household Words.

Constipation
Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

On an Old Time Railroad.

Years ago railroad travel wasn't as well developed as it is today. A passenger on the old Peninsula railroad, between Battle Creek and Lansing, Mich., tells of a ride he took many years ago. Not only was the road rough and dangerous, but after going for some time at a snail's pace the train stopped suddenly in the midst of a deep forest. For half an hour the engine puffed energetically, but the train did not start. At last the passengers grew discouraged and got off to see what the matter was. They found that the fireman had run out of fuel, having used his last stick of wood. Accordingly the trainmen and passengers went off into the woods, picked up fallen limbs and logs, dragged them up to the track and loaded them into the tender. At last the fireman got up steam enough to blow the whistle, the passengers climbed aboard, and the train started. In a few minutes, however, it stopped again. Two of the leaders of the wood crusade went out and found several cows lying on the track in front of the engine. They helped the brakeman drive them off, and then the train started again, finally pulling into Lansing safe and sound.—Chicago Record.

Plague Conditions.

The conditions favoring plague are similar to those favoring typhus fever—namely, crowd poisoning, bad ventilation and drainage, impure water supply, famine or imperfect nourishment and inattention to sanitary requirements. It is probable of this disease, as of yellow fever, that human habitations and the ground may become so thoroughly infected as to establish endemicity. The bacillus may infect food and water, though how long it will retain its virility in water is as yet undetermined. Clothing and other personal effects, bedding, etc., may be infected through the discharges. The bacillus is not killed by drying, as is the case with the cholera bacillus, and may be carried in the dust arising through the cleansing of dwelling houses which plague patients have occupied.—Surgeon General Walter Wyman in North American Review.

Why Tabby For Cat?

A Florentine authority says that when we use the word "tabby" associated with cat we go back to the time when Mohammed named Attab governor of Mecca. Then, later on, there was a quarter in Bagdad called "Atta Biyah," where cloth was made of silk and cotton, which material was famous in the eleventh century. The Spanish Moors made this stuff, which was striped, and so in time "tabby cloth" became common in Europe; hence in low Latin "attabi," in Spanish "tabbi," in French "tabis" and in German "tabin." Pepys tells of "taby waistcoat with gold lace," and in the eighteenth century there are many references to "tabby silks" worn by great ladies. Today in the south tabby means a striped stuff.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A VISION.

(Written for the Boston Journal.)

I saw in a marvelous vision
The angel-guarded gates
Of the land of the sweet elysium
Where many a loved one waits;
And I heard, oh heavenly rapture!
The song that the angels know,
And sweetest of all the voices
Was one I had known below.

No longer it chilled with longing,
Nor trembled with choking tears,
No pain nor alarm nor sorrow
They know through the golden years,
And I threw my heart in the balance,
Nor cared for its loss and pain,
Since I knew that the one so cherished
Would never know grief again.

O, heart, by the stormclouds frightened,
No day is so dark or long
But the shadows shall be lightened,
And the evening break in song;
Cling close to the Unseen Helper,
To His strong right hand hold fast,
And peace, like a bird of promise,
Shall brood in thy heart at last!

—*Nelly H. Woodworth.*

Local News.

— The rain and wind last Saturday disrobed many trees. Their yellow and scarlet dresses looked bad after the storm was over.

— Mr. George H. Ayer, a Veteran of the Civil War, has received an appointment to a good position in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

— The Telephone Company are putting their wires under ground which will do away with a lot of ugly poles on the streets. Sooner or later all electric wires will be served in the same way.

— If the plan of the leather makers of the country to stop manufacturing for a long season in order to bring down the cost of hides goes through it will seriously effect this city. Nearly all of our laboring people, a great many of them, mostly with families to support, are employees of the leather factories, and if these shut down in accordance with the plan under consideration it is easy to see that the consequences would be disastrous not only to them but to business generally. The papers say the scheme is well advanced, and that suspension of leather making is sure to come.

— The numerous conflicting stories floating about on the streets respecting the sad death of the McHugh sisters last Monday, every one of which was untrue in whole or part, went to show how little dependence can be placed on what one hears. It is next to impossible to get a true and exact account of anything that happens, even eye witnesses, or participants in the occurrance, being generally unable to agree as to what really took place. And yet the newspapers are blamed, and often severly scored, for sometimes failing to obtain and state accurately all the facts in the case or for getting them a little bit twisted. The simple truth is, no two persons can tell the same story alike, although each may know it perfectly.

Three Doctors in Consultation.

From Benjamin Franklin.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best, to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best is to be chosen in the last place. But if you can get *Dr. Inclination*, *Dr. Experience* and *Dr. Reason* to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be taken."

When you have a bad cold Dr. Inclination would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is prepared on scientific principles, and acts on nature's plan in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

About Glass Houses.

The Woburn JOURNAL deplores the the demoralized state of Wakefield society as instanced by the prize fight of recent date. "To be sure," says the JOURNAL, "the report of the fight did not state in terms that many of Wakefield's best citizens were present, but the public are at liberty to draw their own conclusions." It isn't so very long ago that "fights" were legalized in Woburn, and the JOURNAL's editor should not forget the ancient injunction about glass houses and stone throwing.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Of course he shouldn't.

Eats What He Likes.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I can now eat almost anything I wish. I was also troubled with catarrh and could not breathe through my nostrils. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have been relieved." MRS. F. GERTRUDE NYE, P. O. Box 31, River Point, R. I.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

☞ If Flynn, the young showman of Lawrence who thinks he is running for Congress in this District, wants to get any votes in Woburn he should show up here early and often. At anyrate, he ought to get somebody to circulate his name in this part of the District, for there isn't 1 Democrat in 40 who knows what it is. At most he will get but a slim vote in this city. Like himself his engineers here are nothing but "young upstarts," while the wheelhorses of the Democracy refuse to have anything to do with him. He's "a dead cock in the pit"—Flynn is.

☞ On October 18, 1868, the American Flag was first raised over Alaska in proof of the sovereignty of the United States over that territory. On October 18, 1898, just 30 years after taking possesion of Alaska, the American Flag was raised at San Juan in token of the sovereignty of the United States over Porto Rico, late a Spanish possession. The date should be honored, for it is an important one in our history.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1898.

THE MAYOR'S VETO.

Notwithstanding the formidable opposition to it in the Board the School Committee voted to buy the Kelley property on Main and Church streets for the proposed new schoolhouse provided the City Council would appropriate the $14,000 required. In ignorance of all the facts of the case on the part of some of the Aldermen, it is claimed, the necessary order was passed. As evidence of such lack of knowledge the opposition say that more than one Alderman thought the proposed purchase included all of the Kelley estate, whereas there was excepted from it the large residence and 18,000 feet of land.

On Friday Mayor Feeney vetoed the order of the City Council appropriating the money with which to pay for the Kelley site. His objection to it was based largely on the exorbitant price which the School Board had agreed to pay for the property. He made out a case that could not be fazed. The property had, so it is said, been offered for 11 1-2 cents a foot; it could have been bought a little earlier for 8 cents a foot; a better spot across the street sold last week for 12 cents a foot; and the Board had bargained to pay about 20 cents a foot.

When the public, especially the taxpayers, got to comprehend the true meaning of the veto, as they very soon did, Mayor Feeney was warmly applauded for his course. He doubtless had in reserve other reasons almost equally cogent for vetoing the order of the Council besides those given but deemed a statement of them at that time unnecessary.

On Wednesday evening last a special meeting of the City Council was held to act on the Mayor's veto. A motion to pass the order over the Mayor's objections was lost and the veto sustained. Motion for reconsideration was made and laid over for a week.

CONGRESSMAN KNOX.

The prospect for Mr. Knox's election is as bright as could be asked for. He has a weak man for an opponent, but it is not on that account wholly, or largely, that his success at the polls is assured; rather, it is for the reason that he is a strong candidate, personally and in the record he has made as a Representative. He is able, also true as steel; the people know it and therefore they propose to keep him in Congress awhile longer. They couldn't do any better if they should try.

The Congressional elections in Massachusetts and the country are of the greatest importance this year. They are vital. Should the Democrats secure a majority in the next National House the good fruits of the War with Spain would be lost. No doubt of it. If this is questioned read their platforms and speeches. The only way to enjoy these fruits is to "stand by the President," and the only way to do this effectually is to elect a Republican House.

HON. JOSHUA B. HOLDEN.

Senator Joshua B. Holden, one of the solid citizens of Boston, a gentleman of unbounded popularity, is a candidate for member of the Governor's Council, and is likely to be elected. His District is a Democratic stronghold, but that don't signify where Mr. Holden is a candidate for the suffrages of the people, a staunch Republican although he be, for his popularity overrides party lines and he generally gets there without much trouble.

After two years of the very best of service on the State Senate to give him a seat in the Executive Council would seem to be the right thing for the Boston people to do; and then the step is so short and easy from that to the seat in Congress to which he will be elected in 1900.

WOOD AND GRIMES.

The re-election of Representatives Wood and Grimes is not doubted for a moment by anybody who knows anything of the situation. No one expresses the opinion that they will have a close shave even. Intelligent Democrats give it up.

Bartlett and Flanders, the Democratic candidates, are good men personally and have many friends in business and social life, but they are on the wrong side of the political fence and cannot hope to receive more than their party vote. It is likely they will fall below it.

Neither Wood, Grimes or the Republicans of the District are worrying in the least over the election.

JAN. 1, 1899.

President McKinley has extended the time for the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish soldiers to January 1, 1899, at which date every mother's son of them must leave the Island. Our soldiers will occupy many cities and points before that date, taking the place of departed Spaniards. Havana will be the last place to be evacuated.

At Paris things are moving on all right. There will be no serious trouble among the Commissioners. The American Commissioners notified the Spanish Commissioners last Monday that the United States would not pay the Cuban debt or any part of it. That ended the wosted.

THE CHARTER COMMITTEE.

We conclude from reports which reach this office that a strong feeling exists among voters that the citizens movement for the election of city officers should be tried again this fall and that the nominations be delegated to the Charter Committee which is still in existence. Their work last year was a decided improvement on previous nominations and we have an idea that they would accept the trust again, although it is not altogether an agreeable one. To place the nominations in the hands of the Committee is certainly working in the right direction and we hope the plan will prevail this year.

ELECTION.

For the information of the public the JOURNAL would announce that the Massachusetts State election will take place Tuesday, or Nov. 8.

THE TARIFF.

The operation of our present tariff law has been so beneficial, as compared with that "for revenue only," that every intelligent business man can appreciate it. Of course there are drawbacks in business, even with a favorable tariff law, but the general tone and sentiment of the business community is much more hopeful and courageous than when our markets were wide open to cheap foreign competition. If you want to keep our own markets, you must keep a Republican majority in Congress. Vote that way at the coming election.

☞ The more the question of "imperialism" is discussed, the more it is evident that the common people do not relish the idea of giving up the Philippines to Spain. What shall be done with them is not at all clear. But the right disposition of them, according to the instincts and wishes of the people themselves who fought the war and must pay the bills, can safely be left to the wisdom of the Administration when all the facts are known. Support that Administration by giving it a good working Republican majority in Congress.

☞ We should be pleased to be informed as to the exact relations, if any, that exist between the State Civil Service Board and the persons in this city who, it has been alleged, have violated the Civil Service laws. It was reported that the Attorney General was to have these persons indicted at Lowell last week, but nothing was done about any such proceedings. Dissatisfied with the peculiar movements of the County Attorney, the matter was gotten into the hands of the State's Attorney with the hope that something would be done and speedily.

☞ It is expected that Congressman Knox will make a speech in this city during the campaign. That is right. If there is a man in Congress who can talk sound sense on the political issues of the day he can do it. Besides, he knows all about the vast manufacturing interests of this District and how to promote them. The votes will show on the night of Nov. 8 that Mr. Knox's work in Congress is appreciated by the people and that they are not hankering for a change.

☞ The great Fair now being held by the Charitable Mechanic Association at their immense building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, is the best and most notable seen there in recent years. Reports say that the attendance is simply immense and the pleasure and satisfaction of the visitors unbounded. It shows a great variety and quality of exhibits, many of them unique and for the first time; and when it comes to music and entertainments the ground is fully covered and every desire gratified.

☞ The Republican State convention said this in its platform, a few days ago:

Our brilliant victories have brought us solemn obligations and grave responsibilities, for we cannot, in the interest of honor, humanity or civilization, return to Spain the peoples whom we have freed from her tyranny.

☞ The Mugwump newspapers didn't like the sound, ringing speech of Congressman Knox at Lowell the other night, but it pleased the Republicans, and its Americanism suited loyal Democrats very well too. They say it won him votes in Lowell.

☞ The President's back is up over the slow movements of the Peace Commission at Paris. The conduct of the Spanish Commissioners is enough to try the patience of Job. McKinley says they have got to make better time or he will break up the meeting.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Journal—To Let.
Horse—For Sale.
A. T. Bond—Wanted.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
C. P. Buckley—Clipping.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Boston Journal—New One.
Pettengill & Co.—Mort. Sale.
J. G. Maguire—Tax Notices.

— Read the notice of Rooms to Let in this paper.

— Richardson Brothers have an important notice in this paper.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— "No School" Wednesday afternoon. A powerful rain prevented.

— Up-to-date Union collars and cuffs for nobby boys—at Hammond & Son's.

— Mrs. Captain William C. Parker is visiting her husband's sister at Erie, Pa.

— The reader will find fresh local news and good editorials on the outside of this paper.

— Young men's double-breasted fancy vests just arrived from N. Y. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. G. F. Jones has sold for the owner the Miller place on Mishawum Road to Mr. William Beggs.

— Gillett's "game counters" are a great institution. They are a neat and handy invention with which to count games.

— Mr. F. Chandler Parker, the Sturgis street leather manufacturer, has been confined to his house several days with illness.

— Dr. Robert Chalmers's deer hunting visit to Maine was a very satisfactory one. He is again ministering to the needs of the sick.

— Daniel B. Dimick has accepted a responsible position in the Indian Head Mills at Cordova, Ala., and is at his post of duty.

— Dr. Mary Plummer of Boston will address the Maternal Association in the parlor of First church at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

— No more delightful fall weather was ever seen than some that we have had this week. It might well be called Indian Summer.

— Mr. Charles E. Smith, the painter, has sold his residence on Montvale ave. to Mr. James Robertson, the leather manufacturer, for about $3,200.

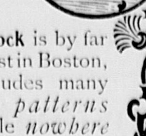
— A special lot of ladies umbrellas at $1.35 just opened. We charge you merely for the handle and give you the umbrella. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. A. T. Bond of 16 Central street, Boston, wants some copies of THE JOURNAL printed in 1888 and 1889. Note what he says in his advertisement.

— Mr. Charles W. Ames, the Union st. blacksmith, cut his foot very badly last Monday morning with an axe. A doctor dressed the wound and he is doing well.

— At 10 o'clock Thursday forenoon, Nov. 8, Mr. E. Prior will sell at public auction at No. 11 Bennett street, a large lot of household furniture belonging to Mr. Martin J. Walsh. It consists of parlor, kitchen, and bedroom furniture.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.



Carpets and Upholstery FOR Residences, Churches, Hotels, Steamers, etc., etc.

Our stock is by far the largest in Boston, and includes many *private patterns* obtainable *nowhere else*.

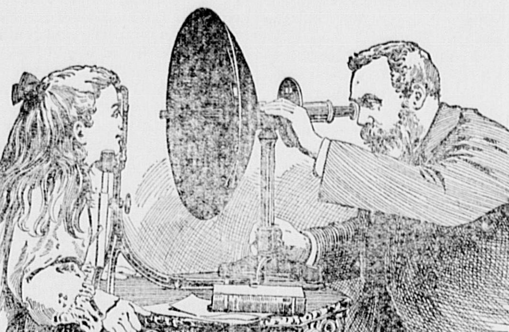
Our prices are always at the bottom of the market.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
658 Washington St., Boston.
(Opposite Boylston St.)

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Osborn Gillette, Optician.

A graduate of the McCormick Optical College, we use the best improved modern appliances for examining and testing the eyes. **We fit correctly. Glasses are not guessed on.** Would refer you to some of our leading physicians and citizens: Dr. Geo. P. Bartlett, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Daniel F. Murphy and Dr. Seth W. Kelley.

WOBURN, April 6th, 1897.

OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—My daughter had been troubled with frequent and severe headaches, the cause of which puzzled me for a long time. I finally decided that they were caused by wearing glasses that were not suited to her eyes, although they had been fitted by a Boston specialist.

I consulted you and you agreed with me, and fitted her with a new pair of glasses, and from that time since she has not been troubled to any extent, and of late not at all.

I am very much pleased with your treatment of her case, and shall be pleased to recommend you to anyone in need of your attention.

Yours very respectfully,
RICHARD MORRIS.

WOBURN, March 30, 1897.

MR. OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—For more than a year my daughter complained of frequent and severe headaches which affected her health and interfered with her School duties, believing that the trouble arose from overstraining the eyes, and knowing you to be an expert on these matters, I took her to you. Your examination confirmed my opinion, and you fitted glasses for her, and it gives me great pleasure to say that since a week after she began to wear them the improvement began immediately, her head never troubles her any more and her health is good, which I ascribe to your successful treatment.

Yours truly,
E. J. GREGORY.

To our Laundry Customers!

We wish to say that our removal to Boston about Nov. 1st, will IN NO WAY AFFECT or interfere with our Laundry collections and deliveries in Woburn and Winchester, or with work brought to our Woburn Store.

All work will be collected and delivered as promptly as heretofore.

Our present help, so far as possible, will continue to be employed by us in Boston, and the HIGH STANDARD of our work will be strictly maintained

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your patronoge, we remain

Respectfully yours,
A. L. RICHARDSON & BRO.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx Be sure you get it.—tf

— Mr. William H. Winning died in this city last Tuesday aged 62 years. He was an old resident, a successful farmer, and a man generally respected. He was unmarried.

— Please take particular notice of the change in Mr. George T. Connor's advertisement. A call at his popular store will convince anyone that it is a good place to trade at.

— The will of the late Robert B. Eaton gives $10,000 to Trinity church in this city on the death of Mrs. Eaton, his sister-in-law, to whom he gave a life lease of the homestead.

— Mrs. A. M. Winn of 535 Main street has returned from her long season's sojourn at Swampscott. We hope she had a pleasant time at the seashore, and have no doubt but that she did.

— Captain John P. Crane is making additions to his fine residence on Academy Hill which will prove ornamental as well as useful. The Captain's is one of the best estates on the Hill.

— Mr. Daniel Lynch, father of John Lynch, Clerk of Committees, and ex-Ald. William A. Lynch, died at his home on the West Side last Monday. He was well known and highly respected.

— Next Thursday, Nov. 3, Mr. Worthley, the scientific optician, will make a regular professional visit to this city. He may be found, as usual, at the jewelry store of L. E. Hanson & Co. Note the date.

— Miss Anna Cummings, their bookkeeper, didn't return from her vacation a minute too soon for the good of her employers, Cummings, Chute & Co., the coal dealers. She was needed bad enough while away.

— Cloverine, the great Mexican blood tonic, is doing more good for the sick in Woburn than all the other medicines put together. Samples are free; and the large dollar bottles are sold for 25c at the office 484 Main street.

— Last Monday morning Mr. P. G. Hanson of Cambridge street, who has suffered quite a long spell of sickness, was on the street and in the stores shaking hands with his friends and looking about as good as new. Everyone was glad to see him out again.

— An entertainment for the Boys of '61 and the Boys of '98 was given in the hall of Post 171 last Tuesday evening. It was a good one. A supper was provided by the Relief Corps before the entertainment and much enjoyed. It was a pleasant season all round.

— It is probable that Mr. F. S. McGregor, proprietor of Rumford Park, will make another purchase of unimproved real estate near here to work up into residence property. His success with Rumford Park encourages him to continue in the real estate business here. His Boston operations in corner lots is also large. Mr. McGregor is a fair and honorable man to deal with.

— A good many of our people will attend the reception to be given at Stoneham on the return of the soldiers of the 6th Regiment. Preparations are in progress for a grand affair. There are four Woburn men in the 6th, George Durward, Irving, Connolly and Turner.

— The teas and coffees advertised by Winslow, Rand and Watson, put up by them in cans, are pure and genuine. The firm are one of the most reliable in Boston; they have a reputation to maintain; and whatever they say about their goods may be depended on as being so.

— The bearers at the funeral of Mr. George E. Fuller, the old B. & M. conductor, last Monday, were Richard Carton, J. J. Callahan, Daniel Collins, C. E. Bedell. The services were held at St. Charles church and were well attended, for the deceased had a large circle of friends.

— Mr. G. F. Jones's barge "Commonwealth" took 23 members of First church, 19 women and 4 men, to Bedford last Tuesday to attend the autumn session of the Woburn Conference. It was a charming day, especially for an over country drive, and they all enjoyed the barge ride to Bedford.

— The Woburn Dramatic Club will give a three-act drama called "The Way of Temptation" at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16. The Club always give firstclass entertainments, and this one will not be an exception, for it will conclude with a one-act farce called "My Turn Next."

— A concert is to be given in the Auditorium on Nov. 13 for the benefit of the family of Mr. David F. Moreland. A concert could not be held for a worthier object. It will doubtless be liberally patronized, for Mr. Moreland has hosts of friends in the city who regret his misfortunes and deeply sympathize with his family.

— Major S. B. Phinney of Barnstable, the old Democratic wheelhorse of the Cape, and whilom editor of the strongest Democratic paper in the State, father of Mr. Robert J. W. Phinney of this city, celebrated his 90th birthday yesterday, Oct. 27, at his home surrounded by relatives and friends. Robert and his wife attended the celebration.

— Mr. George H. Gilbert went to Boston this week for the first time in six years. He took dinner with a friend at the Touraine, visited old acquaintances and viewed the many improvements that have taken place in the Hub during his enforced absence.—*Winchester Star*. He also drove over to Andover lately, the first time in a half dozen years.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder was somewhat under the weather last Tuesday and did not attend the Woburn Conference at Bedford, on which he had set his heart. The number of Woburn people who attended was just 30, all of whom said it was the best Conference they ever went to, and the drive across the country, mostly in Mr. Jones's "Commonwealth," was simply splendid.

— Mrs. Rebecca A. McDonald of Warren Avenue, and Mrs. Francis C. P. Wheeler of North Woburn, attended the Mary Lyon breakfast given at the Vendome, Boston, on Saturday, Oct. 15, by the Alumnae Association of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and participated in the proceedings. There were some 80 of the former pupils of the College present, and the affair was of the most delightful character.

— The JOURNAL'S suggestion last week concerning the High Schoolhouse met with cordial approval from substantial citizens, large taxpayers, and others. It is apparent that the people are beginning to do some thinking for themselves on the subject of a new schoolhouse instead of having little coteries of officials do it for them. Give them time to think and the people almost always land on their feet.

— The Boston *Herald* last Sunday contained an illustrated story of "A Market Gardener," which was written by our promising young townsman, William H. Feeney, a *Herald* reporter. It was a sketch from life, and a good one. The story of the old farmer's home-leaving on his load of vegetables at 2 o'clock in the morning, and his solitary drive from Billerica down through Wilmington, Woburn, Winchester, Medford, etc., to Quincy Market, Boston, was told in an interesting way, and the pictures fitted the narrative admirably.

— On Thursday evening, Nov. 3, the Salvation Army propose to hold a grand Musical Levee at their Hall in the Auditorium, Montvale ave., to which tickets are only 10 cents. There is to be organ music, guitar, harp, bones, cornet solos, duets, etc., all firstclass. There will be present from out of town Ensign Richardson of Malden, Section Officer; Prof. Stickney of Malden; Capt. Clarke and Lieut. Riley of Winter Hill; Capt. Clark of Melrose; Capt. Gearing and daughter of Somerville; and others. The public are cordially invited to attend.

— Two photographs have been on exhibition at Mr. Fred A. Flint's store lately showing the present condition of the "Dr. Harlow" site for the new schoolhouse, and also as it would appear when prepared for the building. They ought to be examined by the School Board and City Council before voting to buy any particular lot. From the latter Dr. Harlow's barn and Trinity church are absent, the rise and elevation of the lot appears, the tout ensemble is wholly changed and greatly improved, and the desirability of the site for the new structure is more fully brought out.

— Mr. Henry F. Davis returned early this week from a fortnight's hunt in the wilds of Maine where he had his usual good fortune. He sent home two handsome deer, the legal limit in the State, which attracted the attention of many passersby at Durward's Market. Mr. Davis's shooting was done some 15 to 18 miles beyond Mt. Katahdin Iron Works, near a chain of small lakes in which both the Penobscot and Kennebec Rivers take their rise, the distance between the heads of the rivers being only a few rods. Henry, who was accompanied by a party of out of town Nimrods, enjoyed the trip very much.

— Last Tuesday Mrs. Elmore A. Pierce was given a verdict for $1400 in the Circuit Court at East Cambridge against the City of Woburn as damages for personal injuries received by her on Bow street some two or three years ago. A defective sidewalk caused the accident from which the injuries arose. Lawyer Maguire of Woburn conducted the plaintiff's case, and City Solicitor Curran worked for Woburn. Although the amount awarded by the jury was less than it ought to have been according to public opinion, still Lawyer Curran moved for a new trial and filed exceptions, which will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

— It is surprising that the merchants of this city have not long before this time sent strong petitions to President Breed praying for a street railroad from the northern terminus of the N. W. road to Wilmington, a distance of less than three miles. They would seem to be indifferent to their own interests. Wilmington wants the gap closed up and it would be greatly to the interests of Woburn business men if their wishes were heeded. We have no doubt but that our merchants could fetch it if they would make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and it is a wonder that they do not start in for it. The road would add to the business of the city amazingly.

— The current number of Frank Leslie's Magazine contains a story called "The Heart of a Maid" the writer of which is Mrs. Symonds, wife of our esteemed townsman, Mr. J. Henry Symonds (we claim him as a resident, a part of the time at least) and a lady of rare talent in the line of fiction writing. The story mentioned is a good one and will be read with interest by her many Woburn friends and old neighbors. Mrs. Symonds was a constant contributor to the Frank Leslie publications for a number of years, discontinuing when Mrs. Leslie retired from the editorship. When it was resumed by her Mrs. Symonds was the first of former contributors invited to join the new Staff.

— The School Board have ordered that public school scholars must attend and take part in the daily physical culture drills. This is a step in the right direction, for if there is any branch of learning in which the boys and girls in our schools are deficient and for training in which there is absolute necessity it is physical culture. The brevity of the drills might possibly provoke a smile from the skeptic, but if the skeptic could only be prevailed on to take a glance at a hundred or so of these unfortunate pupils as they go moping along the street perhaps he might conclude that even a drill of only 10 minutes each day managed by scientific experts would be of benefit to their puny forms and lackadaisical movements. No, we can't have too much physical culture in our schools.

— Mr. Charles E. Cooper, the insurance agent in Mechanics Building, is something of an antiquarian and freezes to old things. Last Tuesday he laid on our table a card announcing the Dedication Ball given by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, 1856. The Reception Committee were: W. T. Grammer, J. F. Bates, J. B. Winn. The Floor Managers were: Timothy Winn, F. A. Thompson, Walter Wyman, H. W. Clarke, C. S. Converse, I. S. Alley. Gilmore's Quadrille and Germania Serenade Bands furnished the music, and J. B. Smith was Caterer. The tickets were $5. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of 24 Officers and Honorables, of whom only the following are now alive: W. T. Grammer, Cyrus Tay, Sewall Taylor, F. Chandler Parker, William Woodberry, Charles S. Converse, William Hurd. Mr. Cooper also left a card, and letter of invitation to his father, announcing a Course of Assemblies to be given by the Boston Light Infantry beginning Dec. 10, 1853.

— Rev. Mr. Packard's next lecture in the Star Course at the Methodist church is to be delivered on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2. His subject will be "Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii" illustrated by a hundred or more stereopticon views of that famous city and its surroundings. The Course has taken right hold of the popular heart and each lecture fills the large house to the walls. Rev. Mr. Packard has personal knowledge of all these European cities that he is so vividly and beautifully describing in this series of lectures having dwelt in some of them and visited all, which renders his descriptions all the more realistic and interesting. His lecture last Wednesday evening on Florence was a delightful intellectual treat, and the remaining numbers will not be a whit less so.

P. S. — The next lecture in the Star Course will be given by Rev. Dr. Stratton of Boston, next Wednesday evening. Subject: "Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii." Rev. Mr. Packard delivers his lecture on the same subject for Rev. Dr. Stratton in Boston.

Shadow of Herself

Stomach Was Too Weak to Retain Food

A Complete Cure Effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla

Now Enjoying the Best of Health, With Digestion Perfect.

"My mother was subject to sick headaches and indigestion for over a year. She was unable to stand for any length of time, and was obliged to stay in a dark room as she could not bear the light. She had no appetite whatever and her stomach was so weak she could not retain what food she did eat. She also had severe pains in her head. She suffered so much that she became but the shadow of herself. One day I happened to read a testimonial about Hood's Sarsaparilla. It

Sounded So Truthful

I persuaded her to try this medicine. Before finishing the first bottle there was an improvement in her condition. She no longer threw up her food and her headache was not as severe. She took in all four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and several boxes of Hood's Pills and regained her weight. She is now enjoying the best of health. Her digestion is good and she can eat almost anything she wishes. She is 42 years old and says she feels as well as when she was 16. Hood's Sarsaparilla made a complete cure in her case." MISS MARY MASCARIE, Ironton, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic, easy to operate. 25c.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St. —BOSTON.— 400 Washington St.

Converse—Derby.

Miss HELEN BAKER DERBY of Concord, Mass., only daughter of Mr. Urbane Derby, and ALBERT FRANKLIN CONVERSE Esq., of Woburn were married at the home of the bride Tuesday afternoon.

The bride wore a gown of white silk, with passementerie trimming, and a veil. The Maid of Honor was Miss Mary C. Baker of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Stephen H. Tyng of Lexington was Best Man. The Ushers were the three brothers of the bride—Fred B., Charles E. and Richard B. Derby.

The Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Beverly, formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in Concord, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by immediate friends and relatives. Following the ceremony, a reception was held.

After enjoying a wedding tour the newly married couple will reside in Woburn.

Mr. Converse, who is one of our foremost lawyers whose practice is in Boston and Woburn, and his fair bride have the best wishes of the JOURNAL for their future prosperity and happiness.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look, if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Parker's Drug Store. 50 cents per bottle.

Praise for Mayor Feeney.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me space to thank our young Mayor for the courage and good judgment displayed in vetoing the appropriation for the High school site recently accepted by our School Committee and City Fathers. No doubt they thought it right to pay a very high price for a very poor spot to build a Public Building on where it would remove a plague spot and improve property in the vicinity. But it is gratifying to know that at least one man in the City Government has the courage to say no when the city's money is being spent for the benefit of a few rather than for the best good of the whole people.

Our Mayor has many thanks and will gain many votes when again we have the opportunity to support him.

AN OLD CITIZEN.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by Rev. H. A. Westall of Melrose Highlands at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Triumph of Goodness." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., 3d People's Sunday evening Service. Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Tempted of the Devil." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Jesus with us at Evening. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Sacred Sweets from Zion's Hill.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. I. H. Packard at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M. Junior League. At 5.45 P. M. Epworth League. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday Class Meeting. Wednesday, Lecture, Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—21st Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 21, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, George E. Pound and Susie Mabel Carlisle, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 19, Alfred H. Murdock, aged 46 years, 7 months, 15 days.
In this city, Oct. 21, George E. Fuller aged 48 years, 9 months, 18 days.
In this city, Oct. 21, James N. Page, aged 80 years, 2 months, 28 days.
In this city, Oct. 25, Daniel Lynch, aged 68 years.
In this city, Oct. 25, William H. Winning aged 62 years.
In this city, Oct. 24, Annie Gaffeney, aged 50 years.

Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop
CHOICEST BLENDED
Fomosa Oolong Tea.

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

FOR SALE BY
FITZ & STANLEY, Woburn, Mass
☞ Ask for Royalty Tea.

STAR

Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

Beginning Oct. 12, 1898.

SUBJECTS and DATES:

NOV. 2. Naples, Vesuvius and Pompeii.
NOV. 16. Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents**. Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

MECHANICS' FAIR
1795 1898

By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.

Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.

MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!

The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.

XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.

Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.

Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.

"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*

FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.
Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.

25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFE Always Open.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 3, 1898.
Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Josephine Lang,
Piano-Forte Instruction,
Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.
413 Main St., Woburn.
Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN
VOICE BUILDING.
Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN LYNCH,
20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Try Our Boston Blend Coffee 25c. lb.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing Tin Roofing

BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping Furnaces

NOTICE

Is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of William Arbuthnot, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

SUSAN ARBUTHNOT, Admx.
13 Vinings Court, Woburn.
October 6th, 1898.

About Your Winter Overcoat.

Think and talk over the matter to-day—but don't stop at that—come in and see just what excellent garments we are selling this season.

About its Price and Quality.

We don't hesitate to place our reputation back of the claim that the materiels of our Overcoats are better, and the price we sell them for, are lower than your experience can recall.

Men's Fine All Beaver and Kersey Winter Overcoats

Warranted fast colors—in Black, Blue, and Brown shades at $8, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20, 25.

Young Men's Heavy-weight Covert Coats.

Full box style, plaid backs, patch pockets, strapped seams—up-to-date in every respect—at $10, $15, $18.

ONE OF OUR LEADERS

Is a lot Men's extra fine Kersey Overcoats in Blue, Black and Olive shades made with extra heavy lasting lining, full facings, satin sleeve linings that are guaranteed to wear at least a year, and made by journeyman tailors. The garments are worth $18. We own the cloth at a VERY low price and offer them at $15 00 each.

It costs nothing to look!
May we have the privilege of showing you?

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 25, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 3d, 1898,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 3.

MICHAEL BLAKE.—About 10,653 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 62 Harrison Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Harrison Avenue; easterly by land of Curley; southerly by land now or late of Dow; westerly by land of Byrne.
Tax of 1897, $13 23

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 69,584 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Kilby street; westerly by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly and northeasterly by old Canal Bed.
Tax of 1897, 72 77

ANNIE S. BOYLE.—About 2,505 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No 23 Park street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs southerly by land now or formerly of Converse 31.1 feet; thence southwesterly by a fence 15.3 feet; thence southeasterly 25.5 feet; thence southerly by Centre street 84 feet; thence northerly by Park street 104.5 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed by Martin Ellis et al by deed dated June 27, 1879, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1514, Page 140.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

DAVID CLANCY HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land and buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connolly; easterly by land now or late of Trull; southerly by land of Maloney, McGrath and Corry; westerly by said Centre street.
Tax of 1897, 31 19

THOMAS R. CORBETT and SILAS F. CORBETT.—About 10,054 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Kilby street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kilby street 85 feet; easterly by land of Caroline B. Hayes 100 feet; southerly by land of Augusta A. Corbett 74.5 feet; westerly by land of Heirs of Luke Balfe 115 feet.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

DENNIS DOHERTY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 9 Grove street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Maguire; easterly by land of Grandfield; southerly by land formerly of McConnologue; westerly by Grove street.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

PATRICK DOHERTY.—About 5,305 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Kilby street, being Lot 26 on plan of lands recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Kilby street 50.38 feet; northeasterly by lot 27 on said plan 104.49 feet; southeasterly by lot 35 on said plan 50 feet; southwesterly by lot 25 on said plan 108.05 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

NATHAN W. EATON.—About 22,271 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Scott street; easterly by land of Heirs of Helena Eaton; southerly by lands of Cotton, Prior and of Plympton heirs; westerly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs.
Tax of 1897, 90 72

HEIRS OF HELENA EATON.—About 3,375 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Scott street; easterly by land of Wheeler; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Nathan W. Eaton.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

SVEN FROBERG.—About 5,059 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bedford street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at stake at northeasterly corner of premises on southerly side of old road, at land of Gustaf Olson; thence southerly by said old road and irregular line 65½ feet; thence at right angles and southeasterly by land of Ludvig Froberg 90 feet; thence northeasterly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs 47.25 feet; thence a little west of north by land of said Olson 89.1 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 10 58

SVEN FROBERG.—About 4242 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by the old road formerly called Bedford street, 32½ feet; easterly by land of Alfred Olson 95.2 feet; southerly by land of Plympton Heirs 20.65 feet; westerly by land of said Sven Froberg 89.1 feet.
Tax of 1897, 95

PETER HOLLAND.—About ¼ acre land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 18 Munroe street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Meade; westerly by land of Bacon heirs; northerly by Munroe street; easterly by land of Carey.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

MARY KENNEY HEIRS.—About 6,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on northerly side of Harrison Ave. in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—southerly by Harrison Avenue; westerly by land of Daniel F. Callahan; northerly by land of Grandfield; easterly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

MARGARET MOONEY.—About 9,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on a private way leading out of Harrison Avenue, called Flagg street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Sheeran and Feeney; westerly by said Flagg street; southeasterly by land of McElhaney and land of Hearn.
Tax of 1897, 29 30

WM. E. MOONEY.—About 9,984 square feet of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a private way leading northeasterly out of Harrison Avenue known as Flagg street 127.78 feet; southerly by land formerly of Bacon and Colegate 70 feet; westerly by other land now or late of Bacon and Colegate 128.75 feet; northerly by land of Bridget Mooney 86.32 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

SAUNDERS SIMMS.—About 4,260 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 34 Centre street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of the premises on said street and at land of P. E. Bancroft, thence southwesterly by said street 51 feet; thence northwesterly by land formerly of Gage 60 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. R. Carter; thence by same 91.5 feet to land of Bancroft; thence southerly on Bancroft land to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 13 23

DANIEL Y. WELDON.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 27 Plympton street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Plympton Heirs; easterly by other land of Plympton Heirs; southerly by Plympton street; westerly by Scott street.
Tax of 1897, 35 91

Non-Residents.

ELIZABETH A. KENNEY.—About 7,645 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs east of north by and with private street 60 feet; thence north of west by land of McDermott 136 feet; thence southerly by land of owner unknown 60 feet; thence south of east by land now or formerly of Colegate 120 feet, to the point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Kenney by Wm. A. Colgate by deed dated September 27, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1825, Page 506.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

WARD 4.

ANDRUS P. ANDERSON.—About 1,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Putnam; easterly by land of Conn; southerly by a private way leading out of Sherman Place; westerly by land of Putnam.
Tax of 1897, 14 18

MARY W. MENCHIN HEIRS.—About 1,664 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 High street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by land of City of Woburn; northwesterly by land now or late of Allen; southwesterly by land now or late of Ellis; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawyer.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 20,282 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 162 Salem street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; easterly by land of Bryant; northerly and westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1897, 103 95

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 7 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; northerly by other land of said Smith and land of Bryant; easterly by land of Sarah F. Conn; northerly again by land now or late of John Nelson; westerly by land of Grammer, Putney and Anabel C. Brown.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

EMMA J. WENDALL.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Maple Court, so-called, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly on said Maple Court 10 rods; easterly on land now or late of John Nelson; northerly on land of City of Woburn 10 rods; westerly by land now or late of Woodland 27 rods.
Tax of 1897, 28 35

Non-Residents.

PRESCOTT C. BRIGHAM ET AL.—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 299, Block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 298 in said Block; easterly by Wildwood street on said Plan; southerly by Lot 300 in said block; westerly by Lot 296 and 302 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN MCCLAFFERTY.—About 5,980 square feet of land, being lot No. 85, Block 6, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by State street on said Plan, southerly by Newton street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 13

JOHN STEELE.—About 4,000 square feet of land, being Lot 123, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 110 in said block; easterly by lot 122 in said block; southerly by Clifton street on said Plan; westerly by Lots 107, 108 and 109 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE W. YOUNG.—About 8000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 130 and 131, Block 9 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 132 in said block; southerly by lots 140 and 141 in said block; westerly by lot 129 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 1 51

SAMUEL W. GLEDHILL.—About 15,153 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Main street; northerly by land of City of Woburn; southeasterly by land of P. L. Converse; southwesterly by land of Smith.
Tax of 1897, 240 03

FREDERICK ARMSTRONG.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 114, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by lot 115 in said block; southerly by lot 119 in said block; westerly by lot 113 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ETHEL L. DAVEY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 96, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dis. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by lot 97 in said block; southerly by lot 99 in said block; westerly by lot 95 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MARGARET McCARTHY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 115, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly Putnam street; easterly by Lot 116 in said block; southerly by lot 118 in said block; westerly by lot 114 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

EDWARD O'BRIEN.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 93, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by lot 94 in said block; southerly by lot 102 in said block; westerly by lot 92 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES RICE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 297, block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Wildwood Avenue; southerly by Lot 298 in said Block; westerly by Lot 296 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

FREDERICK A. GUILES.—About 4,356 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 6, Block 1, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan; southerly by Lot 5 in said Block; westerly by Lots 46 and 47 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 110, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 111, in said Block; southerly by Lot 123 in said Block; westerly by Lots 105, 106 and 107 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 75

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 275, Block 18, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 276 in said Block; southerly by Lot 285 in said Block; westerly by Lot 274 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

BERNARD McGUIGAN—About 6,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot. No. 38, on Plan of West land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 573, Page 573, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of West 130 feet; southerly by land formerly of West 138 feet; westerly by land of Richardson 50 feet; easterly by a private way called West street 50 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AUSTIN H. ROBIE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 89, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 88 in said Block; easterly by Lot 104 in said Block; southerly by Lot 90 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE L. GOODALE.—About 15,543 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way laid out on West Plans, called Converse street, there measuring about 184 feet; easterly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation 100 5-10 feet; southerly by Lot No. 2 on said Plan, 134 feet; westerly by a private way called West street 136 feet.
Tax of 1897, 1 89

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 39, on Plan of West Lots so called, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Hannah Milliken; easterly by a private way called West street; southerly by Lot 38, shown on said Plan of West Lots; westerly by land now or late of Chas. P. Horton.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AMELIA PAGE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 111, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; southerly by Lot 122 in said Block; easterly by Lot 112 in said Block; westerly by Lot 110 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN J. MOORE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 168, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 169 in said Block; westerly by Lot 167 in said Block; southerly by Lot 179 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MARTHA J. PREBBLE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 167, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 168 in said Block; westerly by Lots 162, 163 and 164 in same Block; southerly by Lot 180 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES R. H. ROGERS.—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 162, 163 and 164, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lots 167 and 180 in said Block; southerly by Lot 165 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue.
Tax of 1897, 2 27

EDWARD F. RYAN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 116, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by State street; southerly by Lot 117 in said Block; westerly by Lot 115 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MANUEL L. AMARAL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 94, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Lot 95 in said Block; southerly by Lot 101 in said Block; westerly by Lot 93 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn.

Stop-ache
Has Cured
1912 Headaches
It will Cure Yours.
25c.
F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 13, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

TUESDAY, the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—
Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Fifield Hall, Fowle St.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

Phe **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Two Special Commissioners, District Attorney, Register of Probate and Insolvency, Sheriff, Representative in 56th Congress.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.
ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Otis Simonds, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of John J. Dixon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Forest H. Dixon of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

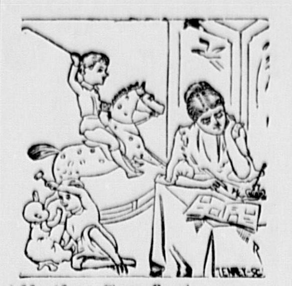
To Let.

A Fine Suite of Rooms

At 385 Main street, Woburn, second floor, suitable for offices, manufactory of small wares, or other similar use. Admirably located for any kind of business. Possession given Nov. 1.
RENT REASONABLE.
Apply to F. A. HARTWELL,
387 Main St., Woburn.

To Let.

Furnished or unfurnished, 4 or 5 rooms for housekeeping, on Pleasant street.
For further information inquire at this office.



All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.
We think our line of TEAS will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Mary Meehan of Woburn to Sumner C. Stanley of Lawrence, dated April 18, 1896, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2455, Folio 522, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, November 19, A. D., 1898,

at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the following premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the easterly side of Highland street in said Woburn, containing about eight thousand eight hundred and ninety square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on said Highland street at land now or late of James Lynch; thence the line runs northeasterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at land late of Lewis J. Lyman, deceased; thence southeasterly by last named land seventy feet to land once of J. E. Littlefield, deceased; thence southwesterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at said Highland street; thence northwesterly by said Highland street seventy feet to the point of beginning; being the parcel first described in the aforesaid mortgage, and being the same premises conveyed by J. E. Littlefield to James Meehan by deed dated July 19, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds. A portion of the above described premises is subject to a mortgage to Parker L. Converse for eleven hundred dollars. Subject to any unpaid taxes or liens thereon.

Terms at sale. $300 to be paid at sale.

SUMNER C. STANLEY, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. CORCORAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.
533 Tremont Building, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Elbridge Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of certain parcels of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County, on the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of November, A.D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby L. Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the fifteenth day of Novembet, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, io show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Everyone Delighted

WITH THE

New Features
New Form
Excellent Articles
Attractive Photographs

IN THE NEW

Boston Sunday Journal

Free with each copy.
THE NEW ENGLAND HOME MAGAZINE.

40 Pages of News
8 Pages Photographs
48 Pages in the Magazine

96 Pages in all

ORDER IT TODAY
or you may not get one.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Local News.

— Read the ad. a handsome Wilkes mare for sale.

— W. H. Cummings offers a fine house on Cleveland ave. for sale.

— Benjamin Champney and family will arrive today from North Conway.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Mayor Feeney has been under the weather this week. A bad cold is what ails him.

— Rev. Mr. Packard swaps lectures with a Boston Rev. Doctor next Wednesday evening.

— The Military Committee of the School Board report that the High School Battalion are in fine shape this season.

— George Durward, one of the fighting men of the 6th Regt., came home to Woburn last night. Everybody was glad to see him.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Dr. Cummings of Winchester has been appointed by Governor Wolcott Associate Medical Examiner for this District. Dr. H. G. Blake is the Examiner.

— Two members of the City Council, who, it is said, would have voted to sustain the Mayor's veto of the schoolhouse site, were absent from the Wednesday night meeting.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer attended the great Republican Rally and Banquet at Music Hall, Boston, last Wednesday evening. Secretary of the Navy Long was the Guest of Honor.

— The L. C. S. of the Unitarian Church will meet Thursday Nov. 3rd. A paper on some interesting topic will be presented in the afternoon. Supper at 6.30, entertainment in the evening.

— The "War Exposition" now running at the old Cyclorama building on Tremont street, Boston, is worth going to see. It is a marvelously lifelike presentation of scenes in the War with Spain.

— A very large audience were at First Church last evening to hear Rev. Dr. March's most interesting "Personal Reminiscences of 70 years." Everything passed off in fine style. More anon.

— Unless all signs fail the coming winter is going to be the coldest on record. More snow than usual too. The goose breastbone, the corn husks, the chipmunks, hanging on of forest foliage, all, and many other sure signs, point to a rigorous winter.

— My horse is a nervous one and I was afraid he couldn't be clipped without abuse. They handled him perfectly and I was pleased. A customer at Buckley's clipping rooms, Buel Place, rear Buel's Building, Main st. Frank McDonald Manager. Telephone 86-2.

— The large audience that attended Rev. Mr. Packard's splendid lecture last Wednesday evening was very gratifying to that gentleman and all friends of the Course. The house was full, which, considering the inclemency of the weather, was a fine compliment to Mr. Packard and his lectures.

— Last Monday evening Editor Wilson of the Winchester *Star*, wife and son Price gave a Graphophone concert at their residence and the 60 or 70 people present enjoyed a delightful musical treat. There was a large array of talent engaged in it and many songs and instrumental numbers were given. Refreshments were served.

— Captain Linwood E. Hanson of Company G, 5th Mass. Regiment, is at home from Camp Meade this week on a furlough. He is looking fine and with the exception of a cold is feeling firstrate. He left the 5th in the best of condition. The Regiment will leave Camp Meade on Nov. 15 for South Carolina, a change with which the boys are well pleased.

North Woburn.

Mrs. Frank N. Perkins is ill.

Henry App has moved from Cummingsville to this village.

Private Levi Thompson 5th Regiment is home on a 7 day furlough.

Albert Grant of Lynn was in town last Sunday.

James F. Kenty of School street has been mentioned as a candidate to succeed Ald. Marston.

The Rumford Cycle Club will hold their 4th annual ball at Vidette Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 11.

Corp. Robert McHugh is reported as quite sick at his home on Main street, Woburn. His many friends here hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Fred Thompson, 3rd U. S. Cavalry stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Bennington, Vt., is visiting his parents here. He was in the Santiago Campaign.

Conductor George Woodman of the 6.06 train deserves the credit of capturing the two youthful burglars who broke into Wilmington depot Monday night.

About 50 of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Madden surprised them with a rocker last Thursday evening. There were refreshments, vocal and instrumental music.

The Boston produce dealers claim that the celery raised by Mr. William Hall, the Merrimac street farmer, is ahead of any other that has been taken to the market this season.

You can't sell it or give it away, that wearisome cough of yours. Nobody wants it, you don't want it yourself. Get Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam to help you throw it away.

The celebration of the 52d anniversary of the organization of the Congregational Sunday School in this village was a notable success from all points of view. The attendance was unusually large and no more interesting exercises were ever held in the church. Superintendant B. F. Kimball was director of the celebration assisted by able lieutenants, all of whom acted their parts superbly. There was fine vocal and instrumental music, which was greatly enjoyed; the best of addresses were made; and in the way of recitations the pupils did admirably. It was a fine time.

A Handsome Wilkes Mare FOR SALE.

7 years old, 13.3 hands high, weight 1100 lbs., stands without hitching, a good roadster, women can drive her, a beauty, will be sold at fair price.
Apply at 165 Main Street, Winchester, Mass.

Backnumbers Wanted

of WOBURN JOURNAL, as follows:—Year 1888, Nos. 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28. Year 1889—Nos. 12, 14.
Address A. T. BOND, No. Wilmington, Mass.

A Battle From Mid-Air.

The sight of a battle from mid-air, directly above the firing line, and the experience of being thus a target for the whole enemy opposed, describes in a measure the position of Sergt. Thos. C. Boone of the Second Massachusetts Regiment during the battle of San Juan. He was the telegrapher on duty in this modern engine of warfare. He tells graphically of the exciting events that attended this work in next Sunday's Boston Sunday Journal, this article being one of the series of "Personal Experiences of New England Men in the War." It is such features as this that is taking the new Sunday Journal into thousands of additional homes each week.

The homecoming of the Sixth Massachusetts is made the occassion for the publishing next Sunday of a number of photographs which illustrate the whole career of that Regiment from its departure from Boston to its return from Porto Rico to friends and home.

The trip of President McKinley in the West is interestingly described from a personal standpoint by George Grantham Bain, the Journal's special correspondent with the Presidential party, and illustrated by photographs.

These are but examples of the features which are marking the rapid advance of the new Boston Sunday Journal in the esteem of the people of New England. Those who do not see it each Sunday miss a good thing.

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club held its first meeting of the season in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, October 21, at 3 o'clock. The weather was unfavorable to a large gathering, but those privileged to hear Rev. Charles F. Dole returned home with the conviction that a great responsibility rests upon the women of our land to exert influences for good and train the rising generation to noble manhood and womanhood.

Mr. Dole said, in part, that the highest compliment one person can pay to another is to talk upon matters of closest interest, and with this thought in mind he presented his subject, "What Woman can do for the Public Welfare." The solution of this problem is occupying the minds of many intelligent women today, whereas the old fashioned idea was that the gentler sex do best to be good women at home.

Mr. Dole is strongly in favor of granting suffrage to women, for in many cases the duties thus imposed appeal more urgently to them than to the men who too often shirk their duties at the polls. With women to help make the laws, the men might be inclined to do what the women ask. In fact, the lecturer said, "it is often best not to do otherwise." Woman must acquire an intelligent knowledge of public affairs, many of which are especially important to her, as for instance, the condition of street, the fire department, question of water supply, health department, care of the State poor, subject of temperance, and last, but not least, education, which takes children from the mother's care, where other influences surround them.

But with all this concern in outside matters, a wife should also look well to the ways of her household, and lend a sympathetic ear to the business trials of the husband, for oftentimes a business failure may be averted by this confidence. Mr. Dole instanced the work accomplished by Miss Willard, so devoted in her labors for the betterment of the world. The light of woman's new education is fast overcoming the darkness, and joy awaits future generations to see the rays of reflection.

At the next meeting, Nov. 4, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lynes will give a talk upon "American Composers" illustrated by vocal and instrumental selections.

C. G. R., Rec. Sec.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Parker who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. He now has the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1 00 Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Burlington.

The Assessors have announced that the tax in this town for 1898 is $32 on $1,000. We folks up here call that steep. The new schoolhouse did the business, but it is going to be paid for this year, and don't you forget it. Some of our people kick like steers over it.

This town is 12 miles from the State House on Beacon Hill, Boston; its population is under a 1,000 and growing less; it was once a part of Woburn and called "Woburn Precinct;" it has no lawyer, no doctor, one minister and one meetinghouse; it is not touched by steam or electric roads; and to cap all, it is Democratic in politics, which may account for its being so far behind the times and its lack of "modern improvements."

Supreme Duty.

(From the Worcester Spy.)

The Republican voters of this Commonwealth have a duty at the polls in November that they should do sacredly. It is to see that none but Republican Congressmen are returned from this State. Every Republican Congressman sent to Washington is an indorsement of Mr. McKinley, and a rebuke for unpatriotic politicians, who endeavor to make political capital of a righteous, successful war, and that against the President, to whose firmness, caution, prudence and devotion in troublous times the country owes so much.

Wilmington.

The station of the B. & M. R.R. was burglarized last Monday night and a lot of tickets stolen. Several trunks were broken open and rifled.

Mr. A. T. Bond is collecting material for a history of this town which he expects to write and publish at an early day. Having been at work some time he has accumulated a great deal of valuable data and is still engaged in the same direction. The history, which will require a great outlay of time, research and labor, will be full and complete.

A Real Cartarrh Cure.

The 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm which can be had of the druggist is sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

WINCHESTER.

Work on the high service standpipe is progressing.

The new stonecrusher is getting in its work in fine style.

An early revival of the High School *Recorder* is looked for.

The Co-operative Bank will hold its annual meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 12, at which time 200 new shares will be issued.

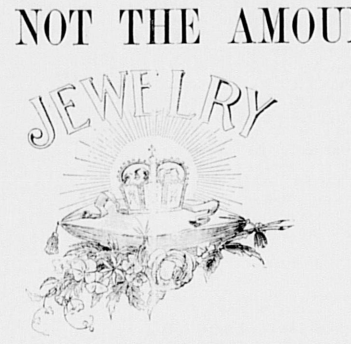
HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

"Take it back—I told you 'Battle Ax.'"

Every man who has once chewed Battle Ax—or who has made up his mind that he will chew it—will not accept any substitute. There is a peculiar excellence in **Battle Ax PLUG** that can only be understood and appreciated by trying it. No matter what brand you have been chewing, Battle Ax is better, and if you will try it you will say so yourself.

Remember the name when you buy again.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
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The wolf of starvation howls at the doors of thousands of men who are well to do and surrounded by plenty. Ill-health, in the majority of cases, is starvation, pure and simple. It means that body, brain, nerve, bone and sinew are improperly or insufficiently nourished. Improper, insufficient nourishment is starvation.

When a man's head aches it is because the tissues of the brain do not receive sufficient nourishment from the blood, or receive impure and unhealthy nourishment. When a man gets nervous and sleepless, it means that the blood is not properly nourishing the nerves. When his skin breaks out with blotches and pimples and eruptions, it means that the skin is being fed upon the impurities of the blood. Almost every known disease is primarily due to improper nourishment through the blood, which is the life-stream. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest of all blood-makers and purifiers. It gives edge to the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect, invigorates the liver, promotes secretion and excretion, and vitalizes the whole body. It makes firm, muscular flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and kindred affections, which, if neglected, lead up to consumption. It is the best of all nerve tonics and restoratives. Kept by all medicine dealers.

"I was taken ill in February, 1892, with headache and pain in my back," writes H. Gaddis, Esq., of 313 South J Street, Tacoma, Wash. "I called in a doctor and he came three times. He said I was bilious but I kept getting worse; I took a cough so that I could not sleep, only by being propped up in bed. My lungs hurt me, and I got so poor that I was just skin and bone. I thought I was going to die. I used two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it made me sound and well. It saved my life."

No remedy relieves constipation so quickly and effectively as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

LIFE.

A kissing of the lips of dawn,
  And then we wake;
A chase for sunbeams on the lawn,
  Our way we take.

A kissing of the lips of fate,
  A kissing of the lips of strife,
Struggling while the day grows late,
  And this is life.

A broken sword placed back in sheath,
  A stealing back to nature's breast,
A kissing of the lips of death,
  And then we rest.
  —William Wilfred Campbell in Sketch.

A BOOK HEROINE.

If the woman who gave the ball counted for little socially, the world contented itself with leaving a card and muttering, "What a bore to have to go out of one's way for that!" If, on the contrary, she was a leader, the duty of a call on her reception day became a pleasure. Today, for example, everybody was there.

What a coming and going! Meetings in the vestibule, at the coupe door; handshakings on the stairs; smiles and salutations from opposite ends of the salon.

Among the groups around the tea tables were heard hasty little conversations like there:

"My dear, I cannot wait for you"—looking at the bracelet watch. "I have been here already 13 minutes."

"Lend me your pencil. I have lost mine from my list. I must cross off the Thursday visits I have made today. I have made three and have three more. I am heroic"—

"Look at Angelo Gelo! He is the only young man I know who always pays his visits. Who"—

"Always? You mean since he is in love with Louise Valdori. Calls are his only opportunity of seeing her. He is in love."

"She is a flirt"—

"Are you going to the dinner Monday?"

"Yes. Who else will be there—Flavia?"

"No, but she expected an invitation. She is furious"—

"It is amusing to watch Angelo Gelo passing milk and sugar and marrons glaces"—

"What scheming just to be with Louise Valdori! A minute ago there was a fine chance—an empty chair at her side, but he was too late. Somebody else has it. Look at him! Stuck between two old witches whom he detests. Obliged to do the polite. He isn't listening to them. His eyes are always in the same direction."

Among all these embryonic conversations one only seemed to have form and comparative continuity. It was the following:

"How are you, Louise?"

"Well. How are you?"

"Very well. I want to present my cousin, here from Pisa this week—La Marchesa Valdori."

"Will you be with us for any length of time?"

"I say, Louise, I never see your husband about. What fine thing is he doing now?"

"Writing."

"To whom?"

"Writing a novel."

"Writing a novel?"

The ladies were convulsed with laughter. What an extraordinary thing. Not that a gentleman could not do such a thing. There was nothing dishonorable in it, but still it was comical. For men of position there were always races, clubs, theaters, flirtations, balls, the county politics—so many things, in fact. But to tie oneself to a table like a professor! There are people made for that—people whom no one knows nor receives. But a literary dilettante—a gentleman writer—what an innovation!

Exclamations, jokes, questions flew about. No one asked if he had real ability.

"Has he shown you any of it?"

"No," said the marchesa. "I found it in his writing desk. He hides it and does not wish me to see a line."

"Tell us all about it. How amusing it will be! Roberto is so attractive, rides so well, is so witty, and then he is observing, a rare thing in a man. He notices and remembers what we wear."

"I am crazy to know about it," said Louise, "but you know how men are at times—impossible to make them talk. When Roberto went to serve as second for Theodore in his duel, do you fancy he breathed a syllable to me about it? Not a word."

"And when will it be published?"

"I tell you I do not know a thing about it."

Angelo Gelo approached the group. The women melted away unostentatiously. There was in them a tacit desire to be repaid under similar circumstances with like consideration. This is what they call being women of the world—being intelligent. The Marchesa Valdori, being somewhat ingenuous, had a terror of making a mistake; of not being in every point like other fashionable women. Therefore she asked anxiously of Angelo:

"Tell me, like a good friend—upon your honor—is it a ridiculous thing for a man to write a novel?"

"Oh, no; not exactly," said he, laughing; "it is simply a bore for the person who writes it—sometimes for those who read."

Two weeks later, Roberto Valdori having gone to the country, his wife profited by his absence to rummage in his desk. In the first drawer, exactly on top, in the most conspicuous place, was the manuscript. Louise locked the door, established herself in the great armchair and settled herself to enjoy the reading of an unpublished forbidden book. There were not more than 40 pages, neatly written in the large and manly hand of one who hates to write a letter, but succeeds in filling an entire line with a single adverb. No title; no chapters. In the first four pages the marchesa was doubtful. Would she be proud of the author or no? Printed, what effect would it have? At present it lacked the indescribable something of her yellow French novels; was less attractive. The real story seemed never to beign. But, continuing, a coquettish young woman appeared on the scene who interested Louise. She liked her at once; understood her. The writer made a sort of searching analysis of a young wife, impudent and frivolous, a reflection of her friends in good or in bad. From vanity, perhaps rather out of stupidity, she allowed a most popular young man to pay court to her; danced with him oftener than she should; met him in her daily visits almost by appointment and was charmed that her world observed her.

La Marchesa, all eyes, breathless, continued reading with increasing curiosity. The heroine had a decidedly familiar air, did first and last the same things she herself did, might have been her cousin brought up with her, could almost have been herself.

Frightened, her heart in her mouth, feeling herself pale, she dared not explore further. What other revelations awaited her? Suddenly Louise asked herself if her husband in a graceful body of 28 did not conceal the soul of an observer of 50 years, and she shuddered.

After an instant of hesitation, terror itself, mixed with a consuming desire to know, induced her to devour other pages and still others, until finally between astonishment and gratitude she reached an expression which the author had left unfinished, and there was nothing more. She was horribly alarmed. It was as if she heard Roberto speaking to her from the keyhole. Here were a hundred follies clearly described which she had not believed any man capable of perceiving. The indulgent, almost indifferent, companion had transformed himself into a severe critic, who understood, admonished and condemned. She reread it, hoping to have been mistaken; but, no, it was herself.

She became serious, gazed at the ceiling, vaguely promised some superior being above never to do it again.

Then she reflected. "If in society I change my manner suddenly, people will notice it, Roberto especially. I must proceed slowly, with great tact, today omitting certain things, tomorrow changing others. But, above all, she must tell Angelo Gelo that he must not seize every possible pretext for sending her magnificent flowers and costly bonbonnieres. He invented occasions, among others a German St. Louise, that was not to be found in any calendar, bet with her on losing horses, lost philopenas purposely. She would beg him not to fix his glasses upon her in the theater for the entire evening in that little way he had which was so impertinent and—and—so pleasing. All this gradually without explanations and without scenes, but at present, most important consideration, Roberto was still observing her.

Nevertheless the weaknesses the author ascribed to his heroine could apply to a dozen of Louise's friends. Perhaps, after all, Roberto's observations were general. Therefore courage, silence and apparent indifference. The marchesa, however, continued to anticipate with horror the day in which the book would appear and their acquaintances would say after the first few pages, "It is clearly his wife!" and point her out. Heavens! it was as if Roberto had given her a rousing kiss during a promenade when the greatest number of carriages were passing or forced her to go to court in a house dress with her hair uncombed.

An uneventful week passed, and one morning Louise Valdori, pretty and frightened, awaited the arrival of Tullo Tulli.

This small man and still smaller litterateur was just beginning to frequent a few salons of good standing after having all his life described them in commonplace novels. He had with a few friends established an amphibious review in which psychological sonnets alternated with litanies of clothes apropos of local dances, and at present in the anterooms of all fashionable houses one saw the well known blue cover, with the wrapper still uncut.

"Signor Tullo Tulli," announced the servant.

"How kind of you to take the trouble to come to me!" exclaimed the marchesa, going quickly toward him. "You will forgive me, will you not? I was in such a hurry, and you are the only writer I know."

Tullo Tulli at this last remark swallowed with difficulty, and his monocle dropped. The signora talked a little hastily, without reflecting whether she wounded or not. The writer nervously smoothed his silk hat. This silk hat and his monocle had recently succeeded his cloth cap and his glasses. He was not thoroughly accustomed to them as yet.

"How can I serve you, madame?" he asked in a bittersweet voice. It annoyed him to be treated simply professionally.

"First of all, it is a secret. Not even my husband knows it."

"Ah, a secret," echoed Tulli, flattered, and the monocle fell again.

"Yes, Roberto is writing a novel that he doesn't wish me to see, but without his knowing it I have read several pages—do not betray me. You must help me to find a good publisher and write a good article yourself to recommend it. I assure you it is very interesting, and you must speak well of it to all your friends who write for newspapers, because I want to surprise Roberto and to save him all the annoying part of the publication. I think he will be delighted."

Tulli took on a doubtful air—almost an important one.

"We will see," he murmured. "It is rather difficult. Publishers are publishers, you know. At all events, I shall be charmed to lend a hand, or give an opinion. I could come here some morning to look over the manuscript with the signor, marchesa. I would correct the proofs—in fact, use me as you will."

When the carriage of the marchesa was announced, he took his leave.

Louise Valdori congratulated herself, admired herself. The idea of seeing Tulli was truly a happy and a daring one. She clapped her hands like the baby she was and examined herself in the glass, rosy and blond, to be able to better enjoy her own joy. Roberto would pardon at once the indiscretion in view of the literary advantages that the support of a critic would give him. And then such zeal for its publication would prove to him that she had not read anything between the lines of that which the writer intentionally and for reasons had put there. All this showed her spirit. The most adroit woman, if she had known her case, would have covered her with praise.

Ten days later the Valdori couple were in the writing room waiting for dinner.

La Marchesa, with trembling voice, had just made her confession, which the husband had received with surprising magnanimity. One would almost say that he had foreseen it, even that he, with difficulty, restrained a smile, such a one as comes irresistibly when a plan succeeds, when a problem solves itself.

"All you women are alike—personified curiosity."

"True," she said.

Roberto, pleased, pinched her cheek. Louise, somewhat reassured, was silent a moment, then weakly, not sure how the thing would be taken, but still full of rosy anticipation, told the story of Tullo-Tulli, the publisher, the illustrator, the binder, the reporter who would be pleased to be asked to breakfast. Roberto, astonished, exclaimed:

"But are you crazy? I do not want all those people in my house, and, above all, I forbid you to receive that good for nothing Tulli. What right have you to talk to strangers of what I am doing? What a foolish idea; childish and useless"—

"Why useless?" said she frightened.

"Because I have never had the smallest intention of publishing what I have written."

"Well, what then?"

"Can't I amuse myself by writing a romance for my own benefit, just as I practice with foils in my chamber without an audience? Your friends who study the piano do not intend to give concerts. Do you send your embroidery to an exposition of woman's work?"

Louise, relieved of an enormous weight, could not easily conceal her satisfaction. Heavy mountains of black clouds melted from her inner vision.

"I am sorry," she said. "I thought I was doing right."

Like all weak women, her eyes filled easily with tears.

"I know! I know! You needn't cry!" said he, calming himself. "But why did you not consult me first?"

"I do not know. I wanted to surprise you, show myself interested"—

"Well, now, without losing time, you must arrange all this. Sit here and write quickly to Tullo-Tulli politely—it is best to keep friends with that sort of people. Say that you have talked with me of the romance, which unfortunately is not for publication; that it was a joke; that you regret exceedingly"—

The little marchesa seated herself at the big table like a schoolgirl to write her examination. While she wrote and scratched out her lips were smiling in contrast with her wrinkled brows.

Roberto looked at her tenderly. He was proud of the perfect success of his stratagem.

To make a thing known without direct explanation and without an intermediary was the first secret of a quiet life. The more one comprehends, the less one says, the better. Otherwise one risks spoiling everything. Certain things resemble Venetian glass.

The servant announced dinner.

"I have not finished," cried the marchesa; "there is a sentence here I don't like."

"Never mind. Let us go to dinner. I am hungry. I will help you afterward. Francesco, open a bottle of champagne. Louise, give me a kiss."—From the Indian For Chicago Times-Herald.

New Odors For Flowers.

It is a fad in Paris to perfume flowers artificially. Experiment has proved that it is possible not only to take away the natural odor of a flower, but also to make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product. Some violets, for example, are perfect in form and coloring, but without fragrance, while others, very insignificant to look at, emit a delicious fragrance. The transfer of the odor from one species to the other has been accomplished. Those who have been most successful in this branch of horticulture refuse to tell their secret. It is said that the African marigold has been robbed of its disagreeable odor and endowed with a perfume that makes it much sought. The fad has been carried to the extreme of giving to the sunflower the odor of the rose and to the chrysanthemum that of the violet.—New York Sun.

Under a Strain.

"Did you notice anything queer about the bridegroom at the wedding?"

"Yes; he walked down the aisle with his bicycle expression on."—Chicago Record.

MRS. PINKHAM TALKS ABOUT OVARITIS.

Letter from Mrs. Carrie F. Tremper that all Suffering Women Should Read.

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation with all its terrors may easily result from neglect.

The fullest counsel on this subject can be secured without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and asking for her advice. Your letter will be confidential and seen by women only.

Mrs. Carrie F. Tremper, Lake, Ind., whose letter we print, is only one of many that have been cured of ovarian troubles by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I was suffering from congestion of the ovaries, misplacement of the womb, irregular, scanty, and painful menstruation, also kidney trouble. I had let it go on until I could not sit up, and could not straighten my left leg. My physician gave me relief, but failed to cure me. Reading the testimonials of different women, telling what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for them, I decided to give it a trial. I had almost given up hopes, as I had suffered untold agony. The first dose helped me. And now, after using eight bottles of Vegetable Compound, one bottle of Blood Purifier, one box of Liver Pills, I am proud to say I am as well as I ever was. I might have saved a large doctor's bill and much suffering, had I tried your precious medicine in the beginning of my sickness. All in the village know I was not expected to live, when I had the first and second attacks. In fact, I had no hope until I began taking your Vegetable Compound. It has saved my life."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

Comfort Powder Chafing makes baby cry—mother and father uncomfortable—especially if they are fleshy. Comfort Powder instantly relieves and prevents chafing. Hundreds of Trained Nurses prefer it to any other powder for babies and in the sick-room.

VENOMOUS SNAKES.

The Poison Machinery of the Reptiles and How It Is Operated.

Some years ago a physician undertook a series of experiments on snakes with a view to extracting a sufficient amount of their venom to form a basis for investigation, in order, if possible, to discover some antidote. His laboratory is a curious and somewhat uncanny place and one from which those with unsteady nerves instinctively recoil.

The apparatus for extracting the venom is a most ingenious and yet a very simply one. A bit of chamois is tied over the top of a funnel which leads to a bottle. Everything is secured very firmly. The snake is caught by the back of the neck and placed close to this chamois. He strikes his fangs through it, when tiny jets of venom are thrown from the fangs upon the glass sides of the bottle, trickling thence into the bottle. Again and again the snake is made to strike. If necessary, other snakes of the same species are used until a sufficient amount of the venom is collected.

The relative deadly qualities of the venom of snakes have also been the subject of experiments. It appears that the diamond back rattlesnake is the most to be dreaded. The next in order is the banded rattlesnake, followed by the copperhead and the water moccasin or cottonmouth.

The poison machinery of the snake consists of a pair of needle pointed fangs, which, when the creature is at rest, are folded back in the roof of the mouth. When it becomes angry, these fangs are thrown forward, and in the act of striking a tiny jet of poison is thrown from each. The poison is a thin, yellow fluid which upon exposure decomposes very rapidly. Snake poison, if kept from the air or dried, retains its full force for many years.—New York Ledger.

INDEMNITY AGAINST LOSS.

Some Ancient Instances of Insurance Can Be Easily Found.

Probably the first recorded instance of insurance was one mentioned by Livy. During the second Punic war the contractors for delivering corn into Spain stipulated that the government should indemnify them against loss by the enemy or tempest. Cicero, too, after his victory in Cilicia, seems to have obtained security against the loss of his booty during its transit to Rome. These instances, however, are not regarded as true cases of insurance by many authorities, who assert that only after the revival of commerce in the tenth century did it come into vogue. If this be so, the first mention of insurance is the establishment in 1310 at Bruges at the request of the inhabitants of a chamber of assurance.

"The contract of reciprocal insurance was known likewise in Portugal in the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth (Sept. 10, 1436) King Edward of Portugal writes from Lisbon that the merchant vessels of the English, which had been chartered for the Tangier expedition, had not been insured, owing to the fault of their proprietors, while those of the Portuguese, even of the royal navy, were." It is probable, however, that insurance came into use in Italy early in the twelfth century and was by the Lombards transplanted into those countries with which they had commercial dealings. To them, therefore, the invention of insurance, as it is now understood, is generally conceded.—Exchange.

Dodging Bullets.

Is it etiquette to bob when bullets are flying? There is an amusing passage in Gordon's journal in which that redoubtable authority says, "Certainly. For my part," he says, "I think judicious bobbing is not a fault, for I remember on two occasions seeing shells before my eyes which certainly had I not bobbed would have taken off my head." He is on the roof of the palace at Khartum and makes this remark with reference to the Arab fire. "You can see them," he writes, "with the telescope aim directly at this wing of the palace and fire, and then one hears a thud." He says that in the Crimea it was considered mean to bob, and they used to try and avoid it. One of his fellow officers used to say, "It is all very well for you, but I'm a family man." And he used to bob at every report.—London Chronicle.

Happy Dressmaker.

She was a wise little matron and had made up her mind that her eligible bachelor brother must have his eyes opened to the expensive frivolities of lovely woman.

"George," she said to him at the garden party, "do you see that young woman over there in the plain shirt waist?"

"Yes," he said, "I see her."

"The waist looks plain," said the young matron, "and yet it took a high priced French dressmaker three days to fit it."

"Happy dressmaker," said George.

And the lesson ended then and there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

MAKE HENS LAY

like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first

One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for many family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness,

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

MOVING ON SATURDAY.

How a Landlord's Tenants Who Did So Came to Grief.

"There are lots of mysterious things about letting tenement houses," said Colonel J. T. Small. "I am not superstitious, but I would no more let a house on Saturday than I would set fire to it. In all the 20 or 30 years I have been letting tenements no one ever moved into a house of mine on Saturday who didn't give me some trouble.

"It used to happen again and again, till at last I got on to the freak of fortune and stopped it. Once a man moved into one of my houses late on Saturday night. The next day he died, and I had to give his family three months' rent. Another time a man moved in on Saturday and inside of a year committed suicide. Another time the house caught fire while a family was getting into gear on Sunday after moving in on Saturday. Sometimes the family that moves in on Saturday has scarlet fever, sometimes the wife dies of consumption, or some other wasting disease plays havoc among his tribe.

"The other day—not many months ago anyway—a man came to me one Friday and wanted to hire a house. He wanted it the worst kind, and when he said that I asked him when he intended to move in.

"'Tomorrow,' said he.

"'Then you can't have one of my houses,' said I, and all the folk who were present laughed at me. The tenant laughed, too, but I stuck it out. I wouldn't let him move in on Saturday. 'I should expect the devil to pay if you did it,' I said, 'for I have never known it to fail.'

"Well, he wanted to know if I cared if he moved in a few things on Saturday, if he wouldn't go in with his family till Monday. I said, 'No, I don't care,' but as for his sleeping there Sunday and Saturday, I wouldn't let him.

"So he went away, promising, and I vow if that fellow didn't move all his things in on Saturday and slept there Saturday night. And inside of a week the factory where he worked was burned to the ground, and he lost his job and was out of work for months. He owes me rent now, and he's the last man who will ever move into one of my houses on Saturday.

"I suppose the underlying principle of it all is that a man who will observe and keep holy the Sabbath will not move Saturday, because he knows he must do some work on Sunday, and a man who will never give his landlord any trouble is the man who will not break the Lord's day."

Moral.—Don't move on Saturday.—Lewiston Journal.

Got His Reward.

"Just as I'd shut the gates one day," said a guard on the elevated, "a man came running down the aisle of one of the cars wanting to get off.

"'Let me off,' he said. 'Two minutes is important to me.'

"The train had only just started, the man looked as though he meant what he said, and I swung the gate back and let him off. As he stepped on to the platform he turned and looked at the number on my cap. I could see that he'd got it, and he said to me:

"'I won't forget you!'

"Well, I never saw or heard anything more of him for two years, and then one day he walked into the car. I knew him as soon as I saw him, and it seems that he remembered me. When he came along to the door at the station where he was going to get off, he said to me:

"'Aren't you the man that let me off a train once about two years ago?'

"And I said yes I was, and with that he handed me over a cigar.

"I lighted it up that night after I'd got home, but it was so bad I couldn't smoke it, and I had to throw it away."—New York Sun.

Incapacitated.

"I'm sorry," said Meandering Mike, "but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory."

"Why not?"

"Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistle blow at quitting time."—Washington Star.

A Misnamed Vessel.

Judge—If you were at the club during the trouble, tell what you saw.

Witness (a colored waiter)—Well, sah, de cha'man ob de entertainment committee jes' swatted de secretary obah de head wif de lovin cup.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Effects of Opium Eating.

Opium eating produces the most deadly form of intoxication. Physical weakness soon overtakes the opium eater, his powers decay, the stimulant ceases to help him, and he is happy if death soon ends his misery.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 30.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. xi, 1-10—Memory Verses, 2-4—Golden Text, Isa. xi, 9. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse and a branch shall grow out of his roots." The title of our lesson is "Messiah's Kingdom," and if we can only get a somewhat clear idea of what the Scriptures teach concerning this kingdom it will prove a great blessing to us. It clearly has to do with the Son of Jesse, and, according to the golden text, will fill the whole earth. The throne will be the throne of David at Jerusalem, according to Isa. ix, 7, and Jer. iii, 17, and the King will be none other than the Son of David, the Son of Abraham, of Math. i, 1, of whom Gabriel said that He would from David's throne reign over the house of Jacob forever and of His kingdom there should be no end (Luke i, 32, 33).

2. "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him." Counting this expression with the other six in this verse, there is here a sevenfold fullness of the Spirit's power to be manifest in the King, the Messiah. The six are suggestive of His power to discern the nature and difference of things, His power to form right conclusions and to carry out right purposes, His thorough acquaintance with God and sincere adoration of Him. It pleased the Father that in Him all fullness should dwell, all the fullness of the Godhead (Col. i, 19; ii, 9). Full of grace and truth (John i, 14).

3. "And shall make Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord." Other readings of this sentence are: "His delight shall be in the fear of the Lord" (R. V.); "The fear of the Lord is fragrance to Him" (Del.); "To refresh Him in the fear of Jehovah" (Young). He could say: "I delight to do thy will, O my God! I do always those things that please Him" (Ps. xl, 8; John viii, 29). His conclusions are not formed from what He sees or hears. He knows what is in man.

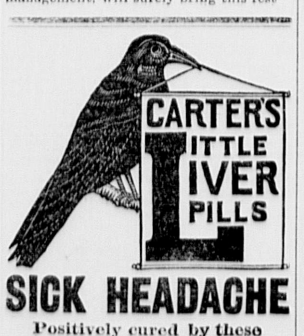
4. "But with righteousness shall He judge the poor and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth." What a glorious administration of earth's affairs there will be when such a King shall sit on David's throne! Consider Jer. iii, 17, 18; xxiii, 5, 6, and compare Ps. lxxii and let your heart cry verses 18 and 19. But before this kingdom can come or in connection with its coming there must be an overthrow of the wicked one and his associates and followers. This smiting is referred to in Ps. ii, 9; Rev. ii, 26, 27; II Thess. ii, 8; Rev. xvii, 14; xix, 20. It is seen to be at the coming of our Lord in power and glory, and at that time all the saints shall come back with Him (I Thess. iii, 13; iv, 14; Zech. xiv, 5, l. c.).

5. "And righteousness shall be the girdle of His loins and faithfulness the girdle of His reins." A King shall reign in righteousness, and the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect (service) of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever (Isa. xxxii, 1, 17). All His doings are bound up in righteousness and faithfulness, and the fruit is peace. When Jeremiah would reason with God concerning the prosperity of the wicked, he begins by saying, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, yet" (Jer. xii, 1). When Nehemiah bewails the sins of his people and the consequent judgments of Jehovah, he says, "Howbeit thou art just in all that is brought upon us?" (Neh. ix, 33), and in connection with the pouring out of the vials of God's wrath in the great day of the Lord the testimony is, "Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of nations" (Rev. xv, 3). We may always be sure that "As for God, His way is perfect" (Ps. xviii, 30).

6-8. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." This picture of wild and domestic animals and little children living in peace together will surely be literally fulfilled. As it was in the garden of Eden, and as it was in the ark of Noah, so shall it be in all the earth. There shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain, for all things on earth shall be made new (Rev. xxi, 4, 5). The creation itself shall be delivered from its bondage, and be made to enjoy the liberty of the glory of the children of God (Isa. lxv, 25; Rom. viii, 21). It is undoubtedly true that some people act like wild beasts, oft roaring like lions or growling like bears or devouring like wolves; that such people both in heathendom and Christendom become by the grace of God like lambs, and that often it is through a little child that God leads them to Himself, but we must not suppose that the salvation of souls is all that we are taught in these words, for it is only by a figure that we find that here. This earth is to be wholly subdued by our Lord Jesus Christ and made like heaven not by the preaching of the gospel as a present, but by the personal reign of our Lord Jesus after He shall return in glory (Rev. xi, 15-19).

9. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." This statement is found for the first time in Num. xiv, 21, then here, and afterward in Hab. ii, 14. In the first place, it is in connection with the forgiveness of Israel as a nation, and so it is here (see verses 11 to 16), for it is God's plan that through Israel all nations shall be blessed. The gospel now being preached in all nations will gather out of all nations a people for His name, the church, His body; then, having taken His church out of the world to be with Him, He will return with them for Israel's conversion and through them the blessing for all the world. This is the simple programme clearly set forth in Acts xv, 14-18.

10. "And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse which shall stand for an ensign of the people. To it shall the gentiles seek, and His rest shall be glorious." His first name in the New Testament is Jesus Christ, the Son of David, and His last the Root and the Offspring of David (Math. i, 1; Rev. xxii, 16). When He shall be King in Jerusalem, to Him shall all nations seek (Jer. iii, 17), and like the queen of Sheba and the wise men from the east, they will bring their wealth to Him (Isa. lx, 5, 6, 21). Now the glad tidings of redemption by His blood is carried to all nations, and but few believe it, but then all nations shall flock to Him or to Israel because of Him, and there shall be peace on earth, and the nations shall learn war no more. See Isa. ii, 3, 4; Zech. viii, 22, 23. While we wait and work and watch for the coming of the glory of His kingdom we may have in heart and life a foretaste of that rest and glory if we will let Christ in us, the hope of glory, have full control of the property which He has bought with His precious blood. Whole hearted submission to Him, ready for any manner of service, with implicit confidence in His management, will surely bring this rest



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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Woman's Burden.

This is a story of a woman addressed to women. It is a plain statement of facts too strong in themselves to require embellishment, too true to be doubted, too instructive to be passed over by any woman who appreciates the value of good health.

The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers.

They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality, clouding their happiness, weighing them down with the woe of ill health.

Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such ambition as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of disease.

Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

To-day she is well!

She wants others to profit by her experience; to grow well; to enjoy health; to be as happy as she is.

"For five years I suffered with ovarian trouble," is Mrs. Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one single day from headache and intense twitching pains in my neck and shoulders.

"For months at a time I would be confined to my bed.

"At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would become blind. My nerves were in such a state that a step on the floor unsettled me.

"Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I consented to an operation. That, too, failed and they said another one was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before.

"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried them.

"They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness.

"The headache is gone; the twitching is gone; the nervousness is gone; the trembling has ceased, and I have gained twenty-six pounds.

"Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for the blessing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a boon to womankind. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body, creating functional regularity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system. The pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate blush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, who universally consider them the most important remedial agent they have to dispense.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

A Protest Against Her Superhuman Self Poise In the Sickroom.

A medical writer who asserts that in 20 years there will be no physicians, but only surgeons and nurses, maintains that the only advance that has been made in the practice of medicine in this century is the institution of the trained nurse. This is hard on the general practitioners, especially when it is considered that they did not voluntarily, but quite reluctantly, open the sickroom to the trained nurse, who is the discovery or invention of benevolent women with a mania for collecting funds and a passion for patronizing semipublic schools.

Even as to the trained nurse there are two points of view. In cases of severe and critical sickness and in households where there is no orderliness and no rational self restraint, the awful presence of this young woman is obviously necessary if the patient is to have a chance for his life. In other cases the patient, if a man, has a fierce desire to throw pillows or slippers at her head, to swear shockingly or do something to disturb her disciplined and unnatural equanimity. Her fixed, eternal smile of simulated sweetness and patience is maddening. She has a quiet but pitiless air of absolute wisdom and superhuman self poise.

The precision with which her hair is brushed under her aggressively neat cap, her noiseless, ghostlike glide, her businesslike and automatic administration of drops and powders without the human possibility of a fatal mistake, and, above all, her set and practiced look of celestial goodness, are enough to irritate the most patient of sick men. The man is restrained by her painfully ladylike manners from swearing and throwing things, and the restraint is bad for his nerves.

She mars all the pleasures of sickness. The liberty to swear without being reproached which is accorded to a man by the members of his own family, the privilege of whining until the wife or sister or other related woman is moved to a display of sympathy, the liberty to plead for delay when the bitter dose is due, to work up a senseless grievance, distress everybody about the premises, find fault with the cooking and conduct himself generally like a spoiled child, these are the usual compensations of the sick man. All are impracticable and barred when a positive, unsympathetic trained nurse is in charge, and the women of the household gladly surrender all responsibility into her hands and can be heard chatting cheerfully with callers down stairs. The sick man is disappointed too. At the first grateful suggestion of the trained nurse he has visions of a lovely young creature, whose feelings will be touched by his appearance of suffering, who will smooth his pillow with a soft and tender hand, which she will subsequently place on his manly, fevered brow, and that sort of sentimental thing. Ablebodied men are more sentimental than schoolgirls, even a bank president after business hours. When the expectant patient finds the self contained young woman as unsympathetic, as exact and methodical as a machine, as dead to his personality as if he were a hatrack or a graven image, the reaction makes him bitter and savage.

Considering everything, to the average man who, though sick, is not in a critical state, the trained nurse is quite as oppressive and unsatisfying as the red nosed, fat, old woman who preceded her and cheered him with accounts of the death of other persons who had been afflicted just as he is.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hot Weather and Electricity.

Fools learn in the school of experience, excepting electromaniacs. When people shall drop by the thousand instead of by the hundred, as now, asphyxiated by trying to breathe semideoxygenated air, caused by the extensive use of electricity and the phenomenal heat from the same cause, thus jeopardizing the life of the nation, it is probable that the government will wake up and order an investigation. Artificial electricity affects the atmosphere, weather and climate.

Electricity can be safely used only on board of water craft, steamships, war vessels, etc., and in lighthouses where the proximity of the water tends to dissipate it. In all our cities and inland towns it must be dispensed with or the effects may be appalling.—J. S. Daggett in New York Sun.

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents.

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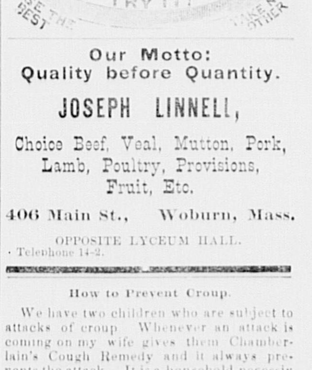

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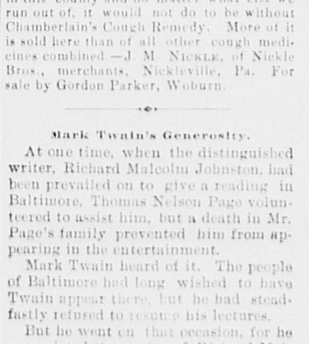

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How to Prevent Croup.

We have two children who are subject to attacks of croup. Whenever an attack is coming on my wife gives them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it always prevents the attack. It is a household necessiy in this county and no matter what else we run out of, it would not do to be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. More of it is sold here than of all other cough medicines combined.—J. M. Nickle, of Nickle Bros., merchants, Nickleville, Pa. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Mark Twain's Generosity.

At one time, when the distinguished writer, Richard Malcolm Johnston, had been prevailed on to give a reading in Baltimore, Thomas Nelson Page volunteered to assist him, but a death in Mr. Page's family prevented him from appearing in the entertainment.

Mark Twain heard of it. The people of Baltimore had long wished to have Twain appear there, but he had steadfastly refused to resume his lectures.

But he went on that occasion, for he appreciated the genius of Richard Malcolm Johnston, and, desiring to honor him, he left New York, at a great personal sacrifice, and appeared with him on that occasion.

There was never such a crowded house in a Baltimore theater.

When the entertainment was over, Colonel Johnston, with his accustomed fairness and courtesy, tendered Twain the bulk of the receipts.

"No," said Mark, "not one cent shall I receive. It is such a great honor to know a man like you that I am the one who owes you the debt of gratitude."

"Well," said the colonel, "at least let me defray your expenses?"

"I have a through ticket," said Twain. "Goodby and God bless you!"

That was Mark Twain!—Atlanta Constitution.

Our little boy was afflicted with rheumatism in his knee; and at times unable to put his foot to the floor. We tried in vain, everything we could hear of that we thought would help him. We almost gave up in despair, when some one advised us to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. We did so, and the first bottle gave so much relief that we got a second one, and, to our surprise, it cured him sound and well.—J. T. Bays, Pastor Christian Church, Neodesha, Kan. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Old fashions in dr[illegible] may be revived, but no old-fashioned m[illegible] can replace Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1898. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 48.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6..0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

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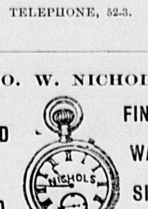

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
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Quick Ease for Corns!
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PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cainan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, JR.

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PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

PAST AND PRESENT.

"The lost and delicious leisure of the olden time."—Adam Bede.

Leisure is dead. Ah, dear old leisure!
Merciless hurry reigns in his place,
Striving for gain is our only pleasure,
Gold is the prize of our life's mad race.

Sit and think—at your peril you do it—
Scurry and bustle and bang and crash!
Wasting your time—that's the way they view it,
Everything's folly but gathering cash.

An hour at your dinner! 'Tis shameful, shameful!
Twenty minutes is ample time—
Gobble it down, such dawdling is blameful.
You should be making an extra dime.

Oh, for the days of the sweet maid spinning,
Kettle humming on open hearth.
Ere all this artifice knew beginning,
Dear old days of our nation's birth.

Days when the slow old coaches, crawling,
Gave us a chance to enjoy the scene.
(Now we fly with a speed appalling.
Nothing we see but a blur of green.)

Fine old inns by the road inviting,
Smoked and soaked with an honest cheer.
None of your rooms all paint and whiting,
Chill and cold with electric glare.

Sweet old games in the candle's glimmer,
Corners dim where we loved to sit.
Brighter our lights, but our joys are dimmer.
Romance—ah, little is left of it!

Ghost yarn telling was grandpa's glory—
Ugh! the ghost was there at your back!
Fancy telling that sort of story
To the tune of the radiator's crack!

Home delights one could revel deep in—
("Home!" 'twas the dearest word but one)
Not just a skimpy box to sleep in
After the daily task is done.

Good old parsons with good old sermons,
Slow, but sure in the narrow way.
None of your theological Herrmanns
Juggling the Word for a banker's pay.

What though the mail came but fortnightly?
Letters were letters in days of old—
Written lengthily, heartily, brightly.
None of your hasty scrawls and cold.

• • • • • • •

Rush and bustle and bang and clatter!
Scurry and hustle and clang and crash!
Bow, ye slaves, to the god of matter,
Everything's folly but gathering cash.
—G. Hembert Westley in New York Times.

A DESERT ROMANCE.

Christopher Morgan sat upon a box in the shade of some large bowlders and within whip reach of the circular path about the arastra, and at each rotation of the mule stimulated him by a touch of the whiplash.

It was a drowsy occupation. The monotonous creaking of the wooden shaft, the grating of the crush stones and the sound of the dull, thick wash of the tailings thus kept in muddy commotion acted as a sedative on Morgan, who had already almost dropped asleep. He was about falling into a still deeper doze when he was made alert in a moment at the sound of voices from a little mesa above the camp.

Presently, riding down the steep and almost obliterated trail, came first a lank, elderly man in faded overalls and a flannel shirt, and after him a girl dressed in coarse blue denim and a sunbonnet of the same material, riding astride on a man's saddle.

She had a light, girlish figure, and her face was to Morgan a revelation of loveliness, and his estimate of her attractions was not altogether without some foundation. Her mouth was perhaps a little too large and her nose a trifle too "tip tilted" for an exacting taste, but her gray eyes were full of life and sympathetic intelligence, her hair golden, her teeth as white and regular as a young animal's, and her complexion fresh and blooming.

The elderly man hailed Morgan in a loud voice, which woke the echoes all about: "Good mornin, companero! How goes it?"

Morgan acknowledged the vociferous greeting, and went to meet his visitors as they rode up toward the arastra. "My name's Bascom," said the man, "and this here's my daughter Boly, short for Bolivyer. A man passin along the road night before last said as how you'd bought in this here Belshazzar property, and Boly and me 'lowed it'd be the square thing to come over and get acquainted."

Meantime his guests had dismounted and, holding their ponies by their bridles, sat down on a broad flat rock near the arastra, while Morgan resumed his seat on the box facing them.

"You done well when you bought this here property," continued Bascom. "I've known the ledge this ten years, and if you go slow you'll come out ahead of the game. Them there fellers, the creditors, shut down on and busted up all natural enough, as I seen they would when I first set eyes on 'em. Bull Horn's all right."

Miss Boly said nothing, but fixed her gray eyes on Morgan and sat silently regarding him in a frank and interested way which somewhat embarrassed him.

Mr. Bascom was not only curious as to the past, present and future of his host, but was loudly overflowing with information as to himself. "My place is just over t'other side of this here ridge in the other canyon," he explained. "I took up land there ten years ago, never thinkin I'd stay there this time, and I wouldn't if it hadn't been for a thievin pardner of mine."

"How's that?"

"Why, this away. I'd made a stake before ever I'd come in here, landin arms for Bolivyun insurgents, and this pardner, this 'ere triflin feller Meeks, was in with me. We had $15,000 profits between us, mostly in big yellow twenties, and he comes up to my place here sayin as he'd help develop the claims back over the ridge on which we had located together. We was goin to put that coin all in to developin, but one mornin I wakes up to find him clean gone, along with his share of the money and mine too. I tracked him out on to the desert down Mud Springs way, and then lost his trail altogether, and I never seen hide nor hair of him or heard where he went to. Since then I've had to rustle for a livin. Boly, here, she helps out herdin a few cows I've got on the bunch grass flats on t'other side the ridge."

When his guests had remounted and slowly climbed the trail again, Morgan watched them till they were out of sight with an unaccountable mixed feeling of wild joy and deep depression in his heart, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

During the next few days the image of Boly grew more and more deeply impressed on his hitherto unsusceptible heart. This state of mind was progressive, and when, on the third day after Boly's visit, he had made a most satisfactory test clean up, it was in the best of spirits that he determined to knock off from work and return Bascom's visit.

On his way over the ridge he diverged from his direct route to Bascom's toward a little flat, where he saw three or four cows feeding and a pony near by, which, even at a distance, he recognized as Boly's. A few yards away, seated in the shadow of a great rock, he recognized the blue clad figure of Boly herself.

"I allowed you'd be over before long," she said, with a smile. "I kind of expected you'd be in yesterday evenin."

Morgan's courtship progressed with rapid strides. Within a fortnight after this visit he had been over to see Boly several times, and she, after an interval of a week when he did not come, knowing him to be tied down by his work at the Belshazzar camp, with a natural disregard for empty convention, had herself gone over to chat with him at the arastra.

It was on the occasion of this visit that Morgan declared himself. The arastra was stopped. The mule still discreetly blinded, dozed in the tug path, and Morgan in beatitude sat with his arm around what for the time being was the only waist in the world.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you," continued Morgan, "before ever you says yes or no. You see, when I first met the old man he kind of jumped at the idee that I was the owner of this here property. I didn't say so, but seein as he took it that a way I didn't see no call to undeceive him; but I ain't no owner. I'm just up here workin for Biggs, an old pard of mine, on wages, and I simply don't own nothin."

"That don't make no difference to me, Chris," said Boly, with a sigh, "but I reckon it will with por about consentin. He sets such a heap on a man's bein well fixed." There was silence for a moment, and then Boly continued: "I've been thinkin this a way. Why don't you branch out for yourself and get some property of your own? Then you'd be el'gible."

"That's easy to say about branchin out and gettin property," responded Chris despondently. "But however 'm I to do it? I don't see no openin."

"You'll never see no openin sitting around this arastra belongin to another man," retorted Boly, with some spirit. "I'll tell you what I'd do if I was a man and wanted to make a stake. I'd quit here too quick and go right away over into this here new Mud Springs deestreect that they're all runnin to and stake out some claims for myself. That would make it all right with por. He'd say your bein a man with just wages is one thing, but you bein a man with some promisin claims is another."

"But," said Morgan, inspired by the plan, but yet aware of obstacles, "what'd I say to Biggs if he should come back here and find I'd quit workin the arastra and pulled out with his mule? He's done a heap for me, and I couldn't go back on him."

"I've got a plan about that, too," said Boly, contemplatively drawing lines in the trailing dust with her riding switch. "You start right in and clean up this here run and then go and get rock down from the drifts and I'll come over every mornin and run the arastra while you're gone with Gyp" (indicating her pony). "He's small for the work, but he'll do, and you take the mule and start off for the new Mud Springs range. I'll herd the cows into a little rincon that I know of, where the feed's good and they won't leave till I come for 'em. Por is repairin the road every day now, and he'll never suspicion what's up."

Thus it was that on the third morning after this conversation Morgan was on his way on the trail to Mud Springs district with a fixed determination to find something rich and become "el'gible" or die in the attempt.

He wasted no time in entering actively on his work. He rode here and there over the country, working up dry gulches in search of placers and climbing rocky buttes and ridges in the hope of finding some rich ledge. Promising discoveries were being constantly made by others, but his own luck was of the worst.

The month's time which he had allowed himself was already drawing to a close, and he seemed as far from his goal as ever, and it was in a state of deep despondency and discouragement that he started upon his last trip into the adjacent mountains.

He followed for several hours an old, deeply worn Indian trail tending toward the Colorado. The trail had evidently been but little traveled for years, for in many places it was quite blocked with bowlders which had rolled down the hillside, and finally came to a point where it had been completely buried by an enormous slide of loose rock.

Here he dismounted and tied his mule to a stunted pinon. He was anxious to proceed in the direction he had been going, for not more than a mile ahead there was in plain view a rocky bluff, curiously marked and mottled in dull reds and faded yellows that suggested strong mineral possibilities.

Morgan had clambered half way across the rough and difficult barrier, still following the general line of the trail, when, as he paused for a moment to take breath, he saw with some surprise a few yards above him on the hillside a high, narrow opening in the rocks. It was partially blocked by a few fragments of broken bowlders and was evidently the mouth of one of those mountain caverns not infrequently found near the summit of these desert mountains. With but little difficulty he pushed away a few of the larger stones that blocked the way and found room to enter.

He had with him a small supply of matches, and as he lighted one after another he saw that he was in a fairly good sized chamber, 7 or 8 feet in height and perhaps 30 feet in length and half as broad. He advanced to the center of the cave and by the dim match light saw that there were clear evidences of former habitation. At one side on the floor were two broken ollas and other fragments of pottery.

"Just some old Indian hiding place," thought Morgan, and, lacking antiquarian tastes, he was about abandoning further exploration when his attention was attracted to certain dark bundle-like objects at the rear of the cave. He approached them with a mingled feeling of curiosity and distrust. He was not impressionable, but when his first near view assured him that one was a tumbled roll of blankets and the other a partially clothed skeleton of a man the damp chill of the cave seemed to penetrate to his very marrow.

Stung by the flame of the match, which, unnoticed in his excitement, had burned to his finger tips, he dropped it and was left in darkness. It was but a second before he lighted another, and then for the first time he noticed that close to the blankets lay a pair of leathern saddlebags. He stooped to lift them and was surprised at their weight. They were unstrapped, and his curiosity now overmastering all other feelings he threw back the flap of one and holding a freshly lighted match close to the opening was speechless with amazement at what he saw. The bag was half filled with coined gold.

For the second time, in his excitement, he had nearly allowed his match to burn out. His stock was now reduced to four, and, realizing that he must make haste to leave the cave, he seized the leather neck connecting the two bags and dragged them to the opening.

In another moment he was again standing in the sunlight and threw the remains of his last match among the rocks outside. It was all so strange and passed so quickly that it seemed to him almost that he had been dreaming and still dreamed, but when he opened the mouth of the saddlebags and plunged his hands into the jingling, shining yellow coin which both contained there was an end to all his doubts. "This beats dry washing or striking a ledge," he exclaimed aloud. "If Boly don't think I'm el'gible now, I'll give up beat."

On the side of each of the heavy calfskin bags in sprawling, pen printed letters, was the name "H. Meeks" and a date some 12 years back. "That's the name of the feller that robbed old man Bascom, and it was down in this Mud Spring country that the old man lost the trail. While I am out discoverin things, I seem to be workin up the whole job to once," said the now exultant Morgan to himself. "Old C'lumbus ain't in it with me."

When he reached Mud Springs late in the afternoon, he was discreetly silent about his discovery in the cave. He cached his saddlebags a mile or more back on the trail, and his preparations for an immediate and impressive return to the Belshazzar camp were undertaken at once. These consisted in various purchases. From the proprietor of the Magnolia saloon he obtained a black mule, with a silver mounted saddle and bridle and a pair of deep roweled spurs, with little, jingling chains. These had been left for sale by some newcomer from Sonora with bad luck and extravagant tastes. He also obtained at the same place a diamond of large size, but of doubtful purity, which he pinned in his blue flannel shirt front. He added to this a guitar for Boly, secured at an exorbitant price from an impecunious Mexican, and, having bade his friends goodby, started on his triumphal homeward march just as the full moon was rising over the eastern ridges.

He reduced the four days' time of his outward trip to less than three on his return, and an hour before sunset was riding up the last heavy grade on the trail into the Belshazzar camp. He hardly expected to find Boly so late at the arastra, but still on the chance he gathered himself together for an impressive entree. His new mule, laden with the precious bags, trotted in advance. He followed with the guitar swung by its bright ribbon about his neck and held in place before him, his questionable diamond flashing resplendently, his spurs jingling and his sombrero well back on his head.

As he neared the camp his spirits sank for the moment as he recognized the loud voice of old Bascom raised to even a higher pitch than usual. He hurried his animals, and in another moment was in camp. Boly's pony, Gyp, was in harness in the arastra. She herself was sitting despondently on a flat rock near by with her face buried in her hands and sobbing at short intervals, while old Bascom was vociferously upbraiding her for the infatuation which had led her to deceive her father and clandestinely operate the arastra in her penniless lover's absence. The situation, however, was soon changed to one of glad excitement and friendly greeting and congratulation when Morgan appeared and, briefly recounting his adventures, astonished them with the sight of the coin in the saddlebags.

"Two-thirds of that there coin naterally belongs to me," shouted old man Bascom, "and one-third of it" (meaning Meeks' part) "of course goes to you, but I won't stand on that. This is my day for bein lib'ral, and I'm goin to allow you half of the whole pot and throw in Boly as an extra, alow'n, of course, as she's agreeable to the arrangement."

"I ain't got no objections as I knows of," said Boly, with a laugh, as she looked down and shuffled one foot in the dry tailings.

"And all this comes," said Morgan to Boly, with glad impressiveness, "of my just follerin your advice and rustlin round and gettin el'gible."—Edmund Stuart Roche in Argonaut.

Biliousness
Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,
Hood's Pills
insomina, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A CHINESE LAW COURT.

A Battle of Vituperation—One Magistrate For All Courts.

For a peaceful people the Chinese appear to be a most litigious race. The moment that a quarrel begins to become serious one or the other of the parties is likely to shout excitedly, "I will go to the city!"—that is to present his formal accusation at the yamen. The other side threatens the same, and while in a large percentage of cases outsiders contrive to suppress the immediate execution of the menace every one recognizes that the trouble is only temporarily patched up and may break out in an aggravated form at any time.

If the accusations presented in these courts were confined to anything like the facts in the case, there would be no case at all for nine-tenths of them. Therefore it is considered indispensable to blend with the real grievance from 70 to 95 per cent of fiction. The plaintiff does this as routine practice. So does the defendant. When the magistrate happens to feel in a good humor, he calls up the case, or quite likely he does so when he is in a very bad humor, which bodes ill for one side, and not infrequently for both.

The first part of a Chinese trial is likely to be something like the proceedings in one of our own courts, a great deal of formality and an apparent respect for the majesty of the law and especially for its representative, the district magistrate, who is the Chinese unit of government, but it is not long before all resemblance to occidental procedure fades into thin air. There are no lawyers to protect the clients. If there really is any law bearing on the case in hand, no one but experts such as the yamen secretaries knows what it is.

The magistrate is himself civil and criminal judge, jury and practically the appellate court. There is no manner of restraint upon him in his inquiries or in his treatment of the principals or witnesses. The greater part of the matter brought into a Chinese lawsuit would be entirely ruled out of any British court as totally irrelevant to the main issue, but in a Chinese case there often is no main issue, or issue of any kind, except the impatient shout of the official, "Get out with you!" (hsia-ch'u la), whereupon all the parties retire and not improbably not one of them has the smallest idea where the case has now got to. Neither perhaps has the magistrate, but for the time he has had enough of it and wants to smoke a pipe or two of opium, and will hear them again when he has a more convenient season.

But before the case has been dismissed the respective parties have by no means been idle. Each of them has told falsehoods enough to shock a company prospectus maker, and as each party delivers himself of these fabrications the other finds it impossible to restrain himself and hoarsely bawls, "That is a lie!" To this it is necessary to reply, which is done with a volubility greatly in contrast to the quiet of the preliminary stages, when each replied in a few monosyllables only.

From ejaculatory interruptions giving the other party the lie it is but a stage to angry colloquies of some length in which each party struggles to be heard, each reviles the other vociferously, and neither party is interrupted or reproved by the magistrate, who is now engaged in the process of making up his mind on the basis of what he sees and hears as to which side has the most of lie or reason.

In the worst stages of a case it often happens that the magistrate himself does the reviling, and, Chinese human nature being what it is, it also sometimes occurs that the worsted party in the suit reviles the magistrate, although this is rash, for he may beat them severely for so doing and then decide the case against them.—North China Herald.

The Honeybee's Poison.

Dr. Joseph Zanger has investigated the chemical and toxic properties of the honeybee's poison in a most thorough manner. The author employed for his investigations 25,000 bees. The fresh poison is clear, like water, of an acid reaction, bitter taste and of a fine aromatic odor. On evaporating and drying at a temperature of 100 degrees C. (212 degrees F.) a gummy residue is left. It is soluble in water. With alcohol it forms an emulsionlike mixture. The aromatic odor is due to a volatile substance, which disappears on evaporation and is not poisonous. The poisonous constituent is not destroyed by short boiling nor by drying and heating the residue to 212 F., nor by the diluted acids or alkalis.

Dr. Zanger has proved the existence of formic acid, but he has also proved that that is not the poisonous principle. The latter is an organic base, soluble with difficulty in water, but kept in solution by an acid. On the healthy skin neither the bee poison nor a 2 per cent solution of the poisonous principle has any effect, but they act as powerful irritants on the mucous membranes.—American Druggist.

Oratory and Dyspepsia.

Postprandial oratory is responsible, we believe, for more dyspepsia and suffering than even the excessive long drawn out feeding and drinking. The poor martyrs cast for parts in the dreary farce to come can neither eat calmly nor digest well on account of the terrors that approach, and the poor hearers know they have to suffer for the delights of the banquet by later listening or by an impolite escape through the side door. All are impaled and must suffer at the hands of a tyrannous and senseless fashion.

Very few men are capable of entertaining an audience with spontaneous wit, and even these, if we but knew it, spend a sleepless previous night preparing and memorizing the bright extempore things that are struck out—i. e., lugged in by the horns, as flashes of the jolly esprit de corps all pretend to feel. We are as kind as we can be. We laugh—at least we applaud most loudly to encourage the trembling, wriggling fellow who, when he sits down, does so with many an inaudible "Thank heaven, that's over!"

Apropos of which our genial contemporary, The Practitioner, makes a most valuable and praiseworthy suggestion that as our singing is by artists hired for the purpose, why should not also our speaking be done for us by hired orators. Verbum sap!—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

Their Cost to Those Who Are Compelled to Use Them.

A Chronicle-Telegraph reporter made some investigations among the railway men of Pittsburg in regard to the subject of special trains and learned that they are more often provided for travel than the public imagines. Sickness, business necessities, unexpected delay to public entertainers or opera companies and other reasons often provide contingencies where special trains are speedily sought.

Of course the public understands that there are numerous other occasions of almost daily occurrence where special trains are contracted for in advance to be used by parties making trips to conventions or other events or for pleasure. As a result of the inquiries made it was ascertained that the railroads, although circumstances such as the amount of trouble experienced in securing the necessary rolling stock and in arranging to keep other trains out of the way of the special often must govern the cost of special trains requested upon short notice, have a fixed rate of about $1.50 per mile for a single car and engine.

For an unusual distance a reduction is made in the cost. Where a number of persons desire a special, whether a "rush" order or requested in advance, the cost is equal to the full fare to the destination for as many as the train could accommodate with comfort. If the persons in the party equal this number, then the expense for each passenger is what the trip would ordinarily cost on a regular train. If the number falls short, of course the deficiency must be made up. For a short haul the rate is naturally raised to $2.50 to $3 per mile.

Probably the most noted trip of a special train other than those which have carried visiting celebrities in this country was that a number of years ago of the American Opera company, which made the trip from one ocean to another in a superbly appointed special.

Among those who were spoken to on the subject by the writer was E. D. Smith, the division passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio road, who recalled a number of interesting incidents where special trains have been furnished by the local roads. Said he:

"I remember one morning when Mrs. Thurber, the owner of the American Opera company, hurriedly entered the office a few years ago and said that she had just arrived from the west on a delayed train and had missed the morning train for Washington. She said she must be there that evening, as a new production was to be put on for the first time, and she could not on any account miss it. She must have a special to start at once. Within a very short time she was the sole occupant of a car which was being hurried toward the capital almost as fast as steam could haul it. She arrived at the theater just before the curtain was rung up for the initial act. Her check for $450 had by that time found its way into the bank.

"Bob Burdette one afternoon missed his train at Union station while on his way to lecture at Waynesburg. The last train connecting at Washington, Pa., for Waynesburg in time for his engagement had gone. An engine was hurried out by the Panhandle officials, the humorist clambered into the cab with a smile and managed to reach Washington a few minutes after the regular train. A few months ago a Pittsburg physician was hurriedly summoned to perform an operation at Uniontown. I placed an engine and car at his disposal, and he never murmured at the rate of $1.50 per mile. Four business men recently called on me for a special train to Wheeling. An event was booked for there, and they must be on hand and did not seem to mind the $100 fare."

Requests for special trains on short notice are not at all infrequent occurrences with all of the local lines. — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

You Should Know

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 4, 1898.

CONGRESSMAN KNOX.

Congressman W. S. Knox of this District is worthy of a re-election. That is what the voters have in store for him. He will issue from the contest, if the campaign is worthy to be called a contest, next Tuesday evening with an overwhelming majority. That is conceded on all hands.

Flynn can hardly be classed as an opponent. He is scratching away in Lawrence and Lowell for votes, so we hear, but it is discouraging work. He is not in the Congressional class; too light for that.

Mr. Knox has proved himself the peer of any man in Congress. He has undisputed ability, sound in principle, a trained legislator. The Fifth District are proud of their Representative in the halls of Congress. He is deserving of all the good things they think and say about him. He is reliable; knows what to do, and how to do it.

Nobody has anything to say against Flynn only that he is not big enough for the place. He has pitched his tune too high. A seat in the Common Council of Lawrence would be about his size. Smart? Yes; that is about it; smart but not profound.

The only question is, how large will Mr. Knox's majority be?

A FULL VOTE.

Republicans need not be reminded of the importance of every member of the Party going to the polls next Tuesday and casting a ballot for the whole Republican ticket, for the duty is too plain and imperative to require it. We trust the Party will show their full strength at the ballot-boxes, because Knox, Wood and Grimes must be re-elected, and they cannot be if Republicans stay at home on election day.

There are a handful of Republicans in this city who are free with their counsel and criticisms but seldom come out to vote. We suppose they are Republicans because they say so; but they are not the ones that win the victories, or help to do so. It is to be hoped that these men will go to the polls next Tuesday and swell by their number the Republican victories that are sure to be won that day.

In the matter of Congressman it is of the utmost importance that the Republicans should show a solid front at the election. The reasons need not be here stated; it is enough to say that the defeat of Mr. Knox would be a blow at the Administration and his splendid record in the War with Spain.

WOOD AND GRIMES.

The outlook for the election of Representatives Wood and Grimes is bright. In voting party lines will be considerably ignored, we are told, and only merit considered. On this basis Wood and Grimes have nothing to fear.

These gentlemen stand well in the District. They have served two terms in the Legislature and given satisfaction. Nobody points to any errors made by them as Representatives, and "let well enough alone" appears to be the prevailing sentiment among voters.

No Republican can possibly excuse himself for voting against Wood and Grimes. It is not expected that any will do so, except perhaps a few disgruntled men who may be swayed by personal feeling rather than a spirit of loyalty to the Party. But practically the Republicans will, no doubt, vote as a unit for Wood and Grimes.

A GOOD MEETING.

The Republicans held a social gathering at their Headquarters in this city last Tuesday evening which bore several of the characteristics of a "Love Feast." The hall was well filled with representative Republicans. Chairman Riley of the Ward and City Committee presided.

Congressman W. S. Knox, Candidate Sanderson for the Senate, Representatives Wood and Grimes, and several leading Reading Republicans were conspicuous in the assembly. Mr. Knox made a few remarks, others testified to the faith that was in them, and still others told their "experiences."

It was a good meeting.

DON'T FAIL TO VOTE.

Every man who is intelligent enough to vote ought to need no urging to make him vote in times like these. Every man who knows enough to vote should also be glad to take the half hour or so necessary to cast his vote. See that you do it, and do it early, before the business cares of the day take up your attention, and you think you "haven't time." Be ashamed not to take time, even if it takes a whole day, once in the year to express your opinion on the government of your State and Nation.

VOTE FOR ALL OF THEM.

Vote for all the candidates. Don't skip a single name. The responsibility rests on you. Your failure to vote may defeat the one you really approve You must have some choice. Show it by your vote.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President McKinley has named Thursday, November 24, as a National Thanksgiving Day. Governors of States will follow suit no doubt.

☞ John Duncan, Jr., issued a proclamation on the local postoffice matter through the columns of the Boston *Globe* last Tuesday. He arraigned Congressman Knox, the Republican City Committee, and Capt. E. F. Wyer, for not calling a caucus to vote on a candidate for postmaster. It was another case of "threshing over old straw." Caucus or no caucus, Mr. Knox will not lose a single vote in Woburn besides Mr. Duncan's on account of it. Stick a pin there! Does Mr. Duncan think he can frighten the above parties into doing his will and pleasure by such threats as he fulminated in the columns of the *Globe*?

☞ The election of Wood and Grimes is as good as assured.

☞ We have it on high authority that Mr. William F. Davis, President of the Board of Aldermen, is in the field for Mayor and will make his campaign on nomination papers as an Citizens' Candidate. The papers will be signed within a few days. A considerable element in our voting population want a clean, honest city government and are seeking a change. Many of these, we understand, look to Mr. Davis as the man to lead them and occupy the Mayor's chair.

☞ The grand jury failed to find an indictment against the Woburn Board of Public Works and considerable curiosity is felt as to the next move of the Attorney General, if any, in the matter. There will probably be no next move. Lawyer Curran, City Solicitor, appears to have the inside track and the business will go about as he says.

☞ Make your Republican vote as large as possible, for upon its size depends the representation of your town in the conventions of next year. Just one vote may give you a delegate more than you would otherwise get. Vote yourself, vote early, and get all others you can to the polls. Vote the Republican ticket.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

F. N. C.—Supper.
B. Lewis—Dentist.
C. R. Smith—Goods.
Annie Fraser—Cooking.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
W. B. Curtis—Eyeglasses.
Boston Journal—New Form.
Cloverine Med. Co.—Cloverine.
Blaney & Robinson—Mort. Sale.

— Vote early.

— Election Nov. 8.

— Thanksgiving Nov. 24.

— Vote for Wood and Grimes.

— Vote before going to business in Boston.

— Don't wait until noon or afternoon to vote.

— Read the ad. of the Chafingdish Supper.

— The afternoon school sessions open at 1 o'clock.

— Tickets are on sale for the Moreland Family benefit.

— Letterboxes are being placed on iron posts in this city.

— Thomas P. Salmon is building a fine house on Scott street.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Congressman Knox will get a big vote in this city next Tuesday.

— Ladies Auxiliary of Div. 3, A. O. H., held a meeting last evening.

— Friday Night Club will give a Chafingdish Supper on Nov. 11. See ad.

— A good many Democrats will vote for Alva S. Wood for the Legislature.

— Every Republican should make a X against the name of William S. Knox.

— Mr. Martin J. Walsh, the Sewer Inspector, is about to move to Minnesota.

— More rain Saturday, and Sunday wasn't as pleasant as it might have been.

— Reading Republicans report that Grimes will get a rousing vote in that town.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder has got over his attack of lumbago and is on his feet again.

— Mount Horeb Lodge of Free Masons was officially visited last Wednesday evening.

— Mrs. Ann Smith was run over by a wagon and hurt on Salem street Monday night.

— The Woburn Brass Band will give their next Assembly on Thursday evening, Nov. 10.

— Let every Republican in Woburn make up his mind solid to go to the polls and vote next Tuesday.

— Pictures of Flynn, the wouldbe Congressman, are nailed up about town. Salt can't save him.

— Mr. F. A. Hartwell's talking machine draws crowds of people to his market. It makes lots of fun.

— The purchase of a copy of Cushing's Manuel for the Board of Alderman wouldn't be a bad investment.

— Miss Annie B. Seeley, the popular teacher, visited friends at Westboro last Saturday and Sunday.

— The bowling section of Towanda Club are having great times at tenpins these days. Their fall tournament is on.

— Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, son of Major A. Bancroft, is House Physician at the Parental School Hospital in Roxbury.

— The office of the *News* has been moved to the Richardson building 429 Main street, over the store of A. L. Richardson & Bro.

— Last Monday night was Halloween. The boys had a frolic as usual and a good many gates were out of place on Tuesday morning.

— Mrs. M. E. Putney expects to return to her Georgia home the last of this month. She has been with relatives here for some time past.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant street went to Canaan, N. H., last Saturday to visit Fred Ruggles who is conducting a hotel there.

— Mrs. Susan T. Converse of 35 Sherman Place and her daughter Bertha T. are at home from a very agreeable summer sojourn in New Hampshire.

— The Board of Aldermen voted last night to begin over again on the schoolhouse order, instead of suspending the rules and finishing the business then.

— Mechanics Fair continues to be the grand popular attraction in Boston. Thousands of people visit it daily and everyone is more than satisfied with what he sees and hears.

— T. Benton Tidd was thrown from his wagon by a collision at Winchester last Monday evening and seriously injured. It was feared that one or more of his ribs were broken.

— Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D., will preach at the First Baptist Church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. The services will be held in the body of the church and there will be good music.

— Miss Maud Littlefield has a good class in violin instruction. She is an artist with the bow and a teacher competent to give a high grade of violin education. She is also a fine pianist.

— Company A, 6th Massachusetts, assembled at the Armory at Wakefield yesterday and were duly furloughed for 60 days. A banquet was served. It is not yet known what the future of the 6th is to be.

— We call attention to the professional card of Dr. Benjamin Lewis, Dentist, in this paper. The Doctor has lately come to town bringing the best of credentials, and we have no doubt this community will find him a master of his profession.

— Cloverine, the great Mexican blood tonic, is doing more good for the sick in Woburn than all the other medicines put together. Samples are free; and the large dollar bottles are sold for 25c at the office 484 Main street.

— The will of William Henry Winning, whose death was announced in the last issue of the JOURNAL, gives his homestead of 140 acres and buildings in Woburn, Lexington and Winchester to John W. Johnson of Woburn, Howard M. Munroe of Lexington, and Daniel W. Pratt of Winchester, in trust for a home for orphans, and the net income of the remainder of his property to be used for the maintenance of the same.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

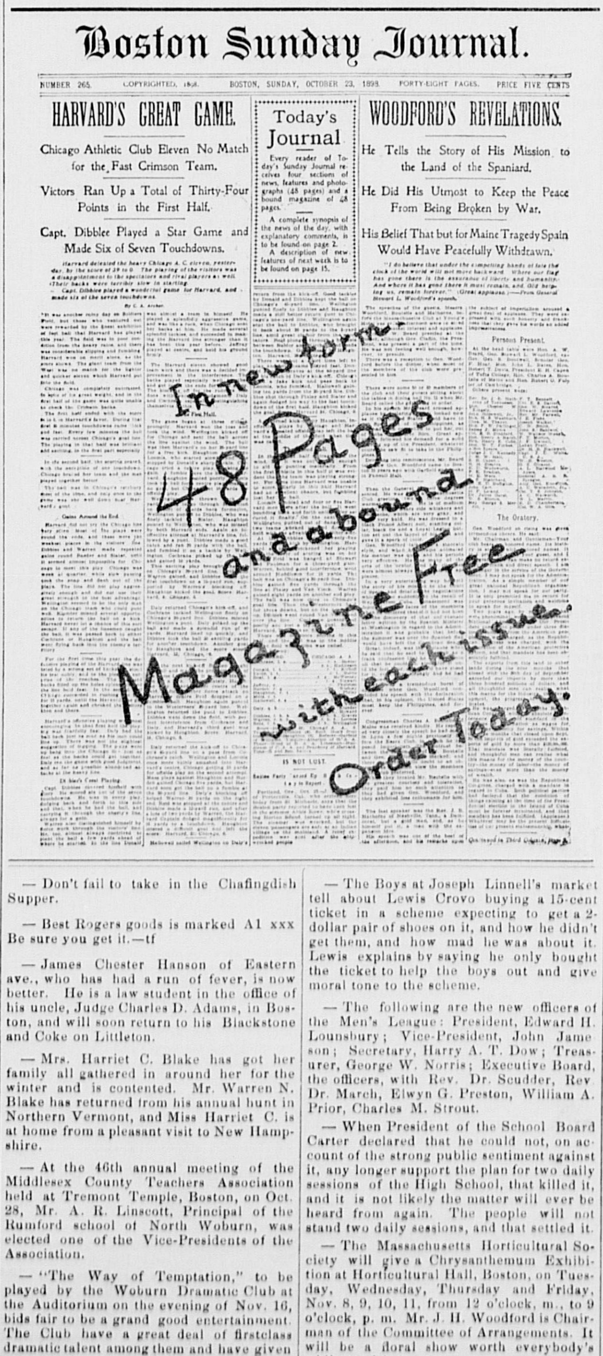
$5.00 Opal Ring

FREE!

It cost nothing to get this ring. Everyone can guess as to the number of people that comes in and goes out of my store this month. The one guessing the nearest will get the ring. Place your guess on paper with your full name and address, seal it in an envelope, and send it in to the store. The contest will close on the last day of this month.

Mr. Hobbs of the JOURNAL, and Mr. Wetherell of the *News*, will act as Judges. The ring can be seen in my window.

OSBORN GILLETTE,
Manufacturing Jeweler,
379 Main St., Woburn.



— Don't fail to take in the Chafingdish Supper.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— James Chester Hanson of Eastern ave., who has had a run of fever, is now better. He is a law student in the office of his uncle, Judge Charles D. Adams, in Boston, and will soon return to his Blackstone and Coke on Littleton.

— Mrs. Harriet C. Blake has got her family all gathered in one place for the winter and is comfortable. Mr. Warren N. Blake has returned from his annual hunt in Northern Vermont, and Miss Harriet C. is at home from a pleasant visit to New Hampshire.

— At the 46th annual meeting of the Middlesex County Teachers Association held at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 28, Mr. A. R. Linscott, Principal of the Rumford school of North Woburn, was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association.

— "The Way of Temptation," to be played by the Woburn Dramatic Club at the Auditorium on the evening of Nov. 16, bids fair to be a grand good entertainment. The Club have a great deal of firstclass dramatic talent among them and have given some excellent things on the stage here.

— The Railroad Commissioners will give a public hearing at 20 Beacon street, Boston, at 10 a. m., Nov. 16, "to investigate the system of passenger fares in the Suburban District of Boston on the railroads." Every suburbanite is deeply interested in this hearing and big delegations should attend it.

— The Boys at Joseph Linnell's market tell about Lewis Crovo buying a 15-cent ticket in a scheme expecting to get a 2-dollar pair of shoes on it, and they didn't get it. Lewis explains by saying he only bought the ticket to help the boys out and give what proceeds to the scheme.

— The following are the new officers of the Men's League: President, Edward H. Lounsbury; Vice-President, John Jameson; Secretary, Harry A. T. Dow; Treasurer, George W. Norris; Executive Board, Dr. March, Elwyn G. Preston, William A. Prior, Charles M. Strout.

— When President of the School Board Carter declared that he could not, on account of the strong public sentiment against it, any longer support the plan for two daily sessions of the High School, that killed it, and it is not likely the matter will ever be heard from again. The people will not stand two daily sessions, and that settled it.

— The Massachusetts Horticultural Society will give a Chrysanthemum Exhibition at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8, 9, 10, 11, from 12 o'clock, m., to 9 o'clock, p. m. Mr. J. H. Woodford is Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. It will be a floral show worth everybody's while to visit.

— Mrs. Mary A. Seeley of 7 Lawrence street gathered a fine bouquet of flowers and geraniums in her garden last Tuesday, Nov. 1, and, like the good considerate lady that she is, sent it by her son Harlow to the Editor of the JOURNAL. For so late in the season it was a rarity, and also handsome. Mrs. Seeley goes to New York next week for a fortnight's visit.

— Postmaster Hagerty informs us that the Free Delivery System has been extended in this city to include house-to-house collection of mail and sale of postage and special delivery stamps. Full particulars concerning the working of the new order may be obtained by application to the Woburn postoffice. The utility of the arrangement can be understood at a glance.

— On Sunday evening, Nov. 13, a grand concert is to be given at the Auditorium for the benefit of the family of David F. Moreland, for which elaborate preparations are in progress. The concert will consist of vocal and instrumental music by home and foreign talent and will be a good one. Mr. Thomas W. Kenney, General Manager, says it promises to be a great success.

— Mr. Oliver B. Littlefield of Irvington, N. J., a brother of the late Joshua E. Littlefield, a schoolmate of the Editor of the JOURNAL, visited his nephews and niece, Fire Chief Clarence Littlefield, Marcellus Littlefield and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor, in this city early this week. It was his first visit here in 17 years. He appeared as young and spry as a boy of 40, and happy as a clam, as usual.

— The gravel pit that President Davis of the Aldermanic Board said in his argument in favor of passing the new schoolhouse order over the Mayor's veto would prove such a boon is entirely worthless: it cannot be worked, and was abandoned long ago. This pit, President Davis said, would be just the thing to fill up the swale which, just before, he maintained was one of the best features of the lot—the swale was. Still President Davis made a strong plea for the passage of the order and one that will fetch him many votes in his Mayoralty campaign.

— The Woburn reporter of the Boston *Globe* has settled it again. He says the next Mayoralty lies between President W. F. Davis of the Aldermanic Board and Mr. William R. Bartlett who is now a Democratic candidate for the Legislature. We judge from this that the *Globe* gives up Mr. Bartlett's election to the latter office. But, gentlemen, here's dollars to doughnuts that Charlie A. Jones, Esq., ex-City Auditor, will be a candidate for the office of Mayor next December, and that he will overshadow Messrs. Davis and Bartlett by several sledlengths.

— Mrs. Almira Pease of Hockanum will be at the M. E. church, Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, to exhibit her "Family Album." Doors open at 7.30. Exhibition at 8. Tickets 15 cents. This entertainment is under the auspices of The Ladies Aid Society. The committee have been very fortunate in procuring the services at Miss Marie Dickey of Belmont, Mass., who as Mrs. Almira Pease has exhibited her Album on two successive evenings in Fitchburg. It has been given in other places also, with good success. Don't forget the date, Wednesday, Nov. 9 There will be good music and a good time for all. Come and bring your friends.

— The Friday Night Club advertise to give a Chafingdish Supper in the vestry of the Unitarian church at 8 o'clock, Friday evening, Nov. 11. The supper, to consist of welch rarebits, oysters, choice pastry, etc., will be prepared and cooked by gentlemen, and served by the most beautiful young ladies in the city. The tickets, which are only a quarter, will cover the supper and also a fine entertainment. The Committee of Arrangements are: Miss H. Josephine Ellis (Chairman), Mrs. N. S. Watson, Mrs. D. W. Bond, Mrs. H. B. Clewley, Mrs. Percy Linscott, Mrs. Emma H. Wright, Mrs. A. A. Dow. The Chairman of the Committee on Supplies is Mrs. Charles Grammer.

— Last Monday Mr. Ebenezer Reed, the last cousin Mr. Waterman Brown had on earth, was buried at Woodbrook in this city. He was born in Woburn on Nov. 20, 1820, and died on Saturday, Oct. 29, 1898. On Friday, Oct. 21, 1898, James Reed, a brother of Eben, died in Malden. He was born in Woburn on April 8, 1826. They were the sons of Eben and Eleanor Reed of North Woburn, and cousins of Waterman Brown. About six weeks ago an old gentleman called on Mr. Brown at his gatehouse on Church ave., and after a little conversation introduced himself as James Reed, his cousin. That was the first time the two men had met in nearly 50 years. James was then well and employed as a painter in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Within a week of each other the brothers, Eben and James, died, and thus Mr. Brown's last cousin, and nearly his last relative, passed away. The venerable gentleman is left pretty much alone in the world now so far as family connections are concerned.

— Last Monday evening Miss Helen M. Eaton entertained the Octette Club at her home No. 8 Plympton street in royal style. The members of the Club are: Helen M. Eaton, Christine P. Kelley, Blanche L. Blackburn, Carrie M. Andrus, Helen I. Deland, Louise M. Burgess, Grace W. Pound, Nellie M. Sanborn. The evening's festivities consisted of a Candy Pull, with its adjuncts and comcomitants; a series of exciting games, in which Miss Louise M. Burgess won a pretty prize. Following the games was a fine literary and musical entertainment embracing the following programme: Piano Solo by Miss Christine P. Kelley; Duet by Misses Christine P. Kelley and Helen I. Deland; Vocal Solo by Miss Blanche L. Blackburn; College Song, Helen I. Deland; Original Hallowe'en Story by Christine P. Kelley. After this pleasing entertainment came A Peanut Hunt, full of fun and frolic, in which Miss Blackburn won the prize. The party broke up at 11 o'clock after partaking of refreshments graciously furnished by the polite and courteous hostess. We must not omit to state that these young ladies, whose ages range from 13 to 15 years, wore gowns like women, and sported coiffures to match, in which they looked quite matronly and decidedly odd.

— The best of people sometimes make mistakes. "To err is human." Even our good Dr. March slips up once in awhile and makes a mistake. He did so last Thursday night week. The audience were very much disappointed with his "Reminiscences" and for good reason. The whole meetinghouse felt and were told to say that the lecture was too short. It ought to have been twice 60 minutes long, and even a quarter of an hour added to that wouldn't have sent a single soul out of the house. As a sample brick it was faultless, but something more than a sample was wanted. The lecture was intensely interesting. It was listened to with lively and profound attention. The heed that was given his words must have been gratifying to Dr. March. He told of things that everybody likes to hear about. It was history, and of the very best quality. It was entertaining, a delightful epitome of life in Woburn and elsewhere during the last 70 years. Of course the people would not overtax the endurance of Rev. Dr. March who everybody so highly esteems; but his "Reminiscences" were something new in the lecture line; it "hit the right spot;" it entranced and instructed; and it was natural that they should ask for "more." The preliminary exercises were excellent. The music was fine. Judge P. L. Converse was President of the evening. When Dr. March entered the great congregation stood up and gave him cheers that must have made the rafters tremble. Rev. Dr. Scudder was the originator and promoter of the evening's splendid entertainment and is entitled to credit for its signal success.

A Good Account.

Captain Linwood E. Hanson of Company G, Fifth Massachusetts, gives a good account of Camp Meade. It is "a model one," he says, "in almost every particular." This will be sad news to the calamity shriekers, but it is perfectly natural. There has been more time to prepare the camp. The troops there, as a rule, are better seasoned, and the War Department, freed in a measure from the tremendous crush of clothing, arming and equipping a quarter of a million volunteers all at once, is able to give it more adequate attention. All United States camps are likely to be models from this time on. No race in the world profits so quickly as ours by the lesson of experience.—*Boston Journal.*

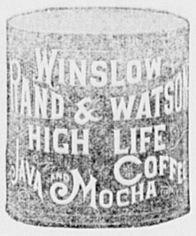
The Boston *Globe* last Saturday contained the report of a long and interesting interview with Capt. Hanson.

His personality filled the place. Yet not because he was a fat man. It was his annoying cough. He cured it with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam and sank into happiness and obscurity.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS

Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.



Winslow, Rand & Watson,
High Life Coffee
This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only; Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.
Buy The Best!
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

IT IS
Underwear Season!
Buy your Winter Underwear at the Underwear Department at
Smith's, 399 & 401 Main Street,
WOBURN.

UNDERWEAR for Father, for Mother, for Sister, for Brother. The whole family can be suited at SMITH'S.

Men's Medium Weight Shirts and Drawers, 50c each
Men's Heavy Fleece Lined Shirts & Drawers, 50c each
Men's Medium Weight Wool Shirts and Drawers, 50c each
Ladies' Underwear, Vests and Pants, Fleece Lined, 25c each
Extra Heavy Ladies' Underwear, Vests and Pants, Fleece Lined, 50c each
Ladies' Fine Jersey Ribbed Wool Vests and Pants, 75c each
Children's Underwear, Shirts and Pants, 25c each

Special Values in Hosiery.

Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, 13c a pair
Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, 15c a pair
Ladies' Black Wool Hose, 19c a pair
Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, ex heavy, 25c a pair
Children's Heavy Black Wool Hose, 10c a pair
Children's Strong Black Wool Hose, 13c a pair
Men's Camel's Hair Hose, natural color, 15c a pair
Men's Black Wool Hose, 19c a pair
Men's Mixed Gray Cotton Hose, 10c a pair 3 pair for 25c
Extra Heavy Men's Cotton Hose, 10c a pair

CHESTER R. SMITH,
Underwear Department,
Smith's Dry Goods Store,
399 and 401 Main St., WOBURN.

It is Astonishing.

THE JOURNAL today, in its columns, shows a unique reproduction of the first page of the Boston *Sunday Journal*, in its new form.

From all reports, the *Journal* is making many new friends and readers by its improved shape and the valuable reading its gives in its Sunday issue.

It seems almost impossible to imagine that in addition to 40 pages of news and miscellany can be given eight pages of fine illustrations on up-to-date matters, and also a 48 page illustrated magazine.

All this the *Journal* gives for the usual price of a newspaper, and any one who fails to read it every Sunday misses a good thing. It is properly termed "An Ideal Sunday Newspaper."

Montvale.

The ladies connected with the Congregational chapel have organized a Society to aid the church and the needy children, calling themselves "The Social Workers." The Entertainment Committee of the "Workers" are planning a series of pleasant evenings for the fall and winter, the first one being a talk on Turkey by Rev. James Fowie, Thursday evening, Nov. 10. The price of admission is placed very low throughout the Course.

MECHANICS' FAIR
1795 1898
By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.
Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.
MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!
The First Exhibition In the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.
XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.
Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.
Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.
"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*
FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.
Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.
25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFÉ Always Open.

One Large Scar
Is All That Remains of Great Scrofula Sores

Neighbors Could Not Bear to Look Upon Her—A Grand, Complete Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla After Others Failed.

"I was taken with neuralgia in my head and eyes. Not long after this, a scrofula sore appeared on my left cheek, extending from my upper lip to my eye. Other sores came on my neck and on my right arm and one of my limbs. They were very troublesome and painful and soon became great running sores. My face looked so bad that some of my neighbors could not bear to look at me and advised me to wear a bandage, but I feared this would irritate the sore and make it worse. So I

Could Not Hide the Sores.

My niece, who was familiar with a case similar to mine, which had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, urged me to try it. Finally I was persuaded to do so, and in a short time I saw it was helping me. The sores began to heal and the neuralgia in my head was better. In a few months the sores on my arms and limbs all healed; those on my neck gradually disappeared and now they are all gone. I have never had any symptom of scrofula since. One large scar on my right arm is all the sign that remains of my terrible affliction. The neuralgia is also cured." MRS. J. M. HATCH, Etna, New Hampshire.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HALLEY & DAVIS CO., 179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE: Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 3, 1898.
Lessons Given in Classes if desired.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Josephine Lang,
Piano-Forte Instruction,
Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.
413 Main St., Woburn.
Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN
VOICE BUILDING.
Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN LYNCH, 20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent
FLOUR
(Spring Wheat.)
$4.75 per Bbl.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing Tin Roofing
BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
—OR—
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.
Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.
Gas Piping Furnaces

To Let.
Furnished or unfurnished, 4 or 5 rooms for housekeeping, on Pleasant street.
For further information inquire at this office.

About Your Winter Overcoat.
Think and talk over the matter to-day—but don't stop at that—come in and see just what excellent garments we are selling this season.

About its Price and Quality.
We don't hesitate to place our reputation back of the claim that the materiels of our Overcoats are better, and the price we sell them for, are lower than your experience can recall.

Men's Fine All Beaver and Kersey Winter Overcoats
Warranted fast colors—in Black, Blue, and Brown shades at $8, 10, 12, 15, 18, 20, 25.

Young Men's Heavy-weight Covert Coats.
Full box style, plaid backs, patch pockets, strapped seams—up-to-date in every respect—at $10, $15, $18.

ONE OF OUR LEADERS
Is a lot Men's extra fine Kersey Overcoats in Blue, Black and Olive shades made with extra heavy lasting lining, full facings, satin sleeve linings that are guaranteed to wear at least a year, and made by journeyman tailors. The garments are worth $18. We own the cloth at a VERY low price and offer them at $15.00 each.
It costs nothing to look!
May we have the privilege of showing you?

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

Stop-ache
Has Cured
1912 Headaches
It will Cure Yours.
25c.
F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

All the Comforts of Home
depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.
We think our line of **TEAS** will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 25, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 3d, 1898,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 3.

MICHAEL BLAKE.—About 10,653 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 62 Harrison Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Harrison Avenue; easterly by land of Curley; southerly by land now or late of Dow; westerly by land of Byrne.
Tax of 1897, $13 23

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 69,584 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Kilby street; westerly by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly and northeasterly by old Canal Bed.
Tax of 1897, 72 77

ANNIE S. BOYLE.—About 2,505 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No 23 Park street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs southerly by land now or formerly of Converse 31.1 feet; thence southwesterly by a fence 15.3 feet; thence southeasterly 25.5 feet; thence southerly by Centre street 84 feet; thence northerly by Park street 104.5 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed by Martin Ellis et al by deed dated June 27, 1879, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1514, Page 140.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

DAVID CLANCY HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land and buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connolly; easterly by land now or late of Trull; southerly by land of Maloney, McGrath and Corry; westerly by said Centre street.
Tax of 1897, 31 19

THOMAS R. CORBETT and SILAS F. CORBETT.—About 10,054 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Kilby street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kilby street 85 feet; easterly by land of Caroline B. Hayes 100 feet; southerly by land of Augusta A. Corbett 74.5 feet; westerly by land of Heirs of Luke Balfe 115 feet.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

DENNIS DOHERTY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 9 Grove street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Maguire; easterly by land of Grandfield; southerly by land formerly of McConnologue; westerly by Grove street.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

PATRICK DOHERTY.—About 5,305 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Kilby street, being Lot 26 on plan of lands recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Kilby street 50.38 feet; northeasterly by lot 27 on said plan 104.49 feet; southeasterly by lot 35 on said plan 50 feet; southwesterly by lot 25 on said plan 108.05 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

NATHAN W. EATON.—About 22,271 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Scott street; easterly by land of Heirs of Helena Eaton; southerly by lands of Cotton, Prior and of Plympton heirs; westerly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs.
Tax of 1897, 90 72

HEIRS OF HELENA EATON.—About 3,375 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Scott street; easterly by land of Wheeler; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Nathan W. Eaton.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

SVEN FROBERG.—About 5,059 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bedford street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at stake at northeasterly corner of premises on southerly side of old road, at land of Gustaf Olson; thence southerly by said old road and irregular line 65½ feet; thence at right angles and southeasterly by land of Ludvig Froberg 90 feet; thence northeasterly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs 47.25 feet; thence a little west of north by land of said Olson 89.1 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 10 58

SVEN FROBERG.—About 4242 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by the old road formerly called Bedford street, 32½ feet; easterly by land of Alfred Olson 95.2 feet; southerly by land of Plympton Heirs 20.65 feet; westerly by land of said Sven Froberg 89.1 feet.
Tax of 1897, 95

PETER HOLLAND.—About ½ acre land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 18 Munroe street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Meade; westerly by land of Bacon heirs; northerly by Munroe street; easterly by land of Carey.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

MARY KENNEY HEIRS.—About 6,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on northerly side of Harrison Ave. in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—southerly by Harrison Avenue; westerly by land of Daniel F. Callahan; northerly by land of Grandfield; easterly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

MARGARET MOONEY.—About 9,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on a private way leading out of Harrison Avenue, called Flagg street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Sheeran and Feeney; westerly by said Flagg street; southeasterly by land of McElhaney and land of Hearn.
Tax of 1897, 29 30

WM. E. MOONEY.—About 9,984 square feet of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a private way leading northeasterly out of Harrison Avenue known as Flagg street 127.78 feet; southerly by land formerly of Bacon and Colegate 70 feet; westerly by other land now or late of Bacon and Colegate 128.75 feet; northerly by land of Bridget Mooney 86.32 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

SAUNDERS SIMMS.—About 4,260 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 34 Centre street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of the premises on said street and at land of P. E. Bancroft, thence southwesterly by said street 51 feet; thence northwesterly by land formerly of Gage 60 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. R. Carter; thence by same 91.5 feet to land of Bancroft; thence southerly on Bancroft land to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 13 23

DANIEL Y. WELDON.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 27 Plympton street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Plympton Heirs; easterly by other land of Plympton Heirs; southerly by Plympton street; westerly by Scott street.
Tax of 1897, 36 91

Non-Residents.

ELIZABETH A. KENNEY.—About 7,645 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs east of north by and with private street 60 feet; thence north of west by land of McDermott 136 feet; thence southerly by land of owner unknown 60 feet; thence south of east by land now or formerly of Colegate 120 feet, to the point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Kenney by Wm. A. Colgate by deed dated September 27, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1825, Page 506.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

WARD 4.

ANDRUS P. ANDERSON.—About 1,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Putnam; easterly by land of Conn; southerly by a private way leading out of Sherman Place; westerly by land of Putnam.
Tax of 1897, 14 18

MARY W. MENCHIN HEIRS.—About 1,664 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 High street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by land of City of Woburn; northwesterly by land now or late of Allen; southwesterly by land now or late of Ellis; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawyer.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 20,282 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 162 Salem street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; easterly by land of Bryant; northerly and westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1897, 103 95

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 7 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; northerly by other land of said Smith and land of Bryant; easterly by land of Sarah F. Conn; northerly again by land now or late of John Nelson; westerly by land of Grammer, Putney and Anabel C. Brown.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

EMMA J. WENDALL.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Maple Court, so-called, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly on said Maple Court 10 rods; easterly on land now or late of John Nelson; northerly on land of City of Woburn 10 rods; westerly by land now or late of Woodland 27 rods.
Tax of 1897, 28 35

Non-Residents.

PRESCOTT C. BRIGHAM ET AL.—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 299, Block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 298 in said Block; easterly by Wildwood street on said Plan; southerly by Lot 300 in said block; westerly by Lot 296 and 302 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN McCLAFFERTY.—About 5,980 square feet of land, being lot No. 85, Block 6, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by State street on said Plan, southerly by Newton street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 13

JOHN STEELE.—About 4,000 square feet of land, being Lot 123, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with with Middtesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 110 in said block; easterly by lot 122 in said block; southerly by Clifton street on said Plan; westerly by Lots 107, 108 and 109 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE W. YOUNG.—About 8000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 130 and 131, Block 9 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 132 in said block; southerly by lots 140 and 141 in said block; westerly by lot 129 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 1 51

SAMUEL W. GLEDHILL.—About 15,153 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Main street; northerly by land of City of Woburn; southeasterly by land of P. L. Converse; southwesterly by land of Smith.
Tax of 1897, 240 03

FREDERICK ARMSTRONG.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 114, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by lot 115 in said block; southerly by lot 119 in said block; westerly by lot 113 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ETHEL L. DAVEY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 96, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dis. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by lot 97 in said block; southerly by lot 99 in said block; westerly by lot 95 in said block.
Tax of 1897 76

MARGARET McCARTHY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 115, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly Putnam street; easterly by Lot 116 in said block; southerly by lot 118 in said block; westerly by lot 114 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

EDWARD O'BRIEN.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 93, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton atreet; easterly by lot 94 in said block; southerly by lot 102 in said block; westerly by lot 92 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES RICE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 297, block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Wildwood Avenue; southerly by Lot 298 in said Block; westerly by Lot 296 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

FREDERICK A. GUILES.—About 4,356 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 6, Block 1, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan; southerly by Lot 5 in said Block; westerly by Lots 46 and 47 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 110, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 111, in said Block; southerly by Lot 123 in said Block; westerly by Lots 105, 106 and 107 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 75

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 275, Block 18, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 276 in said Block; southerly by Lot 285 in said Block; westerly by Lot 274 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

BERNARD McGUIGAN—About 6,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot. No. 38, on Plan of West land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 573, Page 573, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of West 130 feet; southerly by land formerly of West 138 feet; westerly by land of Richardson 50 feet; easterly by a private way called West street 50 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AUSTIN H. ROBIE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 89, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 88 in said Block; easterly by Lot 104 in said Block; southerly by Lot 90 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE L. GOODALE.—About 15,543 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way laid out on West Plans, called Converse street, there measuring about 184 feet; easterly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation 100 5-10 feet; southerly by Lot No. 2 on said Plan, 134 feet; westerly by a private way called West street 136 feet.
Tax of 1897, 1 89

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 39, on Plan of West Lots so called, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Hannah Milliken; easterly by a private way called West street; southerly by Lot 38, shown on said Plan of West Lots; westerly by land now or late of Chas. P. Horton.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AMELIA PAGE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 111, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; southerly by Lot 122 in said Block; easterly by Lot 112 in said Block; westerly by Lot 110 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN J. MOORE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 168, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 169 in said Block; westerly by Lot 167 in said Block; southerly by Lot 179 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MARTHA J. PREBBLE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 167, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 168 in said Block; westerly by Lots 162, 163 and 164 in same Block; southerly by Lot 180 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES R. H. ROGERS.—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 162, 163 and 164, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lots 167 and 180 in said Block; southerly by Lot 165 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue.
Tax of 1897, 2 27

EDWARD F. RYAN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 116, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by State street; southerly by Lot 117 in said Block; westerly by Lot 115 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MANUEL L. AMARAL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 94, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Lot 95 in said Block; southerly by Lot 101 in said Block; westerly by Lot 93 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 13, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

TUESDAY, the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Fifield Hall, Fowle St.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Two Special Commissioners, District Attorney, Register of Probate and Insolvency, Sheriff, Representative in 56th Congress.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Otis Simonds, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to John W. Johnson of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Elbridge Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of certain parcels of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County, on the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.
JOSEPH LINNELL,
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.
406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Mary Meehan of Woburn to Sumner C. Stanley of Lawrence, dated April 18, 1896, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2455, Folio 522, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, November 19, A. D., 1898,

at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the following premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the easterly side of Highland street in said Woburn, containing about eight thousand eight hundred and ninety square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on said Highland street at land now or late of James Lynch; thence the line runs northeasterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at land late of Lewis J. Lyman, deceased; thence southeasterly by last named land seventy feet to land once of J. E. Littlefield, deceased; thence southwesterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at said Highland street; thence northwesterly by said Highland street seventy feet to the point of beginning; being the parcel first described in the aforesaid mortgage, and being the same premises conveyed by J. E. Littlefield to James Meehan by deed dated July 19, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds. A portion of the above described premises is subject to a mortgage to Parker L. Converse for eleven hundred dollars. Subject to any unpaid taxes or liens thereon.

Terms at sale. $300 to be paid at sale.

SUMNER C. STANLEY, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. CORCORAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.
533 Tremont Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Nathan W. Eaton to Charles N. Mellen dated December 29, 1892, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2166, Page 264, which mortgage deed has been assigned and is now held by Charles M. Tillinghast and Leonard Fowle, trustees under an indenture for the benefit of Josephine E. Henry and others, by assignment duly recorded with said Deeds, and for a breach of the conditions in said mortgage deed contained, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the 28th day of November, 1898,

at three thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that day all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at a point on the southerly side of Scott street distant forty-three feet westerly from land now, or late, of Francis Keyes; thence running westerly by said street two hundred fifty-one and 85-100 feet; thence turning and running a little east of south by land now or late of the Heirs of Dr. A. Plympton one hundred and thirty feet to other land now or late of said Heirs; thence turning and running a little north of east by land now or late of said Heirs to a point forty-four and 85-100 feet distant westerly from land now or late of said Keyes.

The sale will be made subject to all taxes, tax liens and assessments, if any. Further particulars at time and place of sale.

CHARLES M. TILLINGHAST & LEONARD FOWLE, Trustees, Assignees of said Mortgage.
Boston, Oct. 31, 1898.
Blaney & Robinson, Attys, Sears Bldg.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby L. Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the fifteenth day of Novembet, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of November, A.D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

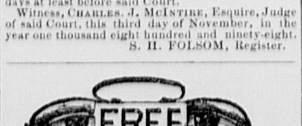
WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES. J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this third day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.



Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

Local News.

— Mrs. S. E. Howe cures corns, etc., without pain.

— No need of fretting about Ward 3. Wood is solid there.

— Real, genuine Indian Summer weather has prevailed this week.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis celebrated his 66th birthday one day this week.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Heaps of Woburn people are daily visiting the Mechanic's Fair in Boston.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward went up North last week on business for Ellis & Buswell.

— Please take particular notice of Mr. Gillett's ad. this week. He makes a novel offer.

— Spring wheat flour (the best) is only $4.75 a barrel at the Boston Branch. Read their ad.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— If you think of having any goods dyed this fall, recollect that Hammond & Son send express parcels semi-weekly to the best dye house in this country.

— Sparrow Horton has opened an Office for Justice of the Peace and Pension business. Accountant, Insurance, Real Estate and Foreign Passage Agencies, &c., will be promptly attended to by him at 426 Main street.

— The Methodist pulpit will be supplied on Sunday by Rev. Dr. Jackson of Chicago. He is one of the representative men of that denomination in the West and is here in connection with the great Methodist Meeting in Boston.

— Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Feeney of Academy Hill have been receiving the congratulations of friends this week on the addition of a bouncing boy to their family circle. He came along about 2.30 on yesterday afternoon, Nov. 3.

— The *London Advertiser* has the following to say of Miss Fraser: "The lectures on Cooking, given by Miss Fraser yesterday afternoon and evening, were attended by a large number of ladies, and they were pleasantly entertained and instructed. Miss Fraser is an adept in this most gratifying art, and knows how to teach others to manipulate dainty and appetizing edibles."

— Gordon Parker and W. Frank Fowle returned from a long hunt for big game in New Brunswick last Saturday. They were well and hearty and enloyed the trip highly. Their success was unequalled by any party of hunters in the N. B. forests this season. The law's limit was reached by them, namely: two moose (one an immense bull), caribou and bear. On account of snow and ice and the difficulties of travel in the woods they were 10 days late in leaving the game fields for home, which gave rise in the Boston papers that Messrs. Parker and Fowle were lost. They were not lost, but stalled long enough to delay their arrival home more than a week.

— The Shakespeare Club of Manchester, N. H., a Woman's organization, of which Mrs. Hannah E. Lewis, mother of the late Frederic H. Lewis, was one of the five charter members, celebrated their 25th anniversary in the largest church in that city on Oct. 31, with marked success. More than 1,000 people composed the audience who greatly enjoyed the fine musical and literary programme given. Mr. Percyval Lewis, a church organist of four years experience, and now filling that position at the Unitarian church in this city, was accompanist, and also gave a delightful 30 minutes of organ solos, of which the Manchester *Daily Mirror & American* spoke in the highest terms the next morning. Young Mr. Lewis is an accomplished organist and is destined to make his mark in the musical world.

— Suits for little fellows 3 to 8 years of age in as large a variety as Boston stores carry, and 10 per cent. less than city prices. Up to date New York styles. Hammond & Son, Leading Clothiers.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying "Electric Bitters," and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at Parker's Drug Store.

The 2d Mass. Volunteers.

When the war with Spain was declared the President called for volunteers. To this call the 2d Mass. responded, and was the first regiment of volunteers to be mustered into the United States service. With the invasion of Cuba the 2d Regiment was among the first of the volunteers to taste Spanish bullets. They encountered all the hardships of the campaign, and suffered all the neglect which a negligent department could inflict upon it. The story of the 2d from the start until the day of its mustering out will be graphically told by I. Newton Greene (the only newspaper correspondent who spent every day and night with the 2d Mass. during its active service) in The Boston *Sunday Herald* of Nov. 6, 1898. This special article is of interest to every man, woman and child in New England, and should be preserved for reference. The numerous illustrations in the article are from photographs by The Boston *Herald's* special correspondent.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn., had an attack of dysentery which became chronic "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Postal Laws Modified.

A notice has been issued by the postmaster to the effect that the postal laws relating to printed matter have been modified so that original manuscript and type-written matter, together with letter-press or manifold copies thereof, are to be considered as first-class matter. Fac simile copies of manuscripts or type-writing, obtained by mechanical process, in order to be entitled to the third-class rates of postage, must be presented for mailing at the post-office window, and in the minimum of twenty perfectly identical copies. When such matter is mailed elsewhere than at the post-office window, or in a less number than twenty perfectly identical copies, postage at the first-class rate will be required.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store, large bottles 50 cents and $1 00.

Burlington.

A Magical Entertainment will be given in the vestry of the church Wednesday evening, November 16, under the auspices of the Ladies Circle, and the special direction of Mrs. Dr. Estabrooks. The entertainment, which has been very popular in other churches, will consist of magic experiments by Mr. Tripp of Woburn, music and other attractions. Ice cream, cake and coffee. Tickets 30c admit to the entertainment and supper.—2.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Thou Shalt Say, Yes." Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. Preaching by Rev. Dr. Jackson of Chicago. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M. Junior League. At 5.45 P. M. Epworth League. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., 2d Lecture in the Course on The Family by the pastor. The chorus will sing. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—22d Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Unseen Eternal," followed by Communion. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Preaching in the audience room by Dr. Crane. Subject: "Jesus in the Storm." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 31, Catherine E., daughter of Timothy and Ellen Sheehan, aged 1 year, 3 months.
In this city, Oct. 31, Ida M. daughter of Robert L. and Margaret L. Webber, aged 3 months, 4 days.
In Reading, Oct. 29, Ebenezer Reed, formerly of Woburn, aged 77 years, 11 months, 4 days.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 27, by Rev. O. A. Henry, Rudolph Jacobson of Everett, and Marie Johnson of Winchester.
In Boston, Nov. 2, by Rev. Geo. J. Prescott, William O. Porter of Woburn, and Elizabeth Graham of South Boston.

STAR

Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

SUBJECTS and DATES:

NOV. 16. Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

Friday Night Club

Chafingdish Supper

FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 11,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, IN THE

Vestry of the Unitarian Church

Admission 25 Cts.

Which will include Supper and Entertainment.

Free to Housekeepers.

Miss ANNIE FRASER,
Of Toronto, Canada,

Graduate of the New Era Cooking School, Worcester, Mass., and well-known lecturer on Dietetics, will deliver a

COURSE OF LECTURES
At Music Hall, Woburn, Mass.
Monday and Tuesday Afternoons,
Nov. 7 & 8, 1898.

Each lecture to be followed by practical chafing dish demonstration.
Doors open at 2 o'clock. Commence at 2.30
Every lady attending Miss Fraser's lectures will receive as a **Souvenir of the Occassion**, a handsomely illustrated and practical cookbook.
Please bring fork, spoon and napkin, as there will be many dainty dishes served to all who come.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Everybody surrenders to Battle Ax.

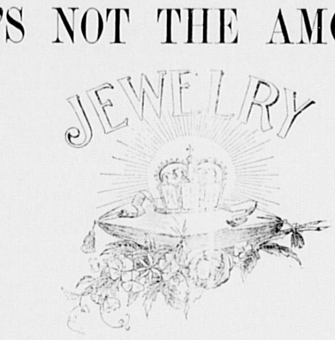
There is no greater hardship than to be deprived of your

Battle Ax PLUG

and any one who has once chewed Battle Ax will give up most any thing to get it. 10c. buys a larger piece of Battle Ax than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T
fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.
GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

To Let.

No. 111 Pleasant street. All modern conveniences
Apply to JAMES W. McDONALD,
6 Broad Street, Woburn.

Thousands of sick and suffering people are like the poor cripple in the Bible, who had no one to help him down to the life-giving pool before some one else slipped in ahead of him. So many sufferers feel that if they could only get a little help to overcome their extreme weakness they would then be able to regain their coveted health and strength.

It is just these people that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is designed to aid. It is the strong, helping hand for those who are in the extreme of bodily weakness and nervous exhaustion. It promptly tones, nourishes and builds up the entire system. It gives keen appetite, good digestion, pure blood, muscular strength, nerve-force and renewed activity.

"When I first wrote you I was completely discouraged," says Mrs. W. M. Satterly, living at Richford, Tioga Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 40), in a letter to Dr. Pierce. "I was in pain all the time, could not lie in bed on account of severe, sharp cutting pains in my back and right hip. Had pain all through the lower part of my body and my elbows hurt me so much I could scarcely lift my baby. My skin was dry, harsh and scaly and hung like sacks on my arms. My husband called the doctor, and he said it was weakness, and my age. His medicine did me no good. I kept getting worse and weaker. It seemed I should go crazy. One day I wrote you and received advice. I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and now I can lie in bed with some comfort and can do a good day's work."

The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A splendid 1008-page volume, with engravings and colored plates. A copy, paper-covered, will be sent to anyone sending twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing *only*, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps.

THE MAN WITH THE MEDAL.

Here he comes! Doff your hat till the hero goes by.
No, don't stop to listen for trumpets and drums.
No banners are waving, obscuring the sky,
All speaking to us of the hero that comes.

'Tis only this workingman, grizzled and grim,
On his way to the place where he toils for his bread.
You don't care to stand here bareheaded for him
Unless you are told what he's done, what he's said?

And what may his name be? Why, how can I tell?
I've asked him no questions. Sufficient for me
Is that little bronze medal pinned on his lapel,
That all whom he meets, having eyes, they may see

And know that his soul has been touched by the power
That blots out all selfishness, cancels all fear.
It speaks to the world of a perilous hour
That called for a man, and this one answered, "Here!"

Do you fancy he waited to spell out his name?
Or to wonder what sort of a medal he'd wear?
Or to think how he'd look in the temple of fame?
Or who of his neighbors would gaze on him there?

Not an instant. He looks like the rest of his clan—
His hands are as rough and his clothes are the same—
But he's filled the full measure of greatness of man,
And from that hour to this he has worn a new name.

And that name is Hero. I care not to see
Where he lives nor to hear what his neighbors might tell,
Nor the name that they call him. Sufficient for me
Is that little bronze medal pinned on his lapel.

—Margaret H. Bates in Youth's Companion.

HE SAVED THE SHIP.

"That's rather a purty story, that of Huff's in The Journal the other day about how he brought the Sibery through a gale in 1883," remarked Engineer Blowit to some boon companions who had gathered in the engine room of the famous old side wheeler Exile, a "forty-niner," built as a palatial passenger boat and later winning fame as a grain carrier.

"I happened to be at Eagle harbor, on Michipocoten island, when he brought the Sibery into port and can't say but what Huff has played it purty modestlike in tellin the yarn. He give it straight, though, barrin his leavin out a few things which mebbe he didn't think important, though some of 'em was to the owners. Ye see, when they tied the boat up at the dock in Eagle harbor, thet's on Michipocoten island, there was the prettiest layout of ice on 'er y'd ever want to look at. W'y, 'twas even with the rail over the deck, and the purtiest fluted pillars of it run right down them open hatches and stove in skylights and other open places right down to the keel. W'y, it war a sight to behold, fine as anything at the ice pallis, all made without hands. W'y, the fellers that pack ice in Eagle harbor, on Michipocoten island, jest tumbled over each other to git in bids on the layout, for I tell ye, boys, two foot ice, every blamed inch of it as clear and sparklin as the Kohinoor dimond, ain't often found already histed on deck so ye c'n git it without wettin yer feet. See? Huff shouldn't 'a' left thet out, even if he didn't make the ice himself with a patent freezin machine, specially when they sold the ice for enough to pay for all repairs besides addin somethin to the owners' bank account after payin a handsome salvage to Huff for savin the ship.

"Thet header he took after the coal maul, axes not bein handy to git at jest then, I kin swear to, for he showed me the lump on his head, caused by strikin the fireroom floor, havin miscalculated the depth of water, thinkin it was ten feet when it war only six. It war a pretty bad contusion, right on the place where the phrenologers locate the bump of self esteem. He was very proud of thet lump, ye bet. Well, ye can bet that we fellers in Eagle harbor, Michipocoten island, appreciated the gallant feat and lost no time in roundin up the whole crew before the bar and wettin 'em down solid with somethin hotter'n lake water in November, except the miserable cap'n, who took to the steam pipes in the hour of danger, because, I s'pose, he's jined so many of them blamed societies what roast their men on hot gridirons and things before they let 'em in on the ground floor to enjoy the enormous benefit of payin assessments thet he jest natchully took to them pipes, as it war.

"When Huff told us how the whole crew went below, wheelsmen and all, and fed the fire with coal what they picked by hand outen the water which war pourin in on 'em by the hundreds of tons, havin to swim to git it, the fine old boat jest navigatin herself all the time, with her steerin machinery all out of gear and useless, w'y we wet 'em down agi'n with stuff hotter'n them steam pipes the cap'n set on, and when he told how he riz up in two feet of water or more and in a haughty and commandin tone told the miserable coward of a cap'n to leave him alone and never speak to him ag'in we jest hoorayed, for I c'n tell ye that an engineer what knows his biz like Huff does can stand at the throttle and navigate a ship by instinct better'n the swellest cap'n afloat.

"W'y, I c'n tell ye, an engineer has to know somethin besides how to give orders, and a man thet can't run a vessel without bein on deck and seein the whole layout don't know his biz. I never could see the use of cap'ns on steam vessels what have No. 1 engineers except to swear and put on airs. As for mates, two good firemen are better'n a dozen of the overbearin cusses. See? What cap'n would 'a' thought to dive down under water and smash that bulkhead what was keepin the men out of the fire pit? W'y, like as not he'd 'a' had some fool plan and gone to interferin with the only cool head aboard the boat.

"Huff's story is O. K., but I had a little experience which lays it on its beam ends some flatter'n the old Sibery laid on her starboard with her weather side so high out of water thet the d——d treacherous elements could only git a little spray on to thet deckload of ice. 'Twas in war times, and we had loaded with beans at Chicago for Buffalo. Ye see, every bloomin farmer in the country had taken to raisin beans for the army as the best thing they could do to help squelch the rebs. The crop hadn't been over and above good thet year, and them Chicago hustlers war a-tryin to corner it and make the government pay big money for its bean rations. Some Buffalo fellers saw the game and caught on to it, and there was a contract with our owners to send their whole fleet to Chicago and make a break in the Windy City's bean plans. As luck would have it, the old Exile was the last one to git her load. She was a stiff old craft, though, and in them days side wheelers war thought more of'n they are now.

"We got out of port and up the lake all right, but by the time we war well among the islands it begun to snow, a blamed fine snow, like a thick fog, so thet ye couldn't see nothin at all, with the wind a-risin and the snow cuttin like cambric needles. The cap'n looked kind of blue around the gills when he came below to ask my advice. 'If this yere weather keeps up,' says he, 'blamed if I see how we're goin to git through the straits without scrapin acquaintance with things we don't want to hev anything to do with.'

"I jest laffed heartylike and said, says I: 'Never you mind, cap'n. I'll take this yere boat through the straits slicker'n greased lightnin. Don't ye git scared while Jim Blowit is aboard and settin on the safety valve so hard as h—l can't move him. When Jim gives his word, it's for keeps. Go to bed if ye want to. Ye'll be less nervous there, I reckon.'

"'I couldn't do thet,' says he, 'for I'm responsible for the safety of the boat.'

"'Responsible figgerhead,' says I. 'Ye c'n keep on deck if you want to. The engine room don't need yer, and ye'd better be careful what orders ye send down. See?'

"We went through the straits as slick as a whistle, but when we got in Lake Huron it was blowin great guns and snowin thick as fog, and the seas war enough to make yer hair stand up like a currycomb all over yer head. Says I to myself, 'This is growin interestin,' and I told the firemen to keep the fires roarin while I took a look on deck. The boat had her head well on and was keepin purty steady, but it looked bad, sure enough. The seas war 'mountain high,' as Huff says, and the snow thet thick you could hardly see across the deck. The cap'n and mates came over to where I stood and war on the point of askin my advice when a thunderin big roller came over the stern, sweepin the deck clean, and them as wasn't washed overboard war half drowned, us fellers standin at the head of the stair bein sent down into the fire pit without knowin how we got there. The man at the wheel was scared outen a year's growth and let go, and the next minute the boat swung round, and her sta'board wheel was spinnin in the air, and the other one was laborin in 20 feet of water. When we got our breath, the cap'n hollered out, 'What's the matter?'

"'Ye'd better go and find out,' says I.

"'Somebody must take the wheel,' says he.

"'Take it yerself, ye d——d landlubber ye,' says I.

"'How can I ever climb up thet slantin deck?' says he.

"I jest swum over to him, and takin him by the nap of the neck I yanked him up on to his feet and said, says I, 'You jest git outen here, ye whinin puppy, and see what's goin on up there,' and with thet I kicked him up the stairway and ordered the mates to follow on. Then I said to the boys, says I, 'Ye see we're in for it, but ye jest keep cool, for Jim Blowit ain't drowned yet.'

"The men on deck couldn't do a blamed thing. The boat had lost her seaway and was rollin around like a top, first one wheel up in the air, then the other, the engine jest groanin and shudderin with the strain on it, water comin in by the million gallons a minute, pumps choked up, some of 'em at least, but what with I couldn't tell; hatches stove in, wheelhouse gone, steerin gear badly mixed, bulkheads givin way, and I'll be blowed if it didn't look as though we were in for a short cut to kingdom come. But I said, says I, 'Boys, keep 'er steam up, and we'll pull outen this hole yet, but jest now all we kin do is to let 'er rip for awhile.'

"Jest then the cap'n come tumblin down into the pit, splutterin from gettin ducked in six feet of water. 'Blowit,' says he, 'what shell we ever do? The ship is doomed. We've done our best to save 'er.'

"Says I: 'Ye dry up, and don't let me hear another word outen yer mouth, and, mind, ye slinkin coward ye, when we gits into port ye and I can't walk on the same side of the street. Cos why? Because there'd be a collision, and somebody'd get hurt, and it wouldn't be Jim Blowit,' says I, at which the men give three cheers and a tiger, and the cap'n got bluer round the gills and kinder sighed. Then he give the almightiest screech I ever heard and hollered, 'The beans, the beans!' and then fainted dead away and fell in the water. We fished him out and hung him on a bulkhead frame to dreen and then looked around. Sure enough, them blamed beans had begun to swell from the water we'd taken and war already crawlin through every crack and openin.

"Now, ye see, Huff had wheat aboard, a decent sort of grain that ye can count on behavin itself in most any situation, which is w'y it didn't bother him any when them bulkheads war stove in and them hatches smashed. It knowed its place and staid there, but beans can't be depended on. Ye c'n count on their servin ye a mean caper jest when ye're in the worst situation to cope with it. 'Boys,' says I, 'them beans has got to be dealt with mighty quick. They've got to have an outlet, or we'll all be in the porridge in no time. Beans are cussed unreliable things. Jest get axes, and wherever ye can cut a hole and let out the surplus. Cut it mighty quick. Away to yer duty,' says I in a commandin tone, and they went. Then I shook my fist at the cap'n, hangin there a-drippin like a drownded cat, and then went to heavin coal. By this time we were runnin with only one wheel, the other crank bein broke, and we war jest goin round in a circle, like a man lost in the woods.

"I was thinkin out the situation at a pressure of ten tons to the square inch of brains when, crash! Great God! The lee bulkhead had been burst in by them swellin beans, and tons of 'em began to pour into the fire pit. The way they sucked up the water was a caution, and quicker'n a cat I opened the fire doors and began shovelin in beans by the peck. They war putty damp, but they made a roarin fire thet burned blue and hot. I yelled to the men to come and help me, which they did, as they had cut holes outen which the beans war runnin a steady stream into the lake, and, by George, it may sound fishy, boys, but I'll be bamed if it ain't true thet them pesky beans, which we thought war bound to bust the boat to flinders, war smoothin down the sea like oil and actin contrary to their well known reputation, which is what I say is the nature of beans to be unreliable, for here they war stillin the tempest instead of raisin one, as they generally do!

"Well, in less'n an hour we were in a dead calm, the wind havin no more effect on them beans than a child's breath. I was mighty quick to size up the situation and in jest no time had all hands at work gittin things a little shipshape, takin good care to have a steady stream of beans flowin overboard. Well, we lay to for about 24 hours and then started up, I takin command and navigatin the ship from the engine room. The cap'n had come to a little once and asked in a weak sort of way, 'Where are we, Blowit?' I didn't answer the skulkin coward, only to tell him to dry up. The weather let up a bit, and I made up my mind to run 'er right through to Buffalo, keepin the cap'n in bed till we war nearly there, when I let him up on deck jest to have things shipshape when we run into the dock.

"I can't say as we had much of a cargo of beans to show, that's true enough; but, boys, would ye believe thet thet snivelin cap'n strutted round like a turkeycock, and, by George, if he didn't report me as bein mutinous and sassin him and refusin to obey orders! And would ye believe it, boys, there's such a d——d curious likin among vessel owners for cap'ns thet they believed the sneakin skunk and war half minded to try me for rebellion and misappropriatin the cargo? Huff got ahead of me on salvage, ye see; but, then, he had wheat instead of beans to deal with. See? Let's wet up a bit, boys."—Detroit News.

"Hear! Hear!"

The parliamentary "Hear, hear!" was not always an expression of approval. So one learns from Dr. Murray's dictionary. The phrase was originally "Hear him, hear him!" used as an exclamation to call attention to a speaker's words. We have a record of its use in 1689 and as late as 1763. A member of the house of commons in 1768, being interrupted in a speech by a "Hear!" retorted, "That very word, 'Hear!' I dread of all others," and a member in 1770 referred to its use as "disorderly." The unabridged form, "Hear him!" was in use so late as the beginning of the present century. Lord Stanhope tells us, in his "Life of Pitt," that when that statesman reappeared in the house of commons in May, 1803, after a long absence in opposition, he was hailed as he passed up the gangway with cries of "Hear him!" Francis Horner, who was in the strangers' gallery, noted as a remarkable thing that when Pitt rose to deliver his memorable speech on that occasion he was cheered—met with cries of "Hear him!"—before he had uttered a word. We have warmer blood nowadays.—London Chronicle.

After the Correction.

Papa—Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what do you think yourself?

Johnny—If I should tell what I think, you'd give me another whipping.—Boston Transcript.

REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. Woolhiser,
Mills, Neb., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. Geo. Leach,
1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me.

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

Miss M. G. Goodwin, of Amesbury, Mass., says, that for years her face was wholly covered with pimples. Less than one box of
Comfort Powder
relieved her so that her friends noticed it. All skin irritations are relieved and cured by it.

Houses In London and Berlin.

I live at Berlin in a house where there are eight families, each of course inhabiting a separate part. Only the inevitable piano practices break through the barriers, and that is certainly not less the case here where the walls are so thin than with us in our more massively built houses. The only real difference consists in this—that the "castles" of the Englishmen are built up close to one another, while ours are above one another, and that in consequence thereof we have our rooms all on one floor while theirs occupy several floors. One can safely assert that by far the larger number of the houses in London have frontages of only two or at most three windows in width. They live on the middle floor, take their meals on the ground floor and sleep on the upper floor. As a consequence there is a total absence of reception rooms. Should any one wish to invite the court to a ball, he has to get a large temporary room erected in the courtyard for dining purposes, another as a retiring room for the queen, while the refreshments are to be found served on the ground floor—that is, if one succeeds in getting down the narrow staircase. Everywhere there are crushing and difficulty of moving about. Again and again you may expect to find in London mansions the frontages of which are in bad taste, though of immense dimensions. The whole side of a square or of a street may be composed of one uniform set of buildings which are throughout in the same style and of the same color.—"Moltke's Letters to His Wife."

An Artistic Fireplace.

A fireplace invites cozy lounging with book or magazine and agreeable conversation that has an accompaniment of crackling flames. An artistic fireplace carries with it an air of coziness and comfort beyond the power of words to express. It is set in the back of a recess, out of the room, and has on either side an oak seat, with cushion. The whole back of the recess is brickwork, extending up to the ceiling. The brickwork drops back a few courses above the top of the fireplace, forming a mantel or shelf, on which may be disposed handsome bits of china as a decoration.

The bricks used may be the red pressed bricks sold everywhere or some of the handsome bricks that are now made in soft colors, such as gray, yellow, brown and cream. Bricks of the same color, but varying in tone, some being a deeper shade than others, may be used with excellent results.

The valance is a plain, straight piece of dark maroon plush and the pattern a continuous border of tiger lilies and foliage, treated conventionally and worked solidly in couching stitch with shaded silks in various warm tones of blue, crimson, gold and olive green. The edge is trimmed with festoons of many rows of narrow silk cords in the colors of the embroidery, each festoon ending in a long silk tassel, showing glints of gold thread.—New York Advertiser.

Needles.

Needles were first made of bone or ivory, and specimens of these articles have been found in many parts of the world. Bronze, ivory and bone needles have been discovered in the tombs of Egypt, and on the monuments are representations of ladies engaged in sewing, and, it is possible also, in chatting at the same time. It is known that the Chinese, Hindoos and Hebrews used needles from a great antiquity. Steel needles were known to the Romans, but none has been discovered, the metal not being able to resist the corroding influence of the atmosphere. The making of fine needles was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and from that country was brought to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The foreigners who made the needles, however, refused to teach their trade to the natives, and not until 1650 did the manufacture obtain a footing on English soil. The needle making machines of the present have been brought to such a state of perfection that the work of managing a machine is largely intrusted to boys and girls, and the machines turn out thousands of needles per hour.

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It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day.

MAKE HENS LAY

Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first. One pack, 25 cts. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease. In each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and cured by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for the family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, cramps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness.

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PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

JOHNSON'S LONDON.

It Was Practically Intact Up to a Century Ago.

Little more than a century ago Dr. Johnson's London was practically intact. Old London bridge still stood, filling with its eminently pictorial houses very much the position of the old Pont Neuf in Paris. The Fleet river still rolled its course—a muddy and ill smelling course, it is true—down Farringdon street and across Ludgate circus to the Thames. The very name of New Bridge street was probably derived from the handsome structure at Bridewell, which formed part of Wren's fine scheme for the rebuilding of the city after the fire. From a river the Fleet sank to be a ditch, and then it became the underground sewer which it has ever since remained. Then you might still be relieved of your purse by highwaymen on Moorfields or be molested by "fresh water pirates" in the Pool.

The old privileges of the guilds were in full force, and the great offices of the corporation were matters of bargain and sale. Yet, even when Farmer George was young, we may see the beginnings of the city which we know today. The streets were uncomfortably crowded, the pavements were shocking and the roadways almost as bad. When poor Mrs. Gilpin jolted and lurched along in her chaise, "as though Cheapside were mad," the noise must have been deafening. And, for the matter of that, so rapid and thorough have been modern improvements in London, within and without the walls, that it is difficult to realize that well within the last 20 years Fleet street itself was still paved as Cheapside was the day the Gilpins went to Edmonton and Ware. The aldermanic turtle is almost as modern as the city pavements, for it was not until 1768 that it first appeared at those civic feasts which it was destined to grace in perpetuity. It is true that well paved streets were not so important in the days when the Thames was still the highway of the genteel and when even the lord mayor's procession was a water pageant.

It may be doubted whether London ever was a very quiet place. A hundred years back it must have been almost as noisy as it is now.

When there were no drays or "chariots" to roll over the cobbles, there were still the criers of "fine strawberries" and the hawkers of all manner of eatables, the purveyors of lavender and dozens of other itinerant venders. So late as 30 years ago "London Cries" was a popular nursery book, despite the villainous illustrations. In this matter of town noises municipal administration has made but little progress, though it is only fair to say that the city is now a far quieter place in the late evening than Kensington or Belgravia. Much that we find in Mr. Welch's book reads curiously ancient. Yet it is not so long since the Tower received political prisoners—Mr. Wilkes and Sir Francis Burdett were both sent there by an exasperated legislature—and lotteries were officially drawn at Guildhall. The Tower, though still technically a fortress, with no ingress or egress after a given hour of the night, is now mainly a museum, and the wheel of fortune which once revolved in Guildhall yard has given place to the Mansion House relief funds.—London Standard.

The God of Love.

Almost as ancient as the earth herself was Eros, the personification of love. Hesiod relates that he was among the first of existing things, and that he assisted earth in bringing forth from chaos the earliest forms of life and beauty. Aristophanes and others wrote of Eros as the son of night. Later poets sang of him as the son of Ares and Aphrodite and honored him as the sweet minded promoter of human affections. They represented him as a fair faced boy, winged and carrying a bow with which to inflict sweet wounds upon those who came within range. Nor has Eros ceased to exist even in this practical age, for to this day the poets sing of this little winged god, as skillful and as pitiless as in the days of old. The philosophic myth of Eros and Psyche is one of the most beautiful of the ancient allegories.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 6.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxx, 1-13. Memory Verses, 10-13—Golden Text, II Chron. xxx, 8—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "Come to the house of the Lord at Jerusalem to keep the Passover unto the Lord God of Israel." This was the message of Hezekiah, a king who did right in the sight of the Lord (chapter xxix, 2), to all Israel and Judah, regarding them as one people. Although long divided into two nations, they are one in His sight and shall yet be one in the eyes of all nations (Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22). Hezekiah repaired the house of the Lord and restored the worship. He wrought good and right and truth before the Lord his God and did every work with all his heart and prospered (chapter xxxi, 20, 21). He would have all Israel remember their deliverance from Egypt and rejoice in the Lord and serve Him.

2, 3. "The king had taken counsel, and his princes and all the congregation in Jerusalem to keep the Passover in the second month." Although the first month was the regular time for the feast, there was provision in the law to keep it in the second month if necessary (Ex. xii, 18; Num. ix, 10, 11). Place and time and form are not so important in God's sight as a heart that is right with Him. Even feasts and Sabbaths are a shadow of things to come. Christ is the reality of all, and apart from Him nothing is real (Col. ii, 16, 17).

4. "And the thing pleased the king and all the congregation." It is written of David in II Sam. iii, 36, that "whatsoever the king did pleased all the people." When king and people please each other, and all together please God, that is surely a sample of the kingdom of God on earth. Thus it shall be when Israel shall have become a righteous nation with the Christ, the Son of David, as their King (Ez. xxxvii, 24, 25).

5. "Make proclamation throughout all Israel to keep the Passover unto the Lord God of Israel at Jerusalem." This feast commemorating the great deliverance of Israel out of the bondage of Egypt by the mighty power of God was to be kept every year, but in the Old Testament we have an account of only five after the first one in Ex. xii. These records are found in Num. ix, Josh. v, II Chron. xxxv, Ezra vi and in our lesson. The greatest Passover in the New Testament is recorded in Luke xxii, 14, 15, and in the other gospels as having been kept by our Lord and His apostles on the night before He was sacrificed for us as our Passover. He spoke at that time of a future fulfillment in the kingdom of God (Luke xxii, 16), and instituted the Lord's supper as a memorial of His death to be kept by His redeemed till He shall come again.

6. "Ye children of Israel, turn again unto the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel and He will return to the remnant of you." Letters from a king to his people urging them to turn to the Lord God would be a most unusual occurrence in our time. Even if a church is in need of funds, it is more customary to turn to some wealthy people or to some worldly way than to the Great Head of the church.

7. "Be not ye like your fathers and like your brethren which trespassed against the Lord God of their fathers." Their sin is briefly stated in Jer. ii, 13, "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Thus they changed their glory for that which could not profit. The Lord was their judge and lawgiver and king, but they turned their backs upon Him and preferred their own way. Is there any analogy now?

8. "Yield yourselves unto the Lord, and serve the Lord your God." The margin says, "Give the hand unto the Lord." In Rom. vi, 13, it is "Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead." As unsaved sinners all we are asked to do is to receive Christ.

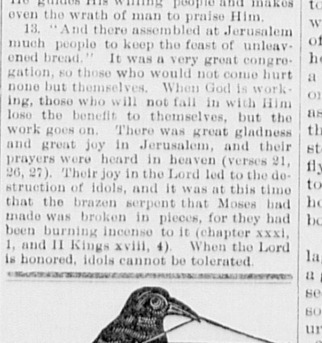
9. "The Lord your God is gracious and merciful and will not turn away His face from you if ye return unto Him." His name in Ex. xxxiv, 6, is "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth." Read also verse 7. He says in Mal. iii, 6: "I am the Lord. I change not." In Heb. xiii, 8, He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever." He is not willing that any should perish, has provided eternal redemption for all and is ever saying, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi, 37).

10. "So the posts passed from city to city, but they laughed them to scorn and mocked them"—that is, many of Ephraim, Manasseh and Zebulun did. The final testimony concerning Judah is, "They mocked the messengers of God and despised His words, and misused His prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy" (II Chron. xxxvi, 16). This is the carnal mind which is enmity against God and is ever the same, but these were not the heathen who never heard of God. They were the people of God for whom He had done more than for any nation on earth. See II Tim. iii, 1-5.

11. "Nevertheless divers of Asher, Manasseh and of Zebulun humbled themselves and came to Jerusalem." When Paul preached in Rome, some believed the things which were spoken and some believed not (Acts xxviii, 24). So it ever has been and will be till the end of this age. The parables of the sower, the tares, the mustard seed and the leaven of Math. xiii, all teach this, as also the plain instruction to both prophets and apostles in Isa. vi, 9; Jer. i, 19; Ezek. iii, 7-9; Math. x, 16. The messenger of God may always be sure that some will receive the message and that the word of the Lord will never return to Him void.

12. "Also in Judah the hand of God was to give them one heart to do the commandment of the king and of the princes, by the word of the Lord." It is God who worketh. He doeth according to His will. He guides His willing people and makes even the wrath of man to praise Him.

13. "And there assembled at Jerusalem much people to keep the feast of unleavened bread." It was a very great congregation, so those who would not come hurt none but themselves. When God is working, those who will not fall in with Him lose the benefit to themselves, but the work goes on. There was great gladness and great joy in Jerusalem, and their prayers were heard in heaven (verses 21, 26, 27). Their joy in the Lord led to the destruction of idols, and it was at this time that the brazen serpent that Moses had made was broken in pieces, for they had been burning incense to it (chapter xxxi, 1, and II Kings xviii, 4). When the Lord is honored, idols cannot be tolerated.



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Sawing wood, working in his garden, walking three times a day to and from his place of business—these form part of the daily routine of Edwin R. Tripp, Postmaster of Middlefield Centre, N.Y. He is past his seventieth birthday.

Nearly fifty years a blacksmith; thirty-two years Justice of the Peace; three years town clerk, then postmaster; forty-six years a resident of the town he now lives in—these are the bare outlines of a useful life.

Mr. Tripp's career is a type. His story will be read with heartfelt sympathy by thousands. His hearty endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will be echoed by tens of thousands.

He said:

"In March, 1892, I was attacked by what I afterwards learned was locomotor ataxia.

"Two skillful doctors did everything they could for me. I steadily became worse. Was unable to dress myself.

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"It gave me faith and hope. I took two boxes of the pills; then four more boxes.

"My gain was steady: my return to health was a source of daily gratification.

"In all I took eighteen boxes of the pills before I was entirely well. At first I paid 50 cents a box, but afterwards I saved money by getting six boxes at a time, paying $2.50.

"I owe my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

To clinch his remarkable story and add to its helpfulness to others, Mr. Tripp made affidavit to its truthfulness before Homer Hanna, a local Notary Public.

From helplessness, suffering and despair Mr. Tripp was restored to the healthful, useful activity suggested at the beginning of this sketch. His experience is like others.

While locomotor ataxia is one of the most baffling nervous diseases with which physicians are called to contend, its cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has become a matter of almost daily occurrence. Smaller nervous troubles yield much more readily to the powerful influence these vegetable pills exert in restoring wasted nerve force and in purifying and enriching the blood.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PET CROWS.

A Story of One That Carried Off Eggs. The Fate That Finally Overtook It.

"The crows used to come down and eat our corn," said a city man who once lived on a farm, "and the old crows would carry away corn for the young ones in the nests. We put up scarecrows in the cornfield, but they never did any good, for the crows paid no attention to them. I reckon about the only really efficacious way of keeping crows out of a cornfield is to kill them, and we used to destroy the young crows when we could, the boys climbing the trees to get at the nests.

"Once I carried a couple of young crows home. One of these crows disappeared very soon, but the other staid with us for months and became very tame. When we plowed or planted, he'd follow along in the furrow in a friendly, sociable sort of way and pick up worms. But he was full of mischief and forever carrying off things, as most crows will do, and the habit finally cost him his life.

"The crow lived in the barn. We couldn't keep him in the house, because he would have carried off all the knives and forks and spoons and such things, but we used to take him in sometimes, and when he wanted to come in he would come and peck at a window, and sometimes he'd bark like a dog. He didn't have a chance to get many things out of the house, but it was easier for him to get at the things in a building we had on the farm where we used to do our repairing of wagons and plows and one thing and another, and it seemed to give the crow particular delight to carry off nails.

"There was a knothole through the weatherboarding on the ridge of the barn, near one of the gable ends, and there was a piece out of the shingle directly under it, so that there was a hole down through into the barn. The crow never got tired of dropping nails through that hole. It would fly up there with a beak full of them and sit on the sharp edge of the roof and drop them through the hole. Then it would bend over and hoist its head round and look down through. Apparently to this crow dropping nails down through this knothole was the funniest thing in the world.

"The crow used to do other things that would sometimes give us real trouble. It would get up on the roof of the house, for instance, and seek out shingles that had soft spots in them and pick holes through them, and there never was a pair of red stockings put on the line on wash days that we didn't have to hunt for them later. The crow had either a great antipathy to or a great fancy for red stockings, and he managed to get them off the line in some way and get away with them. We always used to find them again, but sometimes we had to look for them.

"When we had had the crow a few months, he got to going down to the village, about half a mile from where we lived. The first we knew of that was when he began bringing home whole hard boiled eggs from a restaurant there. He would jab one point of his beak into an egg, so as to impale it, and then he'd shut the other point down on the egg, to steady it and help hold it, and then fly away with it. He must have had to rest more or less on the way home, but he used to bring whole boiled eggs in that way.

"At first they liked him in the village and used to pet him and make a good deal of him and be glad to see him. He was a quaint, queer sort of chap, friendly and good natured, but sly, and he would carry off things, and after awhile the very traits that had at first made people laugh at him brought him into disrepute. People got tired of him, and instead of being amused they were irritated by him. Of course the crow couldn't understand this, but if it could have done so I don't suppose it would have made any difference. It was the crow's nature to do things that way, and then, like man, the crow is perverse. Anyhow, it kept right on just the same, and finally somebody poisoned it."—New York Sun.

First Recorded Land Sale.

The first real estate transaction recorded was the purchase of the field of Macphelah by Abraham, in the cave of which he buried Sarah, his wife. Abraham paid 400 shekels of silver for the field.

For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

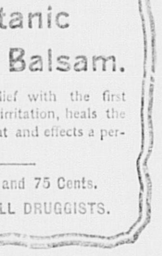
It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

Price, 35 and 75 Cents.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

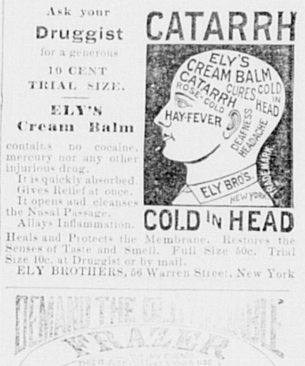
Ask your Druggist for a generous 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.

ELY'S Cream Balm contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full Size 50c. Trial Size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

CATARRH



COLD IN HEAD



UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, 1896.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its merits, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. Scantlebury.

For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

A Trout Fishing Frog.

A very singular incident was brought to my notice during a visit to Lake Vyrnwy, in North Wales. A year or two ago the breeding ponds were being cleaned out, and when there was but little water remaining the man in charge—from whom I heard the story—observed a peculiar looking fish swimming about. It was captured with the aid of a landing net and proved to be a trout of nearly half a pound in weight. Clasped firmly around its back and shoulders was a live frog of ordinary size. The belly of the frog rested on the back of the trout, just behind the gills, and its legs were extended round and under the fish, gripping it closely.

Considerable force had to be exerted in order to separate the pair, when the frog hopped away and the trout died a few seconds later. The scales of the trout were dark and discolored where this novel Old Man of the Sea had rested, tracing out distinctly its shape. So it is probable that the fish had been troubled with this unusual incumbrance for several days. The habits of frogs are peculiar in various respects, and students of natural history may find food for reflection in this incident. My informant is an exceedingly intelligent man, on whose word I place implicit reliance.—St. James Gazette.

It will Surprise You.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, your druggist will supply a generous 10 cent trial size or send for it. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

Public Library Box 316 1Jan98

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1898. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 49.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after Saturday, Jan. 1, 1898, the cars on the above line will run as follows:

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 1.45 p. m., then every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., then every hour until 1.15 p. m., then every half hour until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45 a. m., and every thirty minutes until 9.45, then 10.45 p. m.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every half hour until 9.15, then 10.15 p. m.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m , and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton and Funeral Director,
Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.
214 Main St., Woburn

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Miss S. Bancroft,
WIG MAKING.
Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Quick Ease for Corns!
15c.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
312	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

JAMES S. CASSEDY,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

A MAY WOOING.

She was always at work in the window above
When he cantered along on his mettlesome mare;
Her eyes were as soft as the throat of a dove,
And the gold of the daffodil slept in her hair.
He dwelt in the mansion that frowned on the hill;
Her cot with the wind and the weather was gray,
But she flung him a rose from the bush by the sill,
And he caught it and kissed it one morning in May.

His coat was the finest that money could buy,
And a monarch might covet the ring on his hand;
Her gown was a woolen of soberest dye,
And her busy brown fingers were roughened and tanned,
But he paused to look back by the vine covered stile,
And he lifted his cap in the courtliest way;
So sweet was her face and so sunny her smile,
Framed in by the blossoming branches of May.

The mettlesome mare in the moonlight was tied
To a tree by the little gray house in the vale,
And her master within had forgotten his pride
As he knelt and repeated love's rapturous tale.
In sunshine or shadow the prints of his feet,
With spurs on the boot heels, were pointed that way,
For the wooing was swift, and the winning was sweet
In the shade of the dew laden lilacs of May.

So the cottage is left in a tangle of leaves,
The mice are at play on the carpetless floor,
And the sparrows, unstartled, peer over the eaves
Or roll in the dust hollows close to the door.
The maiden has gone to the palace of stone
Where lackeys in yellow and crimson are gay,
For master and mansion she won for her own
With a rose and a smile on a morning in May.

—Minna Irving in Woman's Home Companion.

A WAR ROMANCE.

It was breakfast time at Avondale, and General Higgerson for the fifth time wondered what kept his daughter as he fidgeted with his paper and stirred his hot coffee. Through the open window overlooking the sloping, velvety lawn honeysuckles peeped into the old fashioned room and scented the air with their fragrance, the bright sunshine lighted up the oak paneled walls, gleamed on glass and silver on the table and played about the old general's white head. Just as his patience was at an end the door opened and admitted a tall, handsome girl, with bright blue eyes and a determined mouth. She held a big bunch of clematis in her hands.

"Where have you been, Mona?" inquired her father.

"Down at the river. I found the stone wall near the boathouse ablaze with these blossoms. I am sorry to be late, dear."

"The southern mail is in," observed the general, nodding toward a small pile of letters at her plate.

She flushed slightly as she laid the clematis on the sideboard and took her seat at the table. A conscious smile crossed her father's face as she broke the seal of the first letter. He turned to the paper in his hands, and his eyes caught this heading, "A Romance In Real Life." He glanced at the article casually, and then the smile died away, his hands tightened on the paper and his face grew hard and stern while he read the following paragraph:

"With the invalided officers returning this week is young Colonel Lawrence, who was severely hurt in the charge at San Juan. Among the nurses who went to look after the sick was a handsome young woman whom the colonel formerly admired. Family misfortunes had forced her to adopt nursing as a profession. Their friendship was renewed, and when the colonel came home he was engaged to his old love. Colonel Lawrence is to be married very shortly. Report says that he had entangled himself with another lady, who will now find that she must look elsewhere for consolation."

As he laid down the paper the general glanced at his daughter. She was sitting, with a dazed expression on her face, gazing at a letter she held.

"Father, what does this mean?" she exclaimed, holding out the letter. He took it from her, and this is what he read:

24 West Fifty— Street,
New York, Sept. 12, 1898.

DEAR MONA—You may have seen in the papers an account of my being wounded. I made light of it in my last letter, fearing to alarm you, but the truth is I am a wreck, as the papers have accurately stated. I am invalided and crippled, and if it had not been for devoted nursing I should not be here today. Under the circumstances I do not feel justified in holding you to your engagement. Notwithstanding the pain it causes me to do this, I want to release you entirely and leave you free to marry some one who is not so shattered as myself, but believe me, dearest, that whatever my future life you will always be shrined deep in my heart of hearts. Your faithful friend,

HENRY LAWRENCE.

"What does it mean!" almost shouted the old general. "It means that your lover is a scoundrel, Mona. Read this!" And he thrust into her hands the newspaper containing the "Romance In Real Life." The girl grew white to the lips. A mist before her eyes prevented her for a moment from reading the article. Slowly she grasped its full purport.

"Be brave, child, be brave," said her father, as he watched her anxiously.

She caught her breath and rose hurriedly from the table, crossed the room to the open window, and, leaning there with the honeysuckle brushing against her sunny brown hair, looked out across the old lawn with unseeing eyes.

After a moment's silence, the girl turned a pale face toward her father. "I will be brave, but leave me to myself for awhile." And, crushing the letter in her hand, she hastily left the room.

It was a terrible blow to the general. He had always liked Colonel Lawrence and consented to the engagement just before the young man was ordered to Cuba. Both Mona and her father had so thoroughly believed in Lawrence's love and faith that his letter and the story in the newspaper came upon them like a bolt from a calm sky. Mona's two younger sisters were away on a visit, and her brother was practicing law in New York. Since their mother's death, five years before, she had been her father's housekeeper and devoted companion. Though fond of his other children Mona was the apple of his eye, and that any one should cause her pain seemed to him incredible. Pacing the rooms wrathfully, he gave vent to his feelings in swearing volubly. "The scoundrel! I should like to horsewhip him myself for a whelp of a cur if he was not wounded. What are his hurts to the stab he has given? Mona—ah, when Gilbert hears this"— and then the general remembered that his son was coming home to attend a dance given that week at their neighbor's, Mrs. Welland's. It was a satisfaction to have a man around to whom he could give vent to his outraged feelings.

As though in answer to his thoughts, the butler at that moment brought in a telegram. Yes, Gilbert was coming, and fortunately a day earlier than expected, bringing a friend with him for the ball. Just as well to distract her attention, thought her father as Mona joined him with her hat on and a letter in her hand.

"Going out, dear?"

"Only to the village to post a note."

"To him?"

"Yes," she replied with a catch in her breath. "I have written a few lines to say that his views upon the subject of our engagement entirely coincide with mine."

"My brave girl!"

"Don't say a word more now, father. I can't bear it."

"Gilbert is coming tomorrow at 5 with an old college friend, who, it seems, has just turned up in New York."

"I am glad," said Mona quietly, and then calling to her dogs she walked quickly away, while her father watched her tall, slight figure disappearing through the trees down the road to the lodge gate.

Gilbert Higgerson was a good hearted, rather jovial specimen of his profession, loving outdoor life and always stealing off for a day at Avondale when he could manage to escape the routine of his office. He arrived in high spirits with his friend, a Major Laurie, just returned from Porto Rico. The two men had not met for nearly ten years, and each seemed equally glad to renew his college friendship. Major Laurie was a tall, fine looking fellow, with blond hair and mustache, a slight lisp and an eyeglass stuck in his right eye. As soon as they were alone the general poured out his indignation and woe to his son, who was naturally much incensed at the behavior of Mona's fiance.

"Pity that your friend is an officer and just home from the war. It will keep the wound open," added his father.

"Confound it, so it will! I am deucedly sorry for Mona. No wonder she is cut up, but as Laurie is sure to know Lawrence we must be careful not to show him that Lawrence has hurt us. Mona is plucky enough and must force herself to be jolly for a couple of days till Laurie takes his departure."

"Jolly! Poor girl, how can she be?" sighed the general.

"I should like to wring that rascal's neck," exclaimed Gilbert impetuously, "and he of all men, whom we all liked so much."

"That is just where it hurts so," answered his father.

Mona Higgerson proved herself a true soldier's daughter and welcomed their guest with graceful hospitality and managed to hide her grief under light badinage and smiling face. Only her father and brother could see what an effort she made, and, though they applauded her pride, their hearts bled for her suffering.

"By George," exclaimed Major Laurie (after excusing herself early in the evening Mona had left the three men in the billiard room smoking), "but Miss Mona is stunning! If I were not engaged to the dearest girl in the world, I should lose my heart to your sister."

"I did not know we had to congratulate you, old fellow. When does the happy event come off?"

"Very soon. You'll be invited."

"Who is she?" asked Gilbert, interested.

"A Miss Sterling, whose nature verifies her name. Have known her since she was a girl."

"Rather anxious time for her when you were wounded," suggested the general.

"Oh, but I was not in much danger, you know! Now some fellows got so cut up you would hardly recognize them. There was poor Lawrence—(both his listeners started)—one leg clean gone, the other up to the knee, one arm off and a scar across his face. And the plucky chap just smiled through it all."

Father and son exchanged glances.

"He pulled through, thanks to the devoted nursing he got," continued Laurie, unconscious of the interest his words aroused. "I never saw that man down until yesterday, when he collapsed as though shot."

"How was that?" asked Gilbert in a constrained voice.

"Well, you see, it was this way. He's very reticent. Still, we all knew he was devoted to some girl at home, though he never mentioned her name or spoke about her; couldn't get him into the slightest flirtation with any one. When we came back together, he spoke for the first time to me about his affair. 'You see, Laurie, I am such a wreck. Should I marry a girl when she might have to nurse me? And then, at best, I'm not a whole man; will have but one sound arm and only part of one leg to offer her.' By George, I felt for the poor devil when he talked like that. Well, I suggested to try her and see what she thought about it. Write and offer to release her. He caught at the idea. 'But I wouldn't write as though pleading with her. I would not want to be married out of pity, but would just state the facts and leave her free to decide,' said he. 'And what do you think she'll write?' I asked him. 'I think that she is too faithful to give me up,' he answered, and 'pon my word—scar or no scar—he looked so proud and handsome as he spoke I only wished his sweetheart could have seen him."

"And then?" asked Gilbert as Laurie paused in his narrative.

"Oh, then he wrote, alluding to his being a wreck, and referring to the account in the papers, and yesterday her answer came. I was in his rooms when he got her note, just a short one, but he turned white and said bitterly: 'She writes that my views upon the subject of our engagement ending meet her own. She releases me, evidently without regret, thankful to be free from what might have been a burden to her.' I tried to cheer him up. He gave me one look, such as you see in a hunted beast as you shoot it down, and, by Jove, he keeled right over. I was in a fearful funk, and called his man. He came round presently and begged me not to mention the subject again."

"Laurie, for God's sake, explain matters a little more!" cried Gilbert, who had risen from his chair in great excitement.

The major stared at his friend in astonishment.

"Yes, sir," cried the general, equally roused, "you don't know how much depends upon what you have been telling. Colonel Lawrence is engaged to my daughter Mona."

"The devil!" and the eyeglass dropped from its habitual place.

"And here's news of his engagement to another woman."

"To another woman?" echoed Laurie, evidently in hopeless amazement.

"The nurse who took care of him. There is a flaring account of it in today's Reporter."

"It's all a lie!" cried Laurie, fumbling for his eyeglass and almost dropping his lisp. "They have mixed our names up. It is I that am engaged to the nurse Miss Sterling, whom I just mentioned. Lawrence has never looked at any other woman nor had a thought except for his fiancee. I can swear to that."

"But his letter," began the general.

"All his confounded chivalry, wishing to give Miss Mona a chance to be free of an invalid. Why, he's more a man now, with legs and an arm off, than half the whippersnappers one meets every day."

"What is to be done?" cried Gilbert. "My sister is nearly broken hearted"—

"And Lawrence ditto. There's just one thing to do. Where's the time table?" and the major was on his feet, inspecting the mantelpiece.

"What do you mean?" asked Gilbert.

"I mean to take a train to New York tonight if there's one that will get me there."

"Nonsense."

"Do you think I am going to see Lawrence, who saved my life at the risk of his own, go through another night of despair?"

"But the ball?"

"Hang the ball!"

"By thunder, sir, if what you say is the true explanation of the situation then you have made three people very happy tonight," added the general.

"Tell your sister that I am off for New York, and get a note from her. What time does the train leave?"

"There is one at 11:45, if you really mean to go."

"If you will kindly order a trap for me, I'll get ready now," said Laurie, looking at his watch and relapsing into his lisp and drawl.

A few minutes later General Higgerson stood holding Mona, who, in a pretty pink dressing gown, was sobbing her heart out for joy in her father's arms. The 11:45 train took Major Laurie back to New York. Inside his coat pocket reposed a short note, stained with tears.

At 6 o'clock next morning a thundering rap at the door of Colonel Lawrence's room brought a sleepy, half dressed valet to Major Laurie, who demanded instant admittance.

"I hope, sir, there's no bad news," said the valet respectfully, "but the colonel has been so ill ever since you left yesterday and has not slept this night."

"Bad news? No, no, man—the best your master has had this many a day. Hello, Lawrence. May I come in, old fellow?" and Major Laurie walked into the adjoining bedroom. His friend started up in bed at his entrance, and tried to ask a question, but Mona's note was in his hand before he had time to frame the words. "She will be here herself in a few hours," said Laurie, and discreetly turned toward the window and pulled up the blind. The warm sun filled the room with brightness, and a happy light shone in the colonel's eyes as he read the few hurried lines.

"Laurie, Laurie," he cried, as his friend seized his outstretched hand, "she's true to me, after all. Read that." He handed Mona's letter to Laurie:

MY DARLING—Forgive me for misunderstanding your letter. I cannot free you from our engagement as long as I realize that you love me and that I can be of use to you. What matters to me a loss of an arm or a leg as long as you have body enough left to hold your soul together! I am yours till God calls that soul home to himself. Your loving

MONA.

Toward noon of that day Major Laurie had a vision of Mona with her arms around her lover's neck, heard her joyful cry and from Lawrence a murmured "My darling! At last!" and he hastily left to themselves two of the happiest hearts in New York.

As he turned to Mona's brother in the next room, wiping his eyeglass, which had suddenly become misty, he said below his breath, "By Jove, I rather think I've done a good day's work!"—Heloise Durant Rose in New York Times.

No Gripe
When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take
Hood's Pills
and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HEROES OF OUR NAVY

STORIES OF THEIR NERVY DEEDS IN ASIATIC WATERS.

The First Clash Between American Citizens and the Chinese—How Commander Glynn Brought the Japanese Officials to Terms.

The first passage at arms between American citizens and Chinese was in 1809, when Mr. J. P. Sturgis of Boston arrived in the ship Atahualpa, Captain Bacon, at Macao. The terrible Chinese pirate Apootsae was then ravaging the coast, capturing imperial forts, laying whole towns under contribution, massacring those who opposed him and terrorizing the mandarins. In vain were rewards offered for his head. Having watched and seen the chief officer and an armed boat's crew leaving the Atahualpa for the city to obtain a river pilot, he thought the capture of the foreign devil's ship would be easy. Ranging his junks under color of moving up the river and feigning to run past the American ship, the pirates suddenly rounded, expecting to leap on board and kill the 18 or 20 men left there. Instead of quick success the Chinaman caught a Tartar.

Astounded as the Yankees were, their cannon were fortunately loaded, and they made lively use of them, and with Brown Bess muskets, horse pistols and boarding pikes defended themselves with spirit. The Chinese threw on deck plenty of those homemade hand grenades which, owing to the quantity of sulphur in the powder, were unpoetically termed "stinkpots," but they killed none of their foes. Amid the shrieks and groans of their wounded a hellish din with gongs and drums was kept up. The Yankees fired with such effect that the Chinese were beaten off. Apootsae called away his men, and his ships were soon lost to sight. This episode put such courage into the cowardly mandarins that, by means of bribery and treachery, they secured the cutthroat Apootsae and had him put to death by the slow and prolonged process of hacking, called "the thousand cuts." From this time forth there was intense respect for Americans at Canton and Macao, and business increased with little interruption.

The following is an interesting and dramatic early naval incident that occurred in Japanese waters:

Captain Geisinger, formerly of the Peacock, hearing from the Dutch consul at Canton of 18 sailors imprisoned at Nagasaki, ordered commander Glynn in the United States brig Preble to rescue them. At this time the seas were so little known, the charts so imperfect and the season so inclement that naval men at Hongkong laughed at the idea of the little 14 gun brig ever arriving at her destination. At Napa, in the Loo-Choo islands, the natives openly scorned the notion of Glynn being able to do anything, when, in the "Japanese victory over the Americans"—referring to the episode in Yesso bay—a ship of the line and a sloop of war had been "driven away."

All this put Glynn on his mettle. Reaching Nagasaki, he dashed through the cordon of boats and dropped anchor within range of the city suburbs. The boom of the cannon announcing his arrival was sweet music to the American sailors in prison. Boarded by a chief interpreter with attendants, who inquired his business, Glynn was ordered to leave the waters of Japan at once. The American's immediate reply was that his mission was to the government. Then rather ostentatiously he gave the order to heave anchor, spread sail and move forward. Visions of involuntary hara kiri at once excited the Japanese to voluble protests. Nevertheless Glynn moved into the inner harbor and anchored within 200 yards of the batteries on either side of the anchorage. He refused to see anybody but the governor, sending word that he would not leave until he had obtained the American seamen on deck. He demanded their immediate release. Furthermore, he made it plain that if the cordon of boats was not quickly broken up he would blow them out of the water.

During the nine days the Preble remained a great army of soldiers gathered. Extra guns to the number of 60 were mounted, any one of which, rightly trained, might have sunk the Preble. Yet, in spite of the glittering arms, the bright and variegated colors of the feudal banners and the military and naval flags, the American commander, while granting a little longer time, refused to modify his request. Half his crew were on deck all the time, and every precaution against surprise and preparation for attack was made. Glynn was seconded by Lieutenant Silas Bent.

A new governor came into office. Visiting Glynn in the cabin, he asked for three days more time. Making an end to suavity of manner, Glynn dashed his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "Not another hour!" Nor should the governor nor any of the party leave the ship till he got an answer. Instantly the excited Japanese stood up, the interpreter telling Commander Glynn that this was a high officer and must not be so spoken to. "So am I," retorted Glynn. "I represent the government of the United States." A parley was then asked for by the Japanese. With watch in hand, Glynn waited during the promised 15 minutes. When the Japanese returned to the cabin, the governor remarked to Glynn that he could have the men on the following day.

Then "grim visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front." With the frankest cordiality Glynn ordered refreshments, extended every courtesy and showed the officers the drill, discipline, manual of arms and general quarters. The next day the imprisoned Americans were brought on board, with every particle of property that belonged to them or their owners. Within 59 days from leaving, Glynn had returned to Hongkong.—"Our Navy In Asiatic Waters," by William Elliot Griffis in Harper's Magazine.

Told His Friend.

"I suffered a severe attack of rheumatism, and decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking it a short time I was entirely cured. A friend of mine was taken with the same disease and I recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured him." WILLIAM H. LESTER, 65 Leonard Street, Fall River, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is a real Thanksgiving number. It is likewise considerably devoted to scenes and incidents in the War with Spain which are highly interesting. The number is finely illustrated, while its literary contents are up to its usual high mark. Captain Grimes's Battery Going Up El Paso Hill is the frontispiece picture, a spirited and natural one. Torpedo Boat Service is also profusely illustrated, so also is Social Life in the British Army. Some of the leading papers are: Our Seabound Islands on the Pacific, 11 ills.; Sundown's Higher Self, a story, ill.; Old Chester Tales; Some Recent Explorations, maps; The Refusal, etc.

*.*HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Company, 14-20 Franklin street, Boston; and by Moore & Parker at the Woburn Bookstore.

There is truly an atmosphere of Thanksgiving about the NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November. The frontispiece, by a celebrated American painter, appropriately suggests the season, and the opening lines, from the pen of Walt Whitman and Peter MacQueen, have a rousing ring, and strike a stirring note that varies somewhat from the usual Thanksgiving platitudes. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE is one of the pushing and progressive publications of the times. Advertising a Prima Donna is handsomely illustrated with portraits of prima donnas who were famous twenty-five and fifty years ago. The American in the West Indies is a timely article, profusely illustrated by views taken by Peter MacQueen, who was the special war correspondent of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE during the late war. The Story of Jerene is the title of a charming romance. It is elaborately illustrated. Our Typewriter, by Ellis Parker Butler; Liz, by Mrs. Durfee; and the stirring serial, The Trouble on the Torolito, by Francis Lynde, is a strong array of fiction by the younger American authors in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November. The Vogue of the Vaudeville is the title of a timely and altogether most intensely interesting article. The greatest undertaking in railway building known in history is the Trans-Siberian railway, now under construction. William J. Reid writes an entertaining article in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November, describing the work being done. Perhaps no magazine serial published for many years has created so widespread and profound interest as The Stories of a Confederate, which are begun in the November issue of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The frontispiece of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for November is a fine reproduction of a rare portrait of George Dewey, the hero of Manila, made in 1867. This appears in connection with an article on Montpelier, Vermont,—Dewey's birthplace and home. Several papers on old Boston streets have already been published in the magazine, and to the present issue Rev. Henry F. Bond contributes an account of Old Summer Street, as it was in the days when many prominent Bostonians had residences there. The illustrative material used in his pages was for the most part prepared from old photographs in the Bostonian Society's possession. Another interesting article in the line of antiquarian research is that on Revolutionary Records of a Country Town. The old town referred to is Rochester, Mass., and the records consulted relate chiefly to the acts and resolves of the Rochester town meeting. Miss Alice D'Alcho contributes Old Wentworth House and Its Masters. From one of the early owners of this English estate were descended the three Wentworths who were Governors of New Hampshire. Portraits of Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford, and of Charles Watson Wentworth, appear with the article, as well as many fine exterior and interior views of the Wentworth mansion. The Man with the Branded Hand, whom Whittier has immortalized, is the subject of a sketch by Frank Edward Kittredge. The man referred to was Jonathan Walker, who endured many hardships in helping fugitive slaves to freedom. A portrait of him is shown, as well as a view of the monument which has been erected to his memory. Hunting in the Maine Woods, by Mr. Sid H. Nealy, is an enthusiastic account of a moose hunt in the Maine wilderness, and with it are reproduced several fine drawings. There is a story by Imogen Clark, entitled A Woman and Her Son; Miss Peters's Indian Summer, by Mrs. M. E. Pratt; and a short sketch entitled The Peacemaker of Lamont, by Gulielma Zollinger,—and several good poems. The Editor's Table discusses the remarkable advance of co-operative production in England, which is hailed as the most promising thing now to be seen in the industrial world. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1898.

WOBURN A REPUBLICAN CITY.

Woburn has been edging towards the right politically for some years and now she has "come out into the liberty," an old fashioned phrase applied to a newly converted soul. The stigma has been removed; Woburn is a Republican city. With no particular reason for it except a change of heart Wolcott carried this city by 250 majority last Tuesday. Congressman Knox had 125 majority notwithstanding the bitter, active and unreasonable opposition of the tanners. Wood and Grimes buried their opponents. The whole Republican ticket won in splended style.

WOBURN IS A REPUBLICAN CITY.

THAT "THREE TERM" SCARE.

It didn't work worth a cent last Tuesday. Wood and Grimes were elected for a third time by increased majorities, notwithstanding the asinine cry "of third term." The JOURNAL kept saying all the time that Wood and Grimes would be elected hands down, and they were.

MASSACHUSETTS.

She rolled up a tremendous majority for Wolcott and the Republican ticket last Tuesday. But she didn't do as well by the Congressional ticket. The Democrats were not entitled to 3 Congressmen.

"Stand by McKinley!"

IT IS KNOX AGAIN.

Nothing is more gratifying than the re-election of Congressman Knox in this District. In addition to the Democracy he had nearly all the "free hide" Republicans against him, but he got there, all the same.

REPUBLICANS VICTORIOUS.

The cry "Stand by McKinley" was heeded to perfection by the Republicans last Tuesday. They were victorious all along the line. Carry the news to Sagasta!

ROOSEVELT.

The election of "Teddy," the Rough Rider, last Tuesday a Governor of New York was a glorious victory indeed. Tammany was snowed under.

NEXT CONGRESS.

The Republicans will have a good majority in both branches, "Stand by McKinley!"

☞ The radical wing of the Democratic Party in this city pretend to believe that the Charter Committee, as a nominating body, has became a Republican organ, pure and simpie, and in the coming city election they will wash their hands of it. That is nothing new; they did the same thing last year. The conservative wing have little to say, but will vote as they please when the time comes. The Party are ruled by a few young fellows who, if they had any modesty, would take back seats and let older and wiser heads do the planning and directing.

☞ The Republicans of Reading are very nearly a unit in favor of the appointment of Capt. E. A. Chandler, a Veteran of the Civil War, for postmaster of that town. There is hardly any doubt but that he is the coming man, for it it not at all probably that the wishes of the substantial citizens of Reading will be ignored in the matter. Capt. Chandler would make a capable postmaster, and beslde that, he is richly deserving of the office.

☞ The Maria Teresa, the Spanish worship sunk by the American fleet at Santiago on July 3 and raised by the pluck and skill of Lieut. Hobson, was lost in a terrible November gale off the coast of the Bahamas last Friday while being towed to Hampton Roads. It was hard luck for Hobson, but it is doubtful if she would have made a very effective warship.

☞ The Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee are entitled to praise for their good work in the campaign just closed. Chairman Riley is a hustler and every member of the Committee put time and labor unstinted into the canvass and made it a success. The registration and vote told the story of their efficient labors

☞ Following President McKinley's lead Gov. Walcott has ordered that Thursday, Nov. 24, shall be observed by the people of this State as a day of thanksgiving and praise for blessings received during the year. Thanksgiving Day had its origin in Massachusetts. "God save the Commonwealth."

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. Lamb—To Let.
City—Registration.
J. M. Ellis—To Let.
Trinity Church—Supper.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
F. S. McGregor—Wanted.
Boston Journal—Magazine.
Burbeen Course—Lectures.
F. O. Woodruff—Mort. Sale.
Pettengill & Co.—Woodbury.

— They say the new Phalanx Company are getting on fine.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Mrs. T. George Beggs of Confluence Penn., has been visiting friends here.

— Last Sunday was another rainy one. But the churches were fairly well filled.

— William Gleason of Concord, N. H., formerly of this city, was 90 years old last Tuesday.

— On Friday evening, Nov. 18, the "United Six" will give a party in Cummings Hall, Cummingsville.

—Edward Billingsby of Co. G, 5th Mass., died at the Pres. Hos., Philadelphia, on Nov. 10, of typhoid fever.

— Hanson & Co., are experienced and reliable watch repairers. Mr. Varney is an old hand at the business and skilful.

— An official notice from the Registrars of Voters published in this paper is of public interest and should be heeded.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks has got his thinking cap on and is planing for a holiday stock of goods that will beat the band.

— Relief Corps 84 gave a fine whist party in Burbank Hall last Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance and a good time.

— Mr. James Skinner is making a material addition to his fine residence on Montvale ave., and while the work is going on his home is at the A. A. Dow house on Warren Avenue.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx Be sure you get it.—tf

— C. M. Strout, stoves, tin and hardware, is having a good run of business this fall. The public like his style of doing things.

— Mr. Willis J. Buckman is selling flour at a price that brings it within the reach of all. He keeps the best brands and a plenty of them.

— The late Robert B. Eaton gave substantial proof of his love for the Episcopal church in his will. He was one of the best men that ever lived in Woburn.

— Capt. E. F. Wyer has been laid up with erysipelas, but he got out to vote, which he would do if one leg was in the grave and the other pretty near it.

— Last Tuesday was indeed and in truth a "Republican day." Had the Party been allowed to make the weather themselves they could not have improved on it.

— Mr. J. W. Fox tells us that the manufacture of leather is at a rather low ebb in this city. He thinks nearly all the establishments are more or less effected by the times.

— Nobody knows but himself (and he won't tell) whether John P. Feeney is going to be a candidate for Mayor or not. Some think he could have a third term just for the asking.

— The Friday Night Club will give their Chafingdish supper this evening. The viands will be cooked by the menfolks and bright young ladies are to serve them. It will be a gay time.

— Thanksgiving two weeks from yesterday. The markets are preparing to turnish turkeys, chickens, ducks, spareribs, and vegetables to go with them, as they were never furnished before.

— Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch of Wilton, N. H., has been visiting friends here this week. He returned in season to help the Republicans carry New Hampshire for McKinley and good government.

— Last Thursday, Nov. 3, Ald. B. H. Nichols and W. R. Bartlett and Mr. E. B. Simonds returned from Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay, where they were the guests of Mr. Frank C. Nichols several days.

— The Hosmer Farm egg wagon—"Eggs laid while you wait"—is a boon to good housewives these days. Eggs are delivered fresh right from the fountainhead and sold as cheap as anywhere in Massachusetts.

— The managers of Mr. W. F. Davis's campaign for the Mayoralty found no trouble in getting signers to his nomination papers. Everyone applied to was more than ready to affix his sign manuel to them.

— What has become of that huge mass of waterpipe which was bought by the Chairman of the Water Board just before he went out of office and which the city refused to pay for? Information is wanted by "A Taxpayer."

— Capt. Edward E. Parker is busy these days furnishing houses, stores, shops, etc., with heating appliances. He furnishes and sets up steam, water, and hot air plants, and enjoys the reputation of being firstclass at the business.

— The Woburn reporter for a Boston daily says "the boulevard project will be pushed this season" for all it is worth, meaning, we suppose, that the Pierce Circuit Boulevard enterprise will be heard from in the Legislature this winter.

— The Woburn Dramatic Club will give a dramatic entertainment on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, at the Auditorium. The play is to be "The Way of Temptation" with a roaring farce for an afterpiece. Everybody should take it in, for it will be good.

— The attendance at the great Mechanics Fair in Boston increases every day. If there was nothing else it would be worth going 100 miles to see the big crowd of people. Everything is running in the finest style. The music alone is worth much more than the admission fee.

— There isn't a man in this city that would make a better Mayor than S. Frankstord Trull, and but very few who would equal him. He is a capable business man, but better than that he is honest from centre to circumference. Nobody could twist him from a straight forward business course if they should try.

— It would take a Philadelphia Lawyer to keep track of the City Council's action and non-action on the order for money to buy the Kelley lot with. If the purchase of that property is the best thing to do why not push it through and stop the fuss? At the shortest it will be more than a year before the new schoolhouse is finished, and lots of things happen in a year.

— Good order and gentlemanly deportment characterized the election in this city last Tuesday. To be sure there was hustling, hard work, and running of hacks galore, but all were sober and in sober earnest. Everything was quiet and orderly around the polling places; candidates were anxious, and their friends worked like beavers. It was a grand day to hold an election on.

— Some think the Moreland Family Benefit at the Auditorium next Sunday evening will yield $1000 net. It may not quite reach that sum, but it will be a rouser, if the managers are not greatly mistakened. All good hearted people sympathize with its object, and there can hardly be a doubt but that the Auditorium will be filled. The concert will be firstclass in every particular.

— Sergt. J. C. Larock of Co. G, 5th Regiment has been at home on a 7 days furlough. He was in fine trim and perfectly satisfied with the service. He told a JOURNAL representative that the members of the Regiment are well and contented, and almost to a man desire to remain. Now and then a man wants a discharge, but generally they are poor timber for soldiers, and would not set the world afire in civil or military life. He said they expected to get orders for change of camp to South Carolina this week.

— Rodney Wood, son of the well known Boston detective, whose home is on Salem street in this city, is recovering from the serious injury he received in Boston last week Monday and will get out again in due time. He was caught between a dray and the wall of the building where he is employed and had one leg broken and the other badly bruised. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital and from there to his home here on Thursday. He is a smart young man and has many friends who regret the accident that laid him up.

— The course for the season of 1898 of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund will open at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6. The lecture on that evening will be delivered by H. C. Hovey, D. D., and his subject, "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and Back as far as the Banks of the Volga." It is to be profusely illustrated and must necessarily prove exceedingly entertaining and instructive. There are to be six lectures in all, and an advertisement in another column tells what and by whom they will be. This is the seventh season of the series, each one of which has proved a grand success. The Auditorium will accommodate all comers.

— Rev. Mr. Stratton's lecture in the Star Course on the evening of Nov. 2 was a fine one. A large and enthusiastically delighted audience listened to it. The next one will take place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, and the subject is to be "Germany and the Rhine," beautifully and profusely illustrated. It will tell all about and portray one of the most romantic sections of country in all Europe—the classic Rhine, with its old castles, fortresses, forests, vineyards, cathedrals, palaces, and ancient cities and towns, and cannot help being very interesting. It will be the fourth lecture in the Course with only two more to follow. Great success has attended the Course.

— Copeland & Bowser are well fixed for a large fall and winter trade. They have a commodious, well lighted, handy store, admirably located for business, the contents of which are of greater variety than ever before. They are the leading dry goods merchants in the city and vicinity, their patronage extending to several other towns. Some of the reasons for this is that people always find what they are looking for at Copeland & Bowser's, and prices that suit them because they compete with Boston prices. As cold weather approaches it is worth the while of those who are contemplating the purchase of winter clothing, etc., to go to the excellently conducted store of Copeland & Bowser and make an inspection of their large stocks of all kinds of goods in lines in which they deal.

— Mr. A. C. Floyd, who has served in the Treasury Department at Washington many years to the satisfaction of the government and credit to himself, came home to vote last Tuesday and make his annual visit to relatives and friends here. After he had voted and when standing on the corner of the street close to Dow's Block he expressed the opinion that New England is "God's own country," and therefore he loves to visit it. Washington, he said, is all right; he had no fault to find with it; it had fed and sheltered him and his many years; but when the home feeling overtakes him his eye and heart turn towards his beloved New England. Such loyalty to his native heath is commendable, and we can assure him that he takes no more pleasure in visiting his old home here than his many friends do in seeing and greeting him.

— Some folks think there will be three candidates for Mayor next month, Republican, Democratic and Citizens. Among the names that have been mentioned are Elwyn G. Preston, by the Republicans; James Skinner by the Democrats; and William F. Davis, by the Citizens, whose nomination papers are already out. Mr. Charlie A. Jones also has many friends who are talking of him for a candidate. If Mayor Feeney consents to run again he will be the Democratic nominee, but this, we understand, is not yet settled. Many staunch citizens would like to see Ald. Cottle a candidate and believe he could be elected without any trouble. The campaign is likely to be a sharp one. Mr. Davis's nomination papers were signed by many of the most influential men in the city—Republicans and Democrats—all of whom will earnestly work for him, which argues well for his election.

— Mr. Ephraim Colburn of this city is engaged in canvassing for subscribers to a valuable volume entitled "Our War with Spain," with which he is meeting encourageing success. The history, containing 775 pages of letterpress, with numerous maps, portraits, and illustrative material, is written by Hon. H. B. Russell, U. S. Senator Redfield Proctor, and Hon. John M. Thurston, names which are a guaranty of its merits, and is published by A. D. Worthington & Co. of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Colburn's territory includes Woburn, Winchester and Burlington, which towns he will visit and throughly canvass. A history of the late War with Spain, now closed, we hope, cannot but prove intensely interesting to intelligent readers and especially to Americans who are justly proud of the magnificent triumph of our arms in that conflict. Its value, the product of the pens of such eminent authors, is beyond dispute. Mr. Colburn is prepared to impart all information required concerning the work, and being a reliable gentleman, we have no doubt his canvass will prove highly successful.

— It is pleasant to see George Durward back with his brother James at the Metropolitan Market after a hard, hot campaign as member of Company A, 6th Massachusetts Regiment, in P. R. Glad of his furlow of 60 days, with the Company, and the prospect of an honorable discharge at the end of it, he returned to the business post he left to take a hand in the War with Spain, and went at it as though there had been no interruption in his market work. On his first trip on the old route slow progress was made, for the women, with whom he has always been a favorite, at each house, detained him just as long as they could to look him over and ask all manner of questions, to congratulate, and give him a cordial welcome back. Soldier Durward hasn't the "gift of gab" to any great extent but he answered all questions courteously and thanked the women for their kind wishes, and told them all that he was glad to get back and meet them once more. We have all read about the heroic service of the gallant 6th under Col Rice, and it tells Durward's story to say he was one of them. Fortunately he enjoyed the best of health all the time he was down there, and he says he had a jolly good time although the work at times was hard. He enjoyed himself, but has no hankering for a repitition of the dose. Homesickness prevailed a good deal among the boys, he says, and thinks considerable sickness was due to that cause. He certainly saw the rough side of army life, but has no complaints to make against his superior officers, War Department, or anybody else. He marched and tramped over nearly all Porto Rico and didn't lose any flesh to speak of. He don't say much about the everlasting howling that the "yellow" papers, jealous officers and surgeons, and homesick privates, kept up so long and viciously over the "terrible condition" of affairs in camp and field, but we suspect he knows more than he says. To sum it all up he attended strictly to business, kept pegging away, and let the other fellows do the complaining. That was good sense. It was entertaining to listen to a dialogue between Soldier Durward and Veteran Joseph Johnson, as we did the other morning, on the curbstone, concerning military affairs. All he could say and do Durward couldn't make "Uncle" Joe believe that the Civil War, compared to the Spanish War, was only a picnic. "Uncle" Joe knew better than that, for he went through the Civil War himself. We are all glad to see George back again and hope Uncle Sam will never again have occasion to call on him to help pull through another war.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Carpets and Upholstery FOR Residences, Churches, Hotels, Steamers, etc., etc.

Our stock is by far the largest in Boston, and includes many *private patterns* obtainable *nowhere else*.

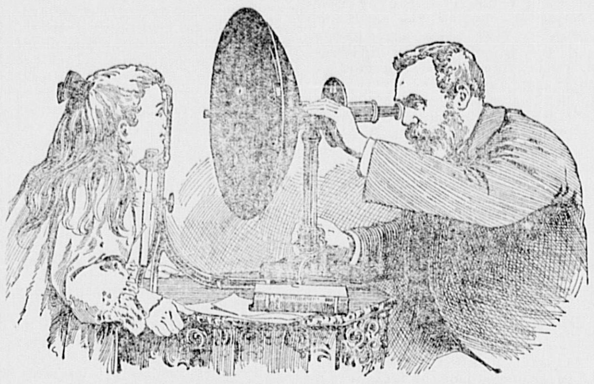
Our prices are always at the bottom of the market.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
658 Washington St., Boston.
(Opposite Boylston St.)

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.



Osborn Gillette, Optician.

A graduate of the McCormick Optical College, we use the best improved modern appliances for examining and testing the eyes. **We fit correctly. Glasses are not guessed on.** Would refer you to some of our leading physicians and citizens: Dr. Geo. P. Bartlett, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Daniel F. Murphy and Dr. Seth W. Kelley.

WOBURN, April 6th, 1897.

OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—My daughter had been troubled with frequent and severe headaches, the cause of which puzzled me for a long time. I finally decided that they were caused by wearing glasses that were not suited to her eyes, although they had been fitted by a Boston specialist.

I consulted you and you agreed with me, and fitted her with a new pair of glasses, and from that time since she has not been troubled to any extent, and of late not at all.

I am very much pleased with your treatment of her case, and shall be pleased to recommend you to anyone in need of your attention.

Yours very respectfully,
RICHARD MORRIS.

WOBURN, March 30, 1897.

MR. OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—For more than a year my daughter complained of frequent and severe headaches which affected her health and interfeared with her School duties, believing that the trouble arose from overstraining the eyes, and knowing you to be an expert on these matters, I took her to you. Your examination confirmed my opinion, and you fitted glasses for her, and it gives me great pleasure to say that since a week after she began to wear them the improvement began immediately, her head never troubles her any more and her health is good, which I ascribe to your successful treatment.

Yours truly,
E. J. GREGORY.

IT IS——

Underwear Season!

Buy your Winter Underwear at the Underwear Department at

Smith's, 399 & 401 Main Street, WOBURN.

UNDERWEAR for Father, for Mother, for Sister, for Brother. The whole family can be suited at SMITH'S.

Men's Medium Weight Shirts and Drawers, **50c** each
Men's Heavy Fleece Lined Shirts & Drawers, **50c** each
Men's Medium Weight Shirts & Drawers, **25c** each
Ladies' Underwear, Vests and Pants, Fleece Lined, **25c** each
Extra Heavy Ladies' Underwear, Vests and Pants, Fleece Lined, **50c** each
Ladies' Fine Jersey Ribbed Wool Vests and Pants, **75c** each
Children's Underwear, Shirts and Pants, **25c** each

Special Values in Hosiery.

Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, **13c** a pair
Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, **15c** a pair
Ladies' Black Wool Hose, **19c** a pair
Ladies' Black Fleece Lined Hose, ex heavy, **25c** a pair
Children's Heavy Black Hose, **10c** a pair
Children's Strong Black Wool Hose, **15c** a pair
Men's Camel's Hair Hose, natural color, **15c** a pair
Men's Black Wool Hose, **25c** a pair
Men's Mixed Gray Cotton Hose, **10c** a pair 3 pair for **25c**
Extra Heavy Men's Cotton Hose, tan, **13c** a pair

CHESTER R. SMITH,
Underwear Department,
Smith's Dry Goods Store,
399 and 401 Main St., WOBURN.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D., "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00 guaranteed or price refunded.

Still in the Lead.

The Boston *Sunday Journal*, which has become so prominent of late and gained so many new friends through its special features, will present a very attractive and interesting paper next Sunday with its Half Tone Supplement and 48-page Magazine.

The prominent feature of the Half Tone Supplement will be a Pictorial History of the Second Regiment. These pictures will be of camp life and active service throughout the campaign.

Among some of the other features will be: Photographs of the Bay State Delegation in Congress from the Republican Party.

The Tragedy of Cienfuegos, by a wounded veteran of the Spanish-American War.

Some notable photographs of prominent people of today who are talked about.

A picture of Mr. Herman, the new conductor, who has come from Germany to conduct the noted Handel and Haydn Society of Boston.

The story of how a Harvard man coasted 25 miles on a bicycle down the Alps.

The pictures from the theatres of favorites with Boston audiences who will appear on the stage next week will be a leading feature.

Boston women in the war will be remembered with photographs of the heroic women who braved the dangers of the sick camps to nurse our soldiers.

The little folks will not be forgotten, and their bright faces will be one of the attractions of the New England Home Magazine.

Interesting women of the stage, by Charles Robinson, will be a leading feature also in the Magazine.

The Magazine gains each week in its attractiveness and unique originality, and next Sunday it will give its readers a treat in its many new illustrations and interesting reading.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Woman's Club.

At the last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club, Friday, November 4, members were pleasantly entertained by a musical and literary programme, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lynes, having for its subject, "American Composers." The following is the programme:

1. Paper. — J. K. Paine
   Selection: The Mill.
2. Paper. — Arthur Foote
   Selections: Prelude et Nocturne. Songs: *a*, The Night has a Thousand Eyes. *b*, Love Me if I Live.
3. Paper. — H. W. Parker
   Selection: Scherzino.
4. Paper. — Ethelbert Nevin
   Songs: Deep in the Rose Glowing Heart. Little Boy Blue.
5. Paper. — Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
   Selection: Barcarolle.
6. Paper. — Wilson G. Smith
   Song: If I But Knew.
7. Paper. — E. A. MacDowell
   Selections: Clair de Lune. Shadow Dance.
8. Paper. — G. W. Chadwick
   Songs: Thou Art So Like a Flower. Sweetheart, Thy Lips are Touched with Flome.
9. Paper. — Margaret Ruthven Lang
   Selections: Meditation. Irish Love Song.
10. Remarks. — Frank Lynes
   Selections: La Gondola. Spinning Song. Song, Sweetheart, Sigh No More.

After a brief sketch of the life of each composer, given by Mrs. Lynes, the different pianoforte selections were rendered by Mr. Lynes with a touch and finish which declared him a master of the musical art. Mrs. Lynes sang the vocal selections in pure liquid tones and with pleasing grace of manner. The last numbers were especially interesting as being productions of Mr. Lynes himself. America has much to be proud of as proved by this musical feast.

The next meeting occurs November 18. Miss Mary A. Jordan, Professor of Literature at Smith College, will lecture upon the subject, "The Function of Literature."

C. G. R., Rec. Sec.

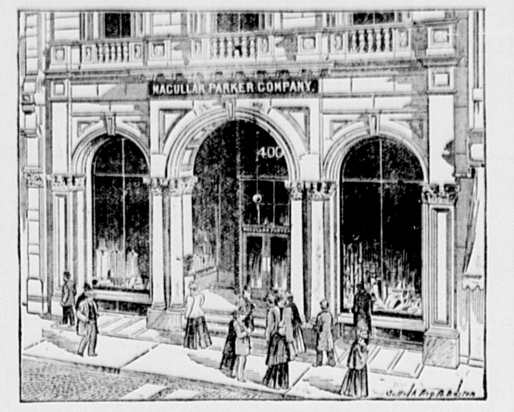
The Hon. John D. Long.

The Boston *Herald* announces for Sunday next—a special feature which should be read with interest by every citizen in the country. It is the story of the naval battles of the Spanish-American War, compiled from the most authentic sources. The Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, has contributed an introduction in which he tells for the first time why the Navy Department distinguished itself so magnificently. Each engagement will be illustrated in a manner worthy the story, and in strict harmony with the time-honored methods of The Boston *Herald*. The Boston *Herald* of Nov. 13 is an issue which every one of our readers should buy and read.

Burlington.

A Magical Entertainment will be given in the vestry of the church Wednesday evening, November 16, under the auspices of the Ladies Circle, and the special direction of Mrs. Dr. Estabrooks. The entertainment, which has been very popular in other churches, will consist of magic experiments by Mr. Tripp of Woburn, music and other attractions. Ice cream, cake and coffee. Tickets 30c admit to the entertainment and supper.—2.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS



Highest Possible Quality. Made in CLEAN workrooms in this building.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

About the Schoolhouse Site.

MR. EDITOR: As Editors are supposed to be wise in city affairs I would like to ask you why, if the site recommended by our Committee for our new High School building is a good one, it is necessary to employ an expert in hygiene to find out if it is healthy? Are there not several good locations obtainable that everyone knows are healthy? And why should we take property at a much higher price than it could have been bought for within a year? Our city is in no condition to throw money away; and it is not just to tax payers; and why should our worthy President of the Board of Aldermen make a public statement that the price is but 12½c. per foot when it figures, at 20c. per foot, only $13,400, and the Board voted to pay $14,000 for the lot, and gave out that the city was to pay nothing for moving off the buildings? Does not everyone know that the two old houses are nearly worthless, and the old machine shop has been valueless these many years? I venture to say that even after the high value put on these old buildings by our Aldermanic President he would not give $200 for them. Perhaps the price is based on the present rentals. But would anyone of the Committee make a purchase of buildings ready to tumble into the ground for himself on such rental values?

As to drainage, it is said there is no water running in the brook now, although it was formerly a frog pond and that too within the memory of many not very old people. There is now a large culvert running under this property, built about 1870, to carry off the water from the surrounding territory which empties into this ravine. True the old tannery is closed down, stopping that source of pollution, but a culvert must be maintained under the proposed building to carry off the surface water which runs there 6 months of the year at least. The territory drained reaches to the top of Baby Hill and up back of the cemetery over to Beach street, taking in all of the Wyman property, nearly over to Main street. Is there a man on the School Committee or among our City Fathers who would put a residence on this property? If so, they have not made it apparent during the last twenty years, and not a few of them have built fine homes during that time.

Now, Mr. Editor, is it not possible that some of our School Committee and Aldermen may have been influenced (unconsciously, no doubt) by a desire to please residents in the vicinity by accepting this site for a High School building and thus clean up an unsightly spot, for the time being forgetting that they were acting for the whole city, and not for the few who were pressing the acceptance of this entirely unfit place, thus relieving a few at the expense of the many who must walk from the Centre where the electrics leave them? As our city grows the cars must bring a larger proportion of children to this school, therefore it should be located as near as possible to the terminus of the several lines. Fully two thirds of the students now come from below the present High School building.

I believe this site was accepted (for I do not think any considerable number of the School Committee or Aldermen preferred it) without due consideration. I know them too well to doubt that they wish to do everything possible for the good of the city, and therefore must have acted hastily, or from insufficient knowledge of the situation.

If this place is to be improved at public expense, why not do it on its merits regardless of the question of a site for our High School building? I know of no building of the kind that is placed in a ravine for the sake of filling it up. Besides the dust from four streets pours down from the west and north into this place. Is this desirable? Ask the teachers who will be annoyed with it if they like this location. If we must accept this site I hope our Mayor will again show the courage of his convictions and let the responsibility rest where it belongs.

Respectfully yours,
TAX PAYER.

Mechanics Fair.

It will close on Dec. 3 without any ifs, ands or buts, so that those who would visit it and see the largest Fair ever held in Mechanics Building, Boston, and the thousand and one new and interesting exhibits there, must hurry up, for the time to do so is growing short. The Old Mechanics Charitable Association never gave anything that approached the present one in the shape of a Fair. It has everything that the heart could reasonably desire. The admission to the whole is only 25 cents, and to hear Reeves's splendid Band is worth double that sum. Go at once and make sure you don't miss the great Boston Fair.

Poisoned by Ivy

Was in a Dreadful Condition

Happened to Read About a Similar Case—Followed the Other Man's Example and Was Cured.

The following incident is given by Charles Morris, general jobber, 52 Lexington Avenue, North Cambridge, Mass.:

"Several years ago I became poisoned by ivy. I tried many medicines, spending a large sum of money without obtaining a particle of good. My children were also afflicted with the same disease. We were all constant sufferers with an awful itching sensation, and it seemed as if I should tear myself to pieces. I picked up a paper in which I found printed a testimonial from a man in Vermont who had been similarly afflicted and had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with benefit. I bought a bottle, which we took and it did

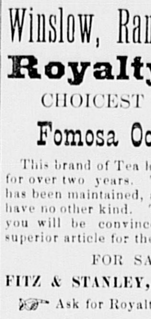
Me and My Children

so much good I purchased another supply. We continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla until we used five bottles and I can safely say that neither myself nor children have any signs of the poison. It has entirely left us and we are perfectly cured. We give the whole credit to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before resorting to this medicine I was reduced in weight, but now I weigh 175 pounds. Hood's Sarsaparilla has not only done much good but has been the means of saving me a great deal of money. I would not be without it in my house and I heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted. I have written this statement for publication, of my own will, as I want others to know what

Hood's Sarsaparilla

has done for us." CHARLES MORRIS.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop
CHOICEST BLENDED
Fomosa Oolong Tea.

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

FOR SALE BY
FITZ & STANLEY, Woburn, Mass

☞ Ask for Royalty Tea.

A Good Story

is alway enjoyed, and the THE NEW ENGLAND HOME MAGAZINE gives one each week (either by Conan Doyle, Walter Besant, Bret Harte or other notable writers), besides readable articles and illustrations equal to those furnished by many of the high-priced magazines.

Do you want this Magazine Free?

Boston Sunday Journal Readers

Get it free each Sunday. Also the Illustrated Weekly, containing photographic illustrations of the day, besides 40 pages of news.

The Journal in Its New Form All for One Price.

MECHANICS' FAIR
1795 1898
By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.
Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.

MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!

The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.

XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.

Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.

Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.

"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*

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Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.

25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFÉ Always Open.

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WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 3, 1898.
Lessons Given in Classes if desired.
Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Josephine Lang,
Piano-Forte Instruction,
Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.
413 Main St., Woburn.
Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.
Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN LYNCH, 20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent
FLOUR
(Spring Wheat.)
$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Plumbing Tin Roofing
BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.
Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.
Gas Piping Furnaces

For Sale.
House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

IF YOUR BOY .·. .·.

Is between the ages of 8 and 16 years, and wears a new Winter Overgarment the coat to buy for comfort and durability is one of our

Five Dollar Reefers

with large ulster collars, made of either a fast color Blue Chinchilla, or a Brown Frieze. At this price these coats are a genuine bargain.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Outing Flannels

Suitable for Dressing Jackets, Wrappers, Underskirts, Night Gowns, etc. We are offering for sale on our counters a choice assortment of colors and prices in these goods to suit the most fastidious.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., October 25, 1898.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 3d, 1898,** at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

Ward 3.

MICHAEL BLAKE.—About 10,653 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 62 Harrison Avenue in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Harrison Avenue; easterly by land of Curley; southerly by land now or late of Dow; westerly by land of Byrne.
Tax of 1897, $13 23

CHARLES BOUTWELL.—About 69,584 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Kilby street; westerly by Boston & Lowell Railroad Corporation; easterly and northeasterly by old Canal Bed.
Tax of 1897, 72 77

ANNIE S. BOYLE.—About 2,505 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No 23 Park street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs southerly by land now or formerly of Converse 31.1 feet; thence southwesterly by a fence 15.3 feet; thence southeasterly 25.5 feet; thence southerly by Centre street 84 feet; thence northerly by Park street 104.5 feet to the point of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed by Martin Ellis et al by deed dated June 27, 1879, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1514, Page 140.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

DAVID CLANCY HEIRS.—About 6,630 square feet of land and buildings thereon situated in said Woburn, No. 33 Centre street bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Connolly; easterly by land now or late of Trull; southerly by land of Maloney, McGrath and Corry; westerly by said Centre street.
Tax of 1897, 31 19

THOMAS R. CORBETT and SILAS F. CORBETT.—About 10,054 square feet of land with building thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 10 Kilby street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Kilby street 85 feet; easterly by land of Caroline B. Hayes 100 feet; southerly by land of Augusta A. Corbett 74.5 feet; westerly by land of Heirs of Luke Balfe 115 feet.
Tax of 1897, 34 02

DENNIS DOHERTY.—About 6,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated No. 9 Grove street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of Maguire; easterly by land of Grandfield; southerly by land formerly of McConnologue; westerly by Grove street.
Tax of 1897, 18 90

PATRICK DOHERTY.—About 5,305 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on Kilby street, being Lot 26 on plan of lands recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 60, Plan 50, bounded as follows, viz:—Northwesterly by Kilby street 50.38 feet; northeasterly by lot 27 on said plan 104.49 feet; southeasterly by lot 35 on said plan 50 feet; southwesterly by lot 25 on said plan 108.05 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

NATHAN W. EATON.—About 22,271 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Scott street; easterly by land of Heirs of Helena Eaton; southerly by lands of Cotton, Prior and of Plympton heirs; westerly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs.
Tax of 1897, 90 72

HEIRS OF HELENA EATON.—About 3,375 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn on Scott street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by said Scott street; easterly by land of Wheeler; southerly by land of Tidd; westerly by land of Nathan W. Eaton.
Tax of 1897, 26 46

SVEN FROBERG.—About 5,059 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Bedford street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at stake at northeasterly corner of premises on southerly side of old road, at land of Gustaf Olson; thence southerly by said old road and irregular line 65½ feet; thence at right angles and southeasterly by land of Ludvig Froberg 90 feet; thence northeasterly by land now or late of Plympton Heirs 47.25 feet; thence a little west of north by land of said Olson 89.1 feet to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 10 58

SVEN FROBERG.—About 4242 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by the old road formerly called Bedford street, 32½ feet; easterly by land of Alfred Olson 95.2 feet; southerly by land of Plympton Heirs 20.65 feet; westerly by land of said Sven Froberg 89.1 feet.
Tax of 1897, 95

PETER HOLLAND.—About ½ acre land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 18 Munroe street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by land of Meade; westerly by land of Bacon heirs; northerly by Munroe street; easterly by land of Carey.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

MARY KENNEY HEIRS.—About 6,050 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated on northerly side of Harrison Ave. in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—southerly by Harrison Avenue; westerly by land of Daniel F. Callahan; northerly by land of Grandfield; easterly by North Warren street.
Tax of 1897, 17 01

MARGARET MOONEY.—About 9,600 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, on a private way leading out of Harrison Avenue, called Flagg street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Sheeran and Feeney; westerly by said Flagg street; southeasterly by land of McElhaney and land of Hearn.
Tax of 1897, 29 30

WM. E. MOONEY.—About 9,984 square feet of land situated in said Woburn bounded as follows, viz:—Easterly by a private way leading northeasterly out of Harrison Avenue known as Flagg street 127.78 feet; southerly by land formerly of Bacon and Colegate 70 feet; westerly by other land now or late of Bacon and Colegate 128.75 feet; northerly by land of Bridget Mooney 86.32 feet.
Tax of 1897, 5 67

SAUNDERS SIMMS.—About 4,260 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 34 Centre street, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of the premises on said street and at land of P. E. Bancroft, thence southwesterly by said street 51 feet; thence northwesterly by land formerly of Gage 60 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. R. Carter; thence by same 91.5 feet to land of Bancroft; thence southerly on Bancroft land to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 13 23

DANIEL Y. WELDON.—About 5,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 27 Plympton street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Plympton Heirs; easterly by other land of Plympton Heirs; southerly by Plympton street; westerly by Scott street.
Tax of 1897, 35 91

Non-Residents.

ELIZABETH A. KENNEY.—About 7,645 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, thence the line runs east of north by and with private street 60 feet; thence north of west by land of McDermott 136 feet; thence southerly by land of owner unknown 60 feet; thence south of east by land now or formerly of Colegate 120 feet, to the point of beginning. Being same premises conveyed to said Kenney by Wm. A. Colgate by deed dated September 27, 1887, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 1825, Page 506.
Tax of 1897, 4 73

WARD 4.

ANDRUS P. ANDERSON.—About 1,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Putnam; easterly by land of Conn; southerly by a private way leading out of Sherman Place; westerly by land of Putnam.
Tax of 1897, 14 18

MARY W. MENCHIN HEIRS.—About 1,664 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 6 High street, bounded as follows, viz:—Northeasterly by land of City of Woburn; northwesterly by land now or late of Allen; southwesterly by land now or late of Ellis; southeasterly by land now or late of Sawyer.
Tax of 1897, 21 74

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 20,282 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 162 Salem street, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; easterly by land of Bryant; northerly and westerly by other land of said Smith.
Tax of 1897, 103 95

CAROLINE M. SMITH.—About 7 acres of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly by Salem street; northerly by other land of said Smith and land of Bryant; easterly by land of Sarah F. Conn; northerly again by land now or late of John Nelson; westerly by land of Grammer, Putney and Anabel C. Brown.
Tax of 1897, 56 70

EMMA J. WENDALL.—About 1½ acres of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Maple Court, so-called, bounded as follows, viz:—Southerly on said Maple Court 10 rods; easterly on land now or late of John Nelson; northerly on land of City of Woburn 10 rods; westerly by land now or late of Woodland 27 rods.
Tax of 1897, 28 35

Non-Residents.

PRESCOTT C. BRIGHAM ET AL.—About 4,000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 299, Block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 298 in said Block; easterly by Wildwood street on said Plan; southerly by Lot 300 in said block; westerly by Lot 296 and 302 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN McCLAFFERTY.—About 5,980 square feet of land, being lot No. 85, Block 6, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by land of owner unknown; easterly by State street on said Plan, southerly by Newton street on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 1 13

JOHN STEELE.—About 4,000 square feet of land, being Lot 123, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by lot 110 in said block; easterly by lot 122 in said block; southerly by Clifton street on said Plan; westerly by Lots 107, 108 and 109 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE W. YOUNG.—About 8000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lots 130 and 131, Block 9 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Clifton street on said plan; easterly by lot 132 in said block; southerly by lots 140 and 141 in said block; westerly by lot 129 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 1 51

SAMUEL W. GLEDHILL.—About 15,153 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated on Main street in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Main street; northerly by land of City of Woburn; southeasterly by land of P. L. Converse; southwesterly by land of Smith.
Tax of 1897, 240 03

FREDERICK ARMSTRONG.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 114, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz: Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by lot 115 in said block; southerly by lot 119 in said block; westerly by lot 113 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ETHEL L. DAVEY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 96, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dis. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by lot 97 in said block; southerly by lot 99 in said block; westerly by lot 95 in said block.
Tax of 1897 76

MARGARET McCARTHY.—About 4000 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 115, Block 8 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly Putnam street; easterly by Lot 116 in said block; southerly by lot 118 in said block; westerly by lot 114 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

EDWARD O'BRIEN.—About 4000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 93, Block 7 on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by lot 94 in said block; southerly by lot 102 in said block; westerly by lot 92 in said block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES RICE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being lot 297, block 19, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Wildwood Avenue; southerly by Lot 298 in said Block; westerly by Lot 296 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

FREDERICK A. GUILES.—About 4,356 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 6, Block 1, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 7 in said Block; easterly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan; southerly by Lot 5 in said Block; westerly by Lots 46 and 47 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 110, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 111, in said Block; southerly by Lot 123 in said Block; westerly by Lots 105, 106 and 107 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 75

ELLEN LYNCH.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 275, Block 18, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by Lot 276 in said Block; southerly by Lot 285 in said Block; westerly by Lot 274 in said Block.
Tax of 1897 76

BERNARD McGUIGAN—About 6,800 square feet of land, situated in said Woburn, being Lot. No. 38, on Plan of West land, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 573, Page 573, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land now or late of West 130 feet; southerly by land formerly of West 138 feet; westerly by land of Richardson 50 feet; easterly by a private way called West street 50 feet.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AUSTIN H. ROBIE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot No. 89, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Lot 88 in said Block; easterly by Lot 104 in said Block; southerly by Lot 90 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue on said Plan.
Tax of 1897, 76

GEORGE L. GOODALE.—About 15,543 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by a private way laid out on West Plans, called Converse street, there measuring about 184 feet; easterly by land of the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation 100 5-10 feet; southerly by Lot No. 2 on said Plan, 134 feet; westerly by a private way called West street 136 feet.
Tax of 1897, 1 89

ALONZO V. LYNDE.—About 6,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 39, on Plan of West Lots so called, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by land of Hannah Milliken; easterly by a private way called West street; southerly by Lot 38, shown on said Plan of West Lots; westerly by land now or late of Chas. P. Horton.
Tax of 1897, 2 84

AMELIA PAGE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 111, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; southerly by Lot 122 in said Block; easterly by Lot 112 in said Block; westerly by Lot 110 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN J. MOORE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 168, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 169 in said Block; westerly by Lot 167 in said Block; southerly by Lot 179 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MARTHA J. PREBBLE.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 167, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lot 168 in said Block; westerly by Lots 162, 163 and 164 in same Block; southerly by Lot 180 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JAMES R. H. ROGERS.—About 12,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lots 162, 163 and 164, Block 11, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Converse street; easterly by Lots 167 and 180 in said Block; southerly by Lot 165 in said Block; westerly by Atwood Avenue.
Tax of 1897, 2 27

EDWARD F. RYAN.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 116, Block 8, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Putnam street; easterly by State street; southerly by Lot 117 in said Block; westerly by Lot 115 in same Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

MANUEL L. AMARAL.—About 4,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, being Lot 94, Block 7, on Plan of Leppenwell Land Company, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of Plans 84, Plan 47, bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Newton street; easterly by Lot 95 in said Block; southerly by Lot 101 in said Block; westerly by Lot 93 in said Block.
Tax of 1897, 76

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes of the City of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law and all other persons interested in the estate of Elbridge Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of certain parcels of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell in said County, on the fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, and all other persons interested in the estate of Abby L. Taylor, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell at public auction the whole of a certain parcel of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the fifteenth day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Robert B. Eaton, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and one codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by John W. Johnson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifteenth day of November, A.D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this third day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Stop-ache Has Cured 1912 Headaches

It will Cure Yours.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

... FREE ...

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Admission to lectures in this course is free. Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the course may be made in writing on or before Nov. 22, to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed, and others may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library on or after Dec. 1. Tickets not taken before Dec. 5, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years, except to pupils of the High School. Application for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 6. H. C. Hovey, D.D. Subject: "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and back as far as the banks of Volga." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. To be announced.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 9, 1898.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Election.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the City Election, on the

Afternoon of Nov. 19 from 2 to 5 o'clk.

Evenings of Nov. 18, 19, 21 and 22 at 7 o'clock.

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on Nov. 23.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 23.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47:

"Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

WOMEN DESIRING TO REGISTER for the City Election are requested to attend the AFTERNOON SESSIONS, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants, who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 13 of the current year must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment (for this year) from the place of their former residence, or their application will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 9, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by Anna Bogle to Willard T. Sears, his heirs and assigns, dated January twenty-third, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2340, Page 204, for breach of conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, at three o'clock in the afternoon on

MONDAY, December 5th, 1898,

all and singular, the property conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, near East Woburn, or Montvale, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Vernon street, distant southerly from land now or late of Adna Page, measuring on said street four hundred and seventy-five 6-10 feet; and thence running south 4° 58' east, by said street, sixty feet; thence at a right angle westerly by land formerly of Foster, one hundred feet; thence northerly by land formerly of said Foster, sixty feet; thence easterly by land formerly of said Foster one hundred feet to the point of beginning; containing six thousand square feet.

The said premises are hereby conveyed subject to the restrictions contained in deed given by William C. Foster and Mary Pierce Foster to Ernest D. Blackwell, dated June 1, 1893, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book 2202, Page 15.

Being the same premises conveyed by Harmon Reed to me by deed dated January 23, 1895, to be herewith recorded.

This sale is made subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there are.

Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

WILLARD T. SEARS, Mortgagee.
FREDERICK O. WOODRUFF, Auctioneer,
40 Water Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Henry Winning, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson, Daniel W. Pratt and Howard M. Munroe, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LAND WANTED.

10 to 50 acres of Land near Woburn wanted by
F. S. McGREGOR,
27 Music Hall Building, Boston.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters are the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Parker's Drug Store, only 50 cents per bottle.

Local News.

— Read about a tenement to let.

— Another big cold rainstorm yesterday.

— Mr. Cyrus Lamb advertises room to let. See ad.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Mrs. Margaret Towle of Peter Parley street, Roxbury, visited in this city last Wednesday.

— Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, member of the Board of Public Works, is talked about for Mayor.

— Mr. F. S. McGregor, proprietor of Rumford Park, wants to buy 10 to 50 acres of land near this city. Read his ad.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— It is suggested by an acquaintance of the JOURNAL, a sensible person, that Dr. March's "Reminiscences" ought to be printed in pamphlet form. He is right.

— Mr. Clarridge, the mason, had a successful operation performed on him for appendicitis at the Mass. General the other day, where still is and improving.

— Everybody knows what good times they have at the Trinity church suppers. Well, they are going to have another on Thursday evening, Nov. 17. See ad.

— Chester R. Smith has a bouncing notice in this paper to which we call attention. The goods in his flourishing department are all right and the prices suit everybody. Please give him a call.

— Fifty horses clipped in two weeks. Horses clipped while you wait. Finest work. Buckley's Electric Clipping Rooms, Buel Place, off Main street. G. F. McDonald, Manager. Telephone 86-2.

— The lectures by Miss Annie Fraser on Dietetics at Music Hall last Monday and Tuesday afternoons were of a high order of merit. Nothing better has ever been heard here. Both lectures were numerously attended by the uppercrust of society.

— At the next meeting of the Men's League to be held at the Congregational church on Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7.45 an address will be made by Major Charles K. Darling, 6th Mass. Regt., U. S. V., on his personal experiences in the Spanish War from Camp Alger to Porto Rico. Admission to the church will be by ticket.

— We received a note Wednesday from our friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, dated at Ware, Mass., the scene of his boyhood life, in which he says it is his first visit there in 9 years, and also that he is having a great time with his brother and old friends. He deserves to be happy.

— Mrs. Stella M. Haynes of this city will give one of her unique entertainments of Grecian Art Tableaux, Floral Plastique, Classic Posings, Flower Drill, Music and Readings, at Berkeley Temple, Boston, on the evening of Nov. 15. She will read at Somerville Nov. 10, and for the Pilgrim Fathers at East Boston, Nov. 23.

— Next Sunday evening at the First church the music will be led by an orchestra conducted by Mr. E. A. Lewis of Somerville. The service will begin at 6.45 p. m., the orchestra playing for one quarter hour as prelude and thereafter leading the singing. The music will be the Andante from Beethoven's first symphony, Mercandante's Alma Redemptoris with violin obligato, Mozart's Gloria 12th Mass, and Bennett's Reverie Religious.

— FIRES—Last Saturday at 2 p. m., box 39 was rung in for a slight fire in a building at the corner of Beacon and Sturgiss street. The alarm from box 61 at 1.20 a. m. Wednesday was for a fire in a building owned by Thomas F. Kelley on Broard street. Damage $700. Wednesday afternoon at 3.50 there was a false alarm from box 63 on Union street. At 5.20 Wednesday afternoon box 32 was rung in for a grass fire on Burlington street in the rear of F. C. Nichols's residence.

— Mrs. Almira Pease of Hockanum, in the person of Miss Marie Dickey of Belmont, Mass., exhibited her "Family Album" in the Methodist vestry Wednesday evening. Mrs. Pease's manner of describing the portraits was most entertaining and the portraits themselves were admirable. During the evening there were piano solos and duets and vocal selections; among the latter a most pleasing duet by Mrs. McMahon and Mr. Page, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying." A goodly number were present.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn, had an attack of dysentery which became chronic. "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

City Election.

Woburn last Tuesday proved her right to be classed among the Republican cities of the State. The figures below show it. The poll was somewhat larger than last year, but lacked several hundred of what it ought to have been. The majority for Knox was particularly gratifying. Wood's lead in the vote for a third term and his election was a cause of rejoicing among his friends. The following are the figures.

GOVERNOR.	
Wolcott	1147
Peare	47
Porter	19
Shapleigh	16
Bruce	891
LIEUT. GOVERNOR.	
Berry	61
Crane	1054
Kilbon	24
Skinner	37
Slattery	906
SECRETARY OF STATE.	
Bradley	91
Inman	26
Lloyd	800
Olin	1052
Stephens	60
TREASURER	
Avery	70
Jaquith	832
Shaw	1039
Small	25
White	64
AUDITOR	
Grieves	58
Kimball	1039
Palme	84
Parker	821
Sanford	22
ATTORNEY GENERAL	
Kilroy	917
Knowlton	1075
Spelman	62
REGISTER OF PROBATE	
Folsom	1557
SHERIFF	
Cushing	1542
REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS	
Flynn	1024
Knox	1149
COUNCILLOR	
Atherton	1056
Maguire	959
SENATOR	
Sanderson	1163
Walton	905
REPRESENTATIVES	
Bartlett	1075
Flanders	626
Grimes	895
Wood	1166
COUNTY COMMISSIONER	
Bigelow	1486
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
Wier	1580
SPECIAL COMMISSIONERS	
Hager	881
Strange	946
Thompson	1056
Van Horn	814

28TH REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT

	Reading.	Woburn.	Total.
Bartlett	99	1075	1174
Flanders	183	625	808
Grimes	669	895	1564
Wood	551	1166	1717

An Opportunity You Now Have

of testing the curative effects of Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive Cure for Catarrh known. Ask your druggist for a 10 cent trial size or send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "What Makes a Live Church?" Sunday School at 12 M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—23d Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Rev. Dr. Danker of Malden Celebrant
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Old Prophet and the Young Prophet." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Naming the Sheep." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening, 7.45.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 6.45 P. M., Fourth People's Sunday evening with Orchestral prelude. Music led by Orchestra. Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor followed by Communion and Reception of Members. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M., Junior League. At 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Wednesday, Lecture, Germany and the Rhine. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John Duran and Mary Gill, both of Woburn.

In Malden, Nov. 2, by Rev. E. H. Hughes, Harris E. Creighton of Woburn and Ada L. French of Malden.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 3, Ethel G., daughter of Alexander and Margaret Porter, aged 1 month, 15 days.

In this city, Nov. 5, Catherine, daughter of Wm. and Catherine E. Breslin, aged 4 years, 11 months, 5 days.

In this city, Nov. 5, Harriet T. Brown, aged 72 years, 3 months, 4 days.

In this city, Nov. 8, Philip Murray, aged 65 years.

PATENTS

E. F. Woodbury, M. E.

Solicitor of American and foreign patents, trade marks, designs, and copyrights.

ADVICE FREE.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

8 Exchange Pl., Boston.

NEAR POST OFFICE.

Trinity Parish Sale and Supper

Thursday, Nov. 17,

Music Hall, Dow's Block.

Fancy Articles, Aprons, Housekeepers' Table, Home-made Candy, Japanese Bundle Table, and other attractions.

Doors open at four o'clock.

Supper at 6.30.

TICKETS, - - 35 Cents

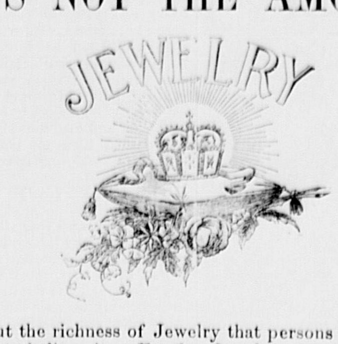
Sale alone 10 Cents.

Furnished Room TO LET.

Furnace Heat, Bath and Gas. 3 minutes walk from depot.

Apply at No. 2 Greenwood Ave.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Mary Meehan of Woburn to Sumner C. Stanley of Lawrence, dated April 18, 1896, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2455, Folio 522, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on

Saturday, November 19, A. D., 1898,

at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the following premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the easterly side of Highland street in said Woburn, containing about eight thousand eight hundred and ninety square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on said Highland street at land now or late of James Lynch; thence the line runs northeasterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at land late of Lewis J. Lyman, deceased; thence southeasterly by last named land seventy feet to land once of J. E. Littlefield, deceased; thence southwesterly by land last named one hundred twenty-seven and six-tenths (127.6) feet to a stake at said Highland street; thence northwesterly by said Highland street seventy feet to the point of beginning; being the parcel first described in the aforesaid mortgage, and being the same premises conveyed by J. E. Littlefield to James Meehan by deed dated July 19, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds. A portion of the above described premises is subject to a mortgage to Parker L. Converse for eleven hundred dollars. Subject to any unpaid taxes or liens thereon.

Terms at sale. $300 to be paid at sale.

SUMNER C. STANLEY, Mortgagee.
JOHN W. CORCORAN, Attorney for Mortgagee.
533 Tremont Building, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Nathan W. Eaton to Charles N. Mellen dated December 29, 1892, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2166, Page 264, which mortgage deed has been assigned and is now held by Charles M. Tillinghast and Leonard Fowle, trustees under an indenture for the benefit of Josephine E. Henry and others, by assignment duly recorded with said Deeds, and for a breach of the conditions in said mortgage deed contained, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the 28th day of November, 1898,

at three thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that day all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at a point on the southerly side of Scott street distant forty-three feet westerly from land now, or late, of Francis Keyes; thence running westerly by said street two hundred fifty-one and 85-100 feet; thence turning and running a little east of south by land now or late of the Heirs of Dr. A. Plympton one hundred and thirty feet to other land now or late of said Heirs; thence turning and running a little north of east by land now or late of said Heirs to a point forty-four and 85-100 feet distant westerly from land now or late of said Keyes.

The sale will be made subject to all taxes, tax liens and assessments, if any. Further particulars at time and place of sale.

CHARLES M. TILLINGHAST & LEONARD FOWLE, Trustees, Assignees of said Mortgage.
Boston, Oct. 31, 1898.
Blaney & Robinson, Attys, Sears Bldg.

STAR

Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

SUBJECTS and DATES:

NOV. 16. Germany and the Rhine.
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

Tenement To Let.

Convenient and centrally located. Apply to
J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay in your supply of TEAS which we will assist you to do this. Call or send your order to

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

HARDWARE

GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford

WHEELS.

☞ Repairing and Enameling a specialty.

421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co

Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for

ASTHMA

Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto: Quality before Quantity.

JOSEPH LINNELL,

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.

406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

The little Dutch boy who stopped the leak in the dike with his finger saved his country from overwhelming destruction. You have read about him in your school readers, how he was walking along the dike when he heard a faint sound of trickling water, and knew at once that a leak had sprung in that great embankment which saves Holland from the devastations of the hungry sea. It was early in the night, and no one was near at hand. The leak was small when he found it, but he knew that the action of the water would enlarge it long before morning, and wash away the entire embankment, inundate the country and destroy his own and thousands of homes. So he bravely put his finger in the crevasse, and kept it there all the long night through, until help came and the opening was properly stopped. He had saved his country.

Equally insignificant is the entrance of disease into the human system. The beginnings of the most terrible ailments are so small they can be easily stopped at the start. Your health is a dike which keeps out and stops the inroads of dangerous and devastating disease. Whenever it breaks down, no matter how slightly, there is an opening for disease to enter. If the opening is not watched, it will grow larger, until the sweep of disease overwhelms you, and health and perhaps life is destroyed forever.

Fortify your health with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you can defy ill-health. You can make your health so strong a bulwark that disease cannot find a crevice through which it can creep. Taken in time, Dr. Pierce's remedies prevent greater and more serious troubles. Hundreds write daily to Dr. Pierce, telling him how these remedies have saved them and made them strong.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

IN THE OMNIBUS.

Shall I give her my seat?
She is not very pretty—
Our number's complete.
Shall I give her my seat?
It is wet in the street—
If she stands, it's a pity.
Shall I give her my seat?
She is not very pretty.

If I wait, some one may
Offer theirs in a minute;
I think I will stay.
If I wait, some one may
Have politeness and say:
"Here is mine; pray sit in it."
If I wait, some one may
Offer theirs in a minute.

Does nobody stir?
Well, it's really surprising!
I am sorry for her.
Does nobody stir?
It's too late to confer
Mine, or I would be rising.
Does nobody stir?
Well, it's really surprising!
—Fireside Companion.

ONE PIBROCH.

This is the story that Donald MacPherson told me one day last autumn on the Black Moor that is over Glen Roy. It was after a long morning's shoot, and he and I were lying upon the heather in the fraternal enjoyment of usquebaugh unpolluted by the fiscal eye and surrounded by the soothing reek of our postprandial pipes. I had won Donald's heart by certain qualities which I once had the felicity of accidentally overhearing him name to a fellow gillie who was charging him with undue friendship for a "a bit of a Sassenach body." "He is no Sassenach body!" cried my indignant champion in excited Erse. "He is a highland gentleman, for his mother will have been a daughter of the Clan ——, which is a very good name whatever. He is a very straight shooting gentleman, moreover, and he has the Gaelic as well as I or you, Angus MacIntosh!" So, when I asked him that day (with due ceremony) to explain his "to name" of "MacChat a Fraoch" (son of the heather cat), and to tell me a curious legend which I had somehow learned in the hamlet to be attached to the name, he readily responded to my request.

I translate his wild tale from the Gaelic in which he told it me. How much it loses in the process those who know that beautiful language will easily understand.

"It is from the father of my great-grandfather," said Donald, "that I will be having the name. A very pretty man he was, Dougal MacPherson. He stood more than 6 feet high. His back was as broad as the door of his dwelling, and he could carry a full grown stag on his shoulders over Ben Mhor, and the activity of him was as great as his strength, for at the battle of Falkirk, where he was fighting in the first rank of Clan Mhuirach, he sprang against the side of a dragoon's horse and slashed off the head of the rider with one sweep of his claymore in the leap. And Cluny himself called him next morning in front of the clan and said that it was a spring like the spring of Cuchulaind at the ford fight with Ferdia in Ireland long ago, and that he should be henceforth called the Heather Cat for his fierce, active, heroic deeds in the battle and as a name of honor upon him.

"Now, there were very few in the highlands that could be matching Dougal in strength or fleetness or in the managing of the gun, or the dirk, or the claymore, but there was one art that he could never at all be the master of and that is the art of playing the pipes, though he longed for that one more than for any other, and the want of it was a very great loss to him whatever, as I shall be explaining to you, for the piper of Glen Roy—and that was Duncan Cameron—had a daughter, the sight of whose fair face was dearer to Dougal than the sight of a moor covered with deer, or of a river full of salmon, or of a battle line of the sidier roy, and her heart was given to Dougal, as his was to her, but her father had said that no man should have her in marriage who could not play the pipes. It is a very dour, hard, obstinate man he was, Duncan Cameron, and Dougal could never at all persuade him to let him have his daughter Helen to wife on any other conditions, and it was a hopeless task for him to be trying to learn the pipes. Duncan liked him very well, and would be giving him plenty of instructing, but it was all of no use whatever. He might as well try to learn the flying as the pipe music. It was not that he was not a clever lad, as I have said before. It was as if some one had been laying a spell of druidical enchantment upon him to prevent him from learning, and it was not that either, for he had gone over the mountain to old Brigid, the witch of Lochdhu, and she had made the deasil around him and said spells that would have freed him from enchantment if any there had been on him, but it did not at all avail him in his learning the music, and his hopes of Helen Cameron kept getting smaller every day, for he knew she would never marry him without her father's consent, though she never would marry any one else—which was aye some consolation to Dougal.

"Now, one day he was up in the piper's house, and Duncan was, as usual, giving him a lesson, but it is worse he seemed to be getting instead of better, and Duncan kept growing angrier and angrier, till at least he was fairly stamping with rage upon the floor of his house. He was a big man, with a very red head and beard, and his temper was conforming, being very hot whatever (which you may have yourself noticed in those that have the red hair). Till suddenly he rushed over to Dougal and tore the pipes from him and dashed them on the floor. I am thinking he was very near to stamping on them too.

"'Amadan!' (fool) he shouted. 'Amadan!'

"Dougal got up very slowly, looking him full between the eyes.

"'Duncan Cameron,' he said—and it was in a very quiet voice he was speaking—'black is the insult you have put upon my father's son in your own house, and you will be believing me when I say to you that if you were another man than the father of Helen Cameron it is your blood I would be having for it upon this place. I was not called the Heather Cat for nothing,' said he, 'and now I am waiting for you to ask pardon for your words.'

"'Ma chorp an dhiaoul!' said Duncan Cameron. 'Perhaps you would be finding the blood as hard to come by as the music, but it is true what you have been saying about the insult in my own house, and I will be asking your pardon, as it becomes a gentleman to do. You are a very proper lad, Dougal, and I like you very well, but I cannot go back from my word. Yet, if you will learn but one pibroch and play it to me, you shall have my daughter Helen to wife, even if you never touch the pipes again or learn another note. There is my hand on it, Dougal!' said he.

"The two clasped hands, and Dougal put on his bonnet and took his long gun from the corner and went out. His heart was black with sorrow, for he knew that the learning of one pibroch would be no easier to him than the learning of a hundred. So he went up into the hills to be thinking of his sorrow, and little was he minding what way he was going. His desire was but to be alone, and he wandered on till something made him suddenly come to himself, and, raising his head with a start, he found that he had come upon the moor which is on the top of Ben Mhor.

"The sunset was shining on the great cairn, and, looking over at it, he saw a huge heather cat playing and springing by itself among the whin. It never noticed Dougal at all, but just kept on with its diversion, and he was minded to shoot it, but it came over him that it was doing no harm and enjoying its life in its own way, 'Which I cannot be doing,' said he, smiling sadly to himself. So he lowered his gun and turned away.

"And then he noticed that there was a strange, deadly quiet in the air—a weird, awesome kind of stillness. Suddenly it came upon him that this was Hallow Eve, and there he was on the top of Ben Mhor, which was very well known to be a favorite haunt of them we must not name (God save us!) on their own special day, with God knows what watching all round him perhaps in the heather. It had been that very night five years that one Sergeant Loftus, that had come with a search party of the elector's soldiers (my black curse be upon them!) had gone up the mountain for a wager, being drunk. In the face of warning he had gone up, jesting and blaspheming. He came not down that night, and in the morning he was found lying dead on the moor at the foot of the cairn. There was not a mark on his body, but upon his face was such a look of horror and fear that they had to wrap a plaid round his head before carrying him down, and in that manner he was buried.

"Now, Dougal was not a lad that the waving of a bush would frighten, but he knew well that the place was not a place to be delaying in at all. So he turned to go down the mountain, and as he did so there was a little old man standing in front of him looking him in the face.

"He was dressed in a long cloak of dark gray that looked like cat's fur, with a red cap upon his head. The face of him was yellow and wizen, and out of it looked two green, fiery eyes, like the eyes of a wildcat, and as Dougal gazed into these eyes he knew that it was no mortal creature that was there. God save us!

"He wished to make the holy sign, but there was no more power in him than in a babe of a day old. He could not raise his hand. For a moment terror gripped cold to his heart. Then he remembered who he was and the name he bore and he looked into the green eyes without fear.

"'It is late that you are upon the hill, Dougal,' said the little old man—or the thing in the likeness of one. His voice was like the wind in the chimney, and seemed as if it had come from far away and was very weary in the coming. 'And it is neither your long gun,' said he, 'nor your claymore that has kept you from leaving your dead body on the hill this night. Well was it for your father's son, Dougal MacPherson, that you kept from trying to harm in wantonness that which had never harmed you and from firing the shot that would have been the ending of your good days upon this earth, and well was it that you quailed not under the eyes of the cat of Ben Mhor! It is your kind heart,' said he, 'and your courage that have saved you this night, and now you must ask a wish, and it shall be granted to you, and since you are my namesake I will be telling you that it is according to what you shall wish for that you shall thrive hereafter. Bad wish, bad fortune,' said he, and laughed, and his laugh seemed to have come from farther away than his voice and to be more weary.

"Now, some there are that would have been asking for lands and more for gold, but all that was in the heart of Dougal was the thought of the blue eyes and the fair hair of Helen Cameron.

"'I wish,' said he, 'to be able to play a pibroch!'

"'It is a small asking,' said the thing, 'but it is a good one, and when you shall have had your wish there shall be no more between you and me. Your heart's desire you shall have, and ever shall you thrive. Take these pipes,' said he, bringing a set from under the cloak and handing them to Dougal, 'go down to the clachan and play the best pibroch that has ever been heard in the four seas, and that is the pibroch of the cat of Ben Mhor.' And he was gone, as if he had never been.

"Now, in the clachan every one had come together in to the great barn of Duncan Cameron, the piper, for it was Hallow Eve, as I have said before. The young things were playing upon the floor, the calliaghs and old men were talking among themselves of things bygone, and the young people were playing at the Hallow Eve cantrips and games, but Helen Cameron sat by herself, straining her ear for the step of the man she loved and watching for his hand upon the latch.

"Long enough she waited, with the sound of the talking and laughing and singing seeming afar off and meaningless to her, for her heart was with Dougal out on the moors on that night when she knew that evil things have power. The fear that was upon her was as keen as pain, so that when she heard his foot drawing nigh to the door and knew he was come at last she almost swooned away with joy.

"But at the sight of his face when he came in she caught her hand to her heart with terror, for he was walking like a man asleep, and the eyes of him seemed to be looking through everything into some place far away—into Tir-nan-Og perhaps. A dead silence fell upon all that were in the place as he walked slowly into the middle of the barn. He was carrying a set of pipes that no one there had ever seen the like of. They would have served the piper of the prince his own self. God bless him!

"He put the chanter to his lips and began to play the most wonderful and terrible piece of music that ever has been heard in Scotland, or perhaps in the whole earth besides. All the time he was playing those who were listening could see what the music was telling about, and that was a great clan battle that must have happened hundreds of years ago—in Fionn MacCumhal's time—up there on top of Ben Mhor.

"First it was just the moor, lying very hot in the sun, with the bees humming along the heath bells, and the young things of the moor fowl talking to themselves among the heather stalks. Very sleepy and quiet it was, and the moor was making the little noises it does make on the very hot days, and yet east wind was creeping over the heath from the sea, very gentle and lonely and tired, making a white shining all over the moor, with a gray blue clear sky above.

"Then, from very far off down the wind there came the notes of a clan march. It came nearer and nearer. It was an old, old march, forgotten, along with the clan that had owned it, for generations past, and the clan came marching over the brow and took the battle order upon the moor, and stood waiting, while from the opposite side another clan came up and took the battle array over against them. The duinhewassel and the men were waiting for the word of onset, stamping in the heather and snuffing the wind with the battle madness coming upon them.

"Then there came a dead pause for one long moment, while the hearts of all stood still. It is at a time like that, you will have been observing, that very small things seem as great as the whole world, and a man will be watching a bee upon a flower, or perhaps counting the squares of his breacan, while his soul is gathering herself together for the call that is coming upon her even then and instantly.

"Then there was one awesome scream from the pipes, the yell of the fighting men cleft the clouds, and with the rush of driven stags the two lines swung together. Their meeting was the meeting of a wind maddened tide and a flooded river. The targets roared together. The short, sharp shrieks of combat went up amid the deadly crashing of the claymores and axes upon the helmets and shields. The heavy, dull groans of death were heard, and the thick, dark blood ran into the black, hot ground among the stalks of the heather, and over the heads of the fighters the wild people of the glen were shrieking in a black cloud, their red eyes glared from among its blackness, and the pipes were screaming like eagles down a storm wind, clanging and ringing, crying and calling.

"And then the pibroch suddenly ceased—just ceased and no more, leaving the world seeming strange without it.

"For a moment there was a dead silence in the barn. Then a bairn burst out crying in terror, and the spell was broken. All made the holy sign upon them, and the women draw together in fear, while the men were crowding round Dougal, questioning him. To small purpose was their questioning, for there he stood answering nothing, with the strange look still in his eyes, like a man bewitched.

"But Helen Cameron rose up very white and came to him and took the Daoine Shie pipes from his shoulder, and, crossing the room, flung them into the great fire. It was a dead, still night, as I have said. Yet, as she did so, a great blast of wind came that shook the stone walls of the house. The fire flashed high, blazing and roaring for an instant. Then it died down, and the pipes of magic were gone. The blast passed on over the moor, full of shrieks and laughter, and Dougal came back to himself, with Helen Cameron weeping upon his neck.

"But it was long ere he would tell how he came by the pibroch that won him his bride, for Duncan Cameron stood to his word, and they were married as soon as Dougal had made his shrift for his dealings with the Daoine Shie. He had the desire of his heart, and ever throve thereafter, but never could he play the pipes again any more than before; but as for the pibroch of the cat, no one could ever remember a note of it, which was perhaps a very good thing whatever, for it is ill dealing with the like."—Philip L. Fitzreimund in Chapman's Magazine.

Not Common Clay.

Thirsty Traveler (whose carriage is at the gate)—Aw—can I have a drink at your well?

Farmer's Wife—Why, of course, ma'am. Wait a moment and I'll bring you a glass.

Thirsty Traveler—Thanks, no. I always carry a cup. One doesn't want to drink out of something that everybody else uses, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

A Fifth Century Mosaic.

A correspondent of the London Daily Graphic in Syria writes: "At a village on the east of the Jordan, half way between Salt and Kerak, a large piece of mosaic pavement has been discovered—that is, a floor made of differed colored tiles, each about two-thirds of an inch square. It is about 30 feet long and 15 feet broad, and is supposed to have been the floor of a chapel of the fifth century. It is a map of the country from Egypt to the Lebanon. Everything is dreadfully out of proportion. Jerusalem is enormous and has streets marked. The Dead sea swarms with fish—although none can live in it on account of the bitumen with which the water is mixed—and some of the fish are longer than the width of the Jordan."

St. George's Lake.

St. George's lake, in Liberty, is said to be one of the handsomest sheets of water in Maine. It is fed almost entirely by springs, and its waters are so clear that objects on its bottom can be seen plainly when the water is many feet deep. The water at the outlet of the lake passes down a descent, and the fall in three-quarters of a mile is estimated to be 175 feet.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. John Williams, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. Joseph Peterson, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe I was so weak I could not do anything.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

"Mrs. S. F. French, of Manchester, N.H., says her baby was very sick with a sore neck. Nothing seemed to do any good until she used

Comfort Powder

which healed the trouble at once. It relieves and soothes the skin immediately. It's best for babies.

CUNNING WILD TURKEYS.

Their Ways With the More Cunning Wildcat and the Less Cunning Hawk.

"It is curious how a wildcat gets the best of young wild turkeys," said a native of the Juniata valley, in the mountains overlooking which the wild turkey still finds secure covert and congenial environment. "The wild turkey is about as wary a thing as lives, whether it is young or old, and the wildcat knows it. As soon as a brood of young turkeys are big enough and strong enough to be turned adrift by their mother to earn their own living the wildcat's mouth begins to water for them and he brings his cunning in play to capture them. He needs his cunning, too, for the young turkeys, although they cannot fly yet, can run faster than a deer, and their habit of hiding themselves at the faintest suspicion of danger—and they are always on the sharp lookout for danger—is as invariable as that of the young grouse and quail. A wildcat stands but little chance of catching a young wild turkey by crouching on a limb and pouncing down upon it, as the suspicious fowl surveys its surroundings on every side and above and below with every step it takes and every mouthful it eats. It has to be a more than wary beast that takes it by surprise.

"But the wildcat has tactics. Discovering a brood of young turkeys, he knows that there is no use trying to keep his proximity a secret, so he takes pains to let the turkeys see him stealing along in their rear. That hurries the flock onward, but the birds presently stop and look back to see if the enemy is still in pursuit. The wildcat keeps himself in sight, but always comes into view of the turkeys as sneaking out of a hiding place. He does this three or four times, and then disappears in the forest. He has satisfied himself as to the exact direction the flock will keep and has left on their suspicious natures the impression that he is on their trail. Believing that the foe is creeping in the rear, the turkeys are on the alert in that direction particularly. The wildcat knows his business, and, making a circuit of the woods, he comes out far ahead of the turkeys right in the path they are feeding along and hides himself behind a log, a rock or any obstacle near which the turkeys will pass, still guarding cautiously their rear. The flock feed on their way. They reach the spot where their unsuspected foe is lying in wait. Suddenly there is a spring, a scuffle, a faint gobble and a scattering of the brood, and away bounds the wildcat with one of the number for his dinner.

"During the callow period of the turkey hen's brood the mother turkey constantly watches for and instantly warns the chicks against another ruthless foe. This is the chicken hawk. It is wonderful how quickly the hen turkey detects the coming of the hawk. She discovers it nearly as soon as the hawk, in his soaring place among the clouds, has got his eye on her and her brood. While the hawk is dropping down upon them the old turkey utters a sharp and peculiar cry, and instantly every chick either scampers to a hiding place or falls over on the ground and simulates death as perfectly as the possum ever did. The preying chicken hawk will dine on nothing but what he captures alive and kills. How the young turkeys know that is more than any one can say, but it is evident that they do know it. If they are true to their instinct and remain as they fall until the mother gives them the signal that all is well, the hawk, seeing nothing but dead game, as he supposes, will sail away again. The mother will not give the signal to her brood that all is well until the hawk is out of sight, and then at the cluck up will jump every chick. It sometimes happens that a chick is impatient and attempts to run things itself, coming to life before it gets the word from its mother. The chick that does so is lost, for the hovering hawk will have its talons on it almost instantly, although the chick has quickly obeyed a second order from its mother in the bushes and died again."—New York Sun.

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To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

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Weevils Like Strychnine.

The old proverb that what is one man's meat is another's poison is well illustrated by a fact recently reported in Nature by a correspondent. Some wheat, which had been poisoned by soaking in a solution of strychnine and which was intended for killing sparrows, after having been kept for some time in cardboard boxes was found to have become infested with weevils. On examination it was found that the boxes were full of weevils and their excrement, and the wheat was more than half eaten. Strychnine was found to be present in the wheat which the weevils had eaten and in apparently still larger proportion in their excrement, so that it had evidently passed through the digestive apparatus unchanged. When we consider that so little as from half to three-fourths of a grain of the alkaloid is sufficient to kill a strong man, the difference between the roles played by the alkaloid becomes very striking.

It is not as if insects were universally proof against the action of poisons, as this is far from being the case. An instance quoted from the same source carries the matter still further. It has been found that the weevil Anthonomus druparum can feed with impunity on kernels containing hydrocyanic acid, while the same acid administered to caterpillars of Deiopeia pulchella caused them quickly to die, although they were quite unaffected by the poisonous principle of the Calabar bean, known as eserine. It appears therefore that what is one insect's food is another insect's poison, and vice versa.

How Sardinian Women Dress.

The women of Sardinia are described by a visitor to that island as being of elegant figure and graceful carriage, with large black eyes, dark hair and brunette complexion. They dress in very much the same style as women in other parts of civilized Europe, except that there is not the same extreme haste to adopt the latest fashion. The wives and daughters of the farmers and tradesmen, by the gorgeousness of their costumes, amply compensate for the simplicity of dress among the upper classes, and at their religious fetes and other festivals, when they appear in gala dress, they present a wonderful spectacle.

These costumes are a sort of family heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter and treasured as highly as hereditary jewels or ancestral portraits. The fashion never changes, and instead of feeling ashamed of being seen in the same dress at two different entertainments they glory in its antiquity and in the number of occasions on which it has been worn. The costumes of the women vary greatly in different parts of Sardinia. In some districts a small black jacket, open in the front, is worn over a very short bodice of bright colored silk and brocade, which is loosely laced before and cut rather low. There are apparently no corsets. The petticoat is of light brown cloth, very full, and between it and the bodice is a sort of neutral ground of protruding garment, which by no means adds to the general beauty of the toilet.

Holding by the Tail.

An amusing story tells how a belated hunter dropped into a hollow tree, intending to "bunk" there for the night, but fell so many feet that he became alarmed fearing he should never get out. Toward morning a bear began descending the hollow trunk sternforemost. The hunter grasped the bear's tail, and the frightened animal, scrambling out, drew the man after him to the exit. In Colonel Inman's description of "The Old Santa Fe Trail" there is a story which illustrates the fact that a tail hold is a safe hold.

One of the Kansas pioneers, the Hon. R. M. Dodge, started out one day with a stage driver named Harris to hunt for buffalo. They were hungry for fresh meat, but buffalo were scarce, and after hunting all day they were returning without having seen one.

Suddenly an old buffalo bull jumped up from a sand hollow, and both hunters emptied their revolvers into his body. The bull, though bleeding and staggering, stood on his legs defiantly, as if waiting attack. Harris dismounted, that he might hamstring the animal, which had finally lain down. The cut of his knife brought the bull to his feet, and with lowered head he went round the sand hill.

Harris, a tall, lank fellow, had caught hold of the bull's tail as he rose, and in a moment his legs were flying higher than his head. He did not dare let go his hold on the bull's tail. Round and round they went. Finally the old bull weakened. Slower and slower he circled round, and Harris succeeded in cutting the bison's hamstrings.

"I feared," said Harris when the beast went down, "that his tail would pull out. Then I knew I should be a goner."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 13.

Text of the Lesson, II Kings xix, 20-22, 28-37—Memory Verses, 32-34—Golden Text, Ps. xlvi, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

20. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, That which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib, king of Assyria, I have heard." In the fourteenth year of Hezekiah the king of Assyria came against Judah and greatly blasphemed the Lord both by word and by letter. Hezekiah, when he had read the letter, spread it before the Lord and prayed (verses 14-19). Many times have I followed Hezekiah's plan and always found rest. If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us (I John v, 14), and it is His will that we tell Him everything and have careful anxiety about nothing. See in verse 19 that the great desire of the king in asking for the overthrow of Sennacherib was that all the earth might know that the God of Israel was the only true God.

21. "This is the word that the Lord hath spoken concerning him, The virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn." The people of God in Judah, called the daughter of Zion, the daughter of Jerusalem (compare Lam. ii, 13), having God as their defender and avenger, need fear no enemy. In such strength Moses and Joshua lived; Gideon also, and David when he went fearlessly against Goliath. When we seek only the honor and glory of God, He will not fail us.

22. "Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed, the Holy One of Israel?" As in the next verse, "By thy messengers than hast reproached the Lord." They spake against the God of Jerusalem as against the gods of the people of the earth, the works of the hands of man, and for this cause Hezekiah, the king, and the prophet Isaiah, the son of Amoz, prayed and cried to heaven (II Chron. xxxii, 19, 22). God heard their prayer, and now we will see how He answered it.

28. "I will turn thee back by the way which thou camest." This is a part of the word of the Lord concerning Sennacherib. See also verse 28, "I know thy abode and thy going out and thy coming in and thy rage against me." He who created all things can set bounds that none can pass. We can only go here and there or do this or that if the Lord will (Jas. iv, 15). Man does not stop to consider that all his words and even his thoughts are known to the Lord (Ps. cxxxix, 1-4), and that it is impossible to hide anything from Him. Even Adam, blinded by satan, thought he could hide from God among the trees (Gen. iii, 8). Happy are those who live as in the sight of the Lord.

29. "And this shall be a sign unto thee." By comparing this verse with Lev. xxv, 21, 22, the sign seems to have been the special blessing of God upon the Sabbath year, or, in other words, the blessing of God on His obedient people. What but the hand of God could cause land to produce a three years' crop in one year? In the R. V. margin of Prov. x, 22, we read that the blessing of the Lord maketh rich and toil addeth nothing thereto.

30. "The remnant that is escaped of the house of Judah shall yet again take root downward and bear fruit upward." The doctrine that it is ever the few out of the many who are really the Lord's and who glorify Him is found in all Scripture. The stories of Noah, of Lot in Sodom, of Elijah and such statements as "Few there be that find it." "An afflicted and poor people who shall trust in the Lord," indicate that which God sees to be ever true. See Math. vii, 14; Zeph. iii, 12.

31. "Out of Jerusalem shall go forth a remnant; the zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall do this. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall also bring the kingdom of peace on earth which shall have no end (Isa. ix, 7). All shall be accomplished in and through the Son of David, our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is written, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up" (Ps. lxix, 9; John ii, 17). It is nothing with the Lord to work with many or with few; nothing is too hard for Him (II Chron. xiv, 11; Jer. xxxii, 17).

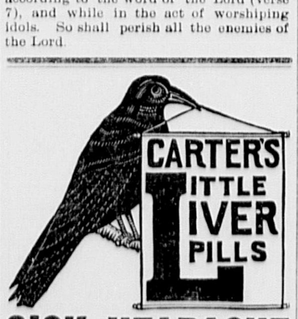
32. "Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria." Our Lord doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth (Dan. iv, 35). His thoughts and purposes are as good as accomplished (Isa. xiv, 24; Jer. li, 29).

33. "By the way that he came, by the same shall he return and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord." This was the decision of Him who had all the hosts of heaven under His control and all power to carry out His purposes. He could say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther" (Job. xxxviii, 11). Even the great adversary must stop when God shall say so, and he shall go to the pit for a thousand years, and to the lake of fire forever.

34. "For I will defend this city to save it for mine own sake and for my servant David's sake." See also chapter xx, 6, and compare Isa. xxxi, 5; Zech. xii, 8. The "I wills" of Jehovah are a study of greatest possible benefit. They often occur in sevens and in connection with the statement "I am Jehovah." See Ex. vi, 6-8; Gen. xvii, 1-8; Ps. xci, 14-16. Because He is what He is He will do what He says, not for Israel's sake, but for His own sake. See Ezek. xxxvi, 22; Ps. cvi, 8. We must not look for worthiness or merit in ourselves, but in Him who alone is worthy (Ps. cxv, 1; Rev. v, 4, 5). Take all the comfort you can find in such passages as Isa. xliii, 25; I John ii, 12.

35. "And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand." The work of this angel is also mentioned in Isa. xxxvii, 36, and in II Chron. xxxii, 21. When the devil is to be bound and cast into the bottomless pit, it is written that one angel will do it (Rev. xx, 1-3). Consider in each of these cases the power of an angel and then think of the millions upon millions of them mighty in strength, doing His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word (Rev. v, 11; Ps. ciii, 20). Think of the angel's disregard of and power over soldiers and fast barred gates in the story of Peter's release in Acts xii. Think of the one who carried good tidings to Paul in the storm at sea (Acts xxvii), remember that they are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation (Heb. i, 14), and let your heart say, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear" (Ps. xxvii, 3). If God be for me, who can be against me? I will trust and not be afraid.

36, 37. "His sons smote him with the sword." Thus he died in his own land according to the word of the Lord (verse 7), and while in the act of worshiping idols. So shall perish all the enemies of the Lord.



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Young Girls Fading Away.

Symptoms that seem like consumption; a lack of blood; friends feared one girl would fall dead on the street; restored to health by a sensible woman's suggestion.

Many girls of sixteen years seem to have consumption, although they have it not.

Their anxious parents and friends watch them slowly fade away.

A death-like pallor, transparent complexion and listlessness are signs of this condition.

The body lacks blood.

Mrs. John Tansey knows the meaning of these symptoms, and the cure.

She lives at 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Mich.

Her advice to mothers has been of great value to her neighbors. She tells the story to help others who are at a distance.

She said:

"When my daughter was sixteen years old she began to waste away.

"Had I not known there was no taint of consumption in the family I would have believed her lungs were affected.

"She grew thinner and thinner every day. She lacked only the hacking cough to show all the outward signs of consumption.

"Our doctor called the disease by an odd name, which I learned meant simply weak blood.

"No treatment seemed to do her any good.

"She was fading away before our eyes.

"I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the change they made was almost magical.

"Before she had taken half a box there was a great improvement in her looks, appetite and weight.

"She gained strength rapidly. Soon she was in perfect health.

"Since then I have kept Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the house always and have done much good with them.

"One example:

"There is a young girl friend of my daughter who seemed almost transparent.

"She was white and very thin. We were afraid she would fall dead in the street when she went out.

"I begged her to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and finally induced her to try them. They helped her wonderfully, probably saved her life and restored her to perfect health. Now she is recommending them to other young women.

"I earnestly advise mothers with growing daughters to keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always on hand as a household remedy.

Many women's lives are miserable because such symptoms as Mrs. Tansey's daughter showed were neglected while they were developing into womanhood. During that period of rapid development the blood needs the highest degree of strength to repair the tissues that are rapidly wasted.

These needed elements are supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The vegetable ingredients of these pills act like magic in restoring strength to the muscles and roses to the cheeks of growing girls or adults weakened by overwork.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They cost 50 cents a box; six boxes $2.50.

Bookworms.

Bookworms we take to be the species of maggot the traces of devastation of which wring the heart of the collector, while in the flesh it is rarely seen. The only one we have ever looked upon was obligingly sent us in a box by a contributor. We did not experiment on the wretched creature, but slew him forthwith. Mr. Blades had seen but three specimens of what he took to be bookworms.

Father O'Connor, on the other hand, has studied under the microscope no fewer than 72 specimens of insects destructive of books and has given designs of many as well as much curious information concerning them. These are, however, of various kinds, no fewer than eight insects injurious to libraries being described in an appendix consisting of entomological notes. Father O'Connor maintains, against the expressed opinion of Blades, that modern paper is subject to the attacks of the worm. He is right, though, so far as our personal experience—sad enough—goes, it is only the superior classes of paper that are injured.—Notes and Queries.

The Unwritten Law of "Cache."

A curious account, from an eastern point of view, is given by Mr. Grose, who has returned from a tour of exploration in the Canadian northwest, concerning the law of "cache." A man going along wishes to leave, say, his coat, behind, for reasons of personal comfort. He hangs it on a tree, and it will be there for him if he does not return for a week. Similarly the ownership of a suspended gun or rifle is respected. Mr. Grose says a man would be safe in hanging his gold watch and chain on a tree, with the assurance that they would be there when he returned to claim them.

A cache of provisions is subject to a slight modification in respect to the rule of inviolability. A hungry Indian discovering such will make a fire in front of it, to make it apparent that there is no secrecy intended in connection with his visit. He will then take from the cache sufficient food for his immediate needs and pass on, without touching anything more. — Montreal Star.

High Explosive Shells.

Experiments made at the United States naval proving ground at Indian Head, Md., have shown that while a high explosive charge will burst a common shell into more pieces the general effect on the surroundings is, on the whole, rather less than when they are burst by ordinary powder charges. The greater force of the high explosive seems to waste itself in tearing and shattering the shell itself. Moreover, the powder charge sets fire to anything inflammable in the neighborhood of the explosion, while the high explosive does not.

Clearly, then, there is no present reason for using anything but powder as the bursting charge of the common shell, and the field for the high explosive, if there be a field for it in naval warfare, is in what have been called torpedo shells—shells with thin walls and of great length, so as to carry large charges.—Cassier's Magazine.

He Took One Load.

It is reported of the late William H. Vanderbilt that his father, the commodore, did not give his son, when a young man, much credit for business ability. Absolute verification of this is doubtful, but a good story is told of an incident wherein the son proved that he, too, carried in his head some of the astuteness in commercial intercourse that his father possessed. The commodore presented him with a farm on Staten Island, informing him that he might live there, and to make the land pay, as that was all he cared to contribute toward the lad's support. A short time later the commodore inquired of his son how he was getting along.

"Not very well, father," the young man replied. "What I need badly is some means of improving the earth."

"Well, suppose you go up to my stables and get a load of refuse, but mind, I shall only give you one load."

"All right," replied the son, and he took one load; but, to the astonishment of the commodore, when he went to the stables they had been entirely cleaned.

"How many loads did that boy of mine cart away from here?" he inquired of the stableman.

"One, sir," replied that functionary, "but he carried the stuff away in a barge, sir."—Harper's Round Table.

Better Position.

Mrs. Mann (meeting former servant)—Ah, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?

Mary—No, ma'am. I'm working for nothing now. I'm married.—Boston Transcript.

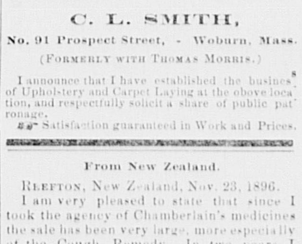
For Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

It brings relief with the first dose, soothes irritation, heals the lungs and throat and effects a perfect cure.

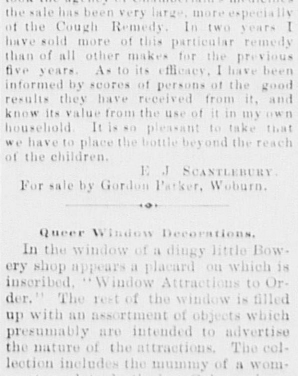
Price, 35 and 75 Cents.

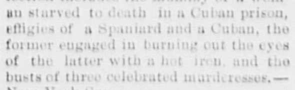
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE





Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, 1896.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. Scantlebury.

For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Queer Window Decorations.

In the window of a dingy little Bowery shop appears a placard on which is inscribed, "Window Attractions to Order." The rest of the window is filled up with an assortment of objects which presumably are intended to advertise the nature of the attractions. The collection includes the mummy of a woman starved to death in a Cuban prison, effigies of a Spaniard and a Cuban, the former engaged in burning out the eyes of the latter with a hot iron, and the busts of three celebrated murderesses.—New York Sun.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes, circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do not dally with snuffs, inhalants or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1898. (Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.) NO. 50.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6..0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Quick Ease for Corns!
15c.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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Business Cards.

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Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear
Nor jewels fine
Nor lands nor kine
Nor treasure heaps of anything.
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make
For my poor sake
Our simple home a place divine—
Just the wee cot, the cricket's chir,
Love and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches nor
For vast estates and castle halls.
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New rinsed with sunshine or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head,
And, pray thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze
With fragrance from the locust trees
And drowsy moan of doves and blur
Of robin chirps and drone of bees,
With afterhushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good wife and the smile of her
Filling the silences again.
The cricket's call
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not.

I pray not that
Men tremble at—
My power of place
And lordly sway.
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day.
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold.
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth—
It hath the kingliest smile on earth.
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to thee
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot and the cricket's chir,
Love and the glad sweet face of her.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A SLAVE TO ART.

As a child and as a girl Lettice Templemore was emotional to a fault, for at times both her anger and her joy became half hysterical. On some occasions she almost fainted with excess of passion.

"I live—I really live!" she used to say. "And it is lovely, even if I suffer. Most people seem so cold. They do not really care for anything. God help them to be, to live, to feel as I do, as I always shall!"

And as a young girl she loved tempestuously without understanding. But her passions were for ideals. She adored heaven and a white purity, and then asceticism called her and renunciation laid hold upon her eager soul. Afterward humanity and work for the poor touched her, and she wept over the sorrows of the sad world, giving her days to its fancied needs, her nights to dreams of a time to be.

But she ended curiously, neither becoming a nun nor a social worker nor a hysterical patient; for it was the emotions only which were roused in her. Her intellect was steady, and at last she found her place. She went on the stage and succeeded beyond expectation, though not without work. Into that she threw herself as eagerly as she had done as a child when believing renunciation the end of life. Then she had distributed her dolls among her little friends, and, going away, had wept bitterly. Now she gave away her old ideals and threw herself into the task of teaching others to feel, of touching their hearts.

And, being clever and beautiful, she made many feel, for lovers who made her suffer came about her in scores.

"I don't love any one now. I only want to work," she cried, and she sent them away. But she was so genuinely sorry that they hardly lost hope.

"You will love some day. A nature like yours must," said one man to her. "Perhaps you may love me. I shall always keep you in sight. Perhaps—perhaps— Who knows?"

The love he prophesied came, and it was a wild passion for a man much older than herself, who never even suspected the existence of her love for him. At times she was almost ready to avow it, to tell him, to write to him, careless of convention, careless of the world. But in the very height of her misery she was offered a strong part in a play. She took it and made an unqualified success in it. She melted the house to tears, and, tearless herself, rose to the heights of passion.

"I am better," she said to herself, "much better. I must work. It is work I need now."

But it was not the work itself that relieved an overcharged mind. The cause lay deeper which made her gradually overcome her desire for returned love.

In her summer holiday, though that passion had, as she said, burned itself out, she was curiously unequal in her moods. She sang till she burst into tears. She cried till she laughed. Her friends were getting concerned for her health when work again gave her peace. In the late winter she broke down. Her voice gave way, and then the old lover who had told her she would some day learn to love came back to her.

"I don't understand myself," she said. "I can't tell whether I love you or like you or hate you or am indifferent, for it may be all four."

"That is love, then," said he. "But you are far in advance of the due time. It is the love, the enduring love of a real marriage."

He lost no opportunities, for he knew a little of women.

She was idle, and he filled her mind. His suppressed passion gave him an emotional nature that caught hers in a net.

"Yes, I do love you—I do love you," she said at last, and as he took her in his arms she threw hers about his neck. She was white and red, but at last the white staid, and he found she had fainted.

"I did it once on the stage," she told him next day as they sat alone.

"Ah, what of the stage, Lettice, now?" he asked.

"Will you want me to give it up, Harry?"

He looked at her steadily.

"I want to do the best for you, my darling. Will it hurt you to go only as a spectator?"

She caressed his hair.

"I don't think I shall ever want to go again. You see, it is a full life we want. That is all, and you give it me, for I love you."

But till she was married she would work. The marriage was for the ensuing May. Before she got an engagement her lover's life was a full one, too—full of dreams, full of happiness. Her emotions ran over and lapped him in Elysium. Her loved seemed boundless, her sympathy perfect, her intuitions true and clear. She understood him so well.

In March she began to play her old part again. It was a sorrowful one, but full of feeling and passion. The love in it was triumphant, but unhappy even in its joy. Henry Harborough watched her play, and he was glad. She had never played so before.

"I and love have taught her. God bless her! She is a dear and great woman."

He took her home that night.

"I am very tired," she said as she let him hold her hand. She was too tired to return his loving pressure.

"Poor child!" he answered. "I know you are. But how you played! Oh, it is a shame to take you from it. But when we are married, then you won't need it."

He embraced her, and she lay in his arms.

From that night on she became quiet and pensive when not before an audience. Her emotions grew controllable. She was not passionate any more, but only a gentle girl who loved gently. The southern blood that had seemed to run hotly in her veins was cooled. Only on the stage was that fire resurgent. There it blazed strangely. Henry Harborough was only content when he saw her acting, yet in the acting the other man was there.

"How do you feel for the moment when you are playing?" he asked, with a suspicion of jealousy in his tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to the man who is the lover?"

"I feel," she answered, "as I look."

"Do you mean you think you love Mr. Acton?" for that was the name of the actor.

"No, you foolish man, but George Chichester."

That was the name of the character, and Harborough felt relieved.

But she was almost cold when she bade him good night, and he went home feeling curiously unhappy, though he believed every word she said, for now he began to see that she was very different since she had returned to the theater.

In her mind there was a change, and she knew it. "I don't care for Harry as I thought I did. Have I made a mistake?"

When the notion first came to her, she was almost ashamed, but when it returned she only felt sorry for him. And then an explanation came. Henry Harborough called at her house on Sunday.

"I am beginning to wonder if you really love me," he said. "When I used to come, you were in the hall to meet me. You wrote to me every day. You were so obviously glad when we met, and now you are cold. Lettice, what does it mean?"

She had had a hard and tiring time the day before, for they had played a matinee. She was no longer ashamed of herself and no longer sorry for him.

"I can't help it," she said. "I am what I am. You must take me at that. I can't be different."

"But don't you love me, Lettice?"

And his pain was great, the ring of his voice true.

"I don't know anything," she answered pettishly, half turning away on the deep sofa, "and I can't tell you whether I do or not. We can't be different from what we are."

He rose and stood over her.

"Let me understand you, Lettice. Do you wish this marriage to take place?"

And she would not answer. He waited for a long minute and saw she meant to give him no answer. He turned and left the room.

"You have no soul," he said as he went.

And she felt unutterably relieved. Her mind turned to the part she was playing, and she went through it mentally, thinking how she could make it better.

The next night her dismissed lover watched her from an obscure part of the house. She was great and impressive in her role. She had never moved him so before. He wrote to her when he reached home, imploring her to think of what she was doing and asking her to write to him once more.

"I have nothing to say," she wrote. "I don't seem to feel or care for anything. I don't even love the stage, at least not till I get there. I am what I am. I shall never love any one. Try and forget me."

But in the next summer vacation, which for her lasted long, she married Acton.

"She lied to me," said Harborough bitterly, and he tried to tear her out of his heart. But she had not lied. He did not understand her.

The first two months of her married life, which she spent in Devonshire, were absolutely happy for her. Life was new and strange and full of new emotions. She adored her husband and showed it plainly. She was without the discretion of knowledge, and her released temperament overflowed. Acton was glad, even though he was really fond of her, to get back to London and the work he delighted in. She acted with him again.

Within six weeks she was as cold as ice.

"Why don't you love me as you pretend to do when we're playing?" said her husband. "Why, what's wrong with you?"

And she answered him as she had replied to Harborough: "I am what I am. I can't help it. I wish you would be reasonable."

But it is hard for any man to be reasonable under the circumstances, and Acton was as impulsive as his wife had been when her emotions were dominant. He stormed and made the house unpleasant. At night they hardly spoke except on the stage. And her coldness endured and deepened day by day. It only gradually relaxed a little when she had to leave work, for in the spring a child was born.

Then she was for a time like a child herself with a new toy. New sources of feeling woke up in her. The child was an unfailing pleasure. She suckled it herself and attended to its every need. Nothing troubled or disgusted her. The worries of maternity seemed to smooth life for her, and her husband was delighted.

"Now I understand what was wrong with her," he said to himself cheerfully. "I was a fool not to think of it before. Physiology is a curious thing."

And till she returned to work he was quite happy. For her own part, she would have been content to let the theater go, or it seemed so, but Acton impressed on her the necessity of making as much money as they could while the chances lasted, and she gave way.

In a week he regretted it, and the nurse, too, for she had entire charge of the child. The mother hardly troubled about it. But the gain was the world's, or at any rate the world of the theater.

"As an emotional actress Miss Templemore increases in power every time we see her," wrote the critics. And for once the critics were right. But she grew in power at the expense of her own soul, at the expense of a neglected child, at the expense of her husband's happiness, for now, even in holiday time, she hardly grew tolerant or tolerable. She was harder day by day.

"What's wrong with you?" said Acton savagely. "Can you say what you don't like, or, by heaven, can you tell me what you do like, if you like anything? What's wrong with me that I can please you no longer?"

"Oh, leave me alone," said his wife. "I don't care what you do if you do that. I'm tired of these stupid and ridiculous scenes just because I'm not a young girl with a lot of foolish ideas. I shall be glad to get back to work again."

And, being much the stronger, she broke down Acton till he took to drinking more than sufficient for him. Then she left him and made small objection to his keeping the child. She went to see it every month for about a year.

"I can't spare the time," she said one day when the time came for her to visit her baby, and after that she only saw the little boy at irregular intervals.

But the emotional public loved her and paid their money to see her act. She made them feel. She set their nerves tingling. Old and young adored her. She was overwhelmed with letters.

She laughed with a cold contentment.

"As long as she knocks the folks in front that's all she cares about," said Acton one night when he went in to see her act. But she held him still, and if he had doubted her virtue it would have torn his heart.

"She can't feel now," he said, and then a little light came to him as a storm of applause greeted her. "She's sold her soul to simulation."

And "behind" her fellow actors hated her passively or actively. She showed no jealousy either of the men or women. She was assured of her own strength, but she never praised them, never gave them a word of commendation or help, never showed any feeling for a man in distress or a woman in trouble. The accident of her own virtue grew in her to a kind of pride. In the old days she might have tripped or stumbled, but now she felt assured of herself. She was passionless and cold and calmly happy.

"I've grown up," she said, "and see clearly."

For now she was blind and could only see in the glare of the footlights. The common day left her somnolent. The sun was a foolishness, her past days a darkling time of growth.

And in the fullness of time her husband went to the devil and had to take to the provinces, where he drank more than ever. He ended in a "fit up" of the lowest character, and the child died in Manchester of diphtheria.

Yet Lettice Templemore felt nothing except on the stage. "As a mother, and as a true hearted woman there is none equal to her," said the critics. But the constant simulation of emotion had robbed her of her very soul. She was only a canvas, a lay figure, a thing, as regards life. Her heart was absorbed in imagination. She was only good in her dreams.

"I have succeeded," said she; but others knew better.

Among these others was Henry Harborough, who was at last happily married.

"Yes, I did love before," he told his wife, "and one day I'll show her to you if you like. She hadn't a soul."

He was wrong, for she had a soul once, but she wasn't strong enough to live and to act as well.—Sketch.

Much in Little
Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

A Ready Explanation.

A Washington man is accustomed to using what he considers a very choice product of the distiller's art. His preference for the liquor in question has been approved by a number of connoisseurs in such matters, and he began to suspect that that a colored man in his employ had added his indorsement in a manner tacit, but sincere. The compliment was a high one, for the colored man has long been employed in the culinary department, and he had a sense of smell and a keenness of taste which many a gourmet might envy. The demijohn which contained the liquor emptied with such surprising rapidity that its proprietor concluded to adopt radical measures. In the absence of direct proof he decided to try strategy. He allowed the demijohn to become empty, and, instead of filling it again, put the liquor in bottles in a cupboard and labeled them "Poison." The word was printed in heavy, black letters, and a skull and crossbones were added of a size calculated to make an impression on the most stolid. He kept an eye on the cupboard, too, and one night, as he came home from the theater, he caught the colored servant in the act. Seizing the bottle in mock terror, the employer exclaimed

"Great heavens, do you know what you are doing? Don't you see that what that bottle contains is marked poison?"

The colored man held it off and looked at it. Then he smelled it, and, with a look of melancholy, replied:

"'Tain't poison, suh. I'ze done been fooled ag'in."

"How dared you tamper with it, whether you knew it was poison or not?"

"Boss, it was dis a-way. Fum de way yo' acted 'bout dat demijohn in de cellar I done thought yo' had yo' s'picions ob me, an it made me melancholy foh sho'. I'ze been tryin fo' mos' two weeks now ter commit suicide out'n dat bottle."—Washington Star.

The Woolsack.

The woolsack in the house of lords is simply a large sack of wool covered with red cloth on which the lord chancellor sits. Edwards reports that "an act of parliament was passed in the reign of Elizabeth to prevent the export of wool. In order to keep constantly in mind this source of our national wealth woolsacks were placed in the house of lords as seats for the judges." Other writers give similar accounts of the origin of the custom, but they are not agreed as to the reign in which it began, and no one of them, so far as we have read, cites any resolution or act of parliament upon the subject. Smith in his "Memoirs of Wool," volume 2, page 310, says, "Here, then (in the time of Edward I), if we may be indulged a conjecture touching the origin of woolsacks in the house of lords, as a notable memorial of great consequence, we should imagine it to have been, if at all, some time during this struggle."—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Understood.

A late judge whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen interrupted a female witness:

"Humbugged you, my good woman! What do you mean by that?" said he sternly.

"Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—London Tit-Bits.

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PLAYING CARDS.

What the Suits Are Said to Have Originally Represented.

There may be some among you who are not acquainted with the four symbols upon which fortunes are hourly waged. In the first place, you must understand that cards are of French origin, having been invented about the year 1390 to drive away the melancholy moods of Charles IV of France. Printing not then being one of the arts, cards were painted by hand, and in a synodical canon interdicting their use by the clergy issued within 20 years of their origination they are described as "painted little leaves." Thus early you see was recognized the possibility of their being put to evil uses, and that they were quickly seized upon as a medium for gaming is shown by the fact that 50 years after their invention severe edicts were passed against them, and the Duke of Savoy only permitted women the pastime "for pins and needles."

Their inventor intended the four suits to represent the four classes of men in the French kingdom. The hearts represent the choir men or ecclesiastics, termed in French gens de chœur. The chœur was corrupted into cœur, meaning hearts, as you all know. The Spaniards, who obtained the use of cards from the French, have chalices as one of their suits instead of hearts, proving conclusively that the ecclesiastics were intended to be represented. What we call "spades" were originally intended as pikes or the points of lances, being representative of the noble or military class. The "diamonds," which all fortune tellers tell you are indicative of wealth, were originally intended as square stone tiles and are representative of the order of citizens, merchants, tradesmen and artisans. "Clubs" are nothing more than the three leaved clover, which was originally intended as the symbol of the husbandmen and peasants.

Now for the meaning of the "court" or "face" cards. As to the original standing of the four kings there is some difference of opinion. Some say that the king of clubs originally represented the arms of the pope, the king of spades the arms of the king of France, the king of diamonds the arms of the king of Spain, and the king of hearts the arms of the king of England. This explanation is of doubtful origin. It is more likely that the four kings characterize the heads of the Jewish, Greek, Roman and Frankish empires, the kings depicted being David (spades), Alexander (clubs), Cæsar (diamonds) and Charles (hearts). In fact, to this day many French cards bear their names.

In packs so marked the queens are thus named: Argine (hearts), Judith (clubs), Rachel (diamonds) and Pallas (spades). Argine is an anagram for "Regina," and the four names respectively royalty, fortitude, piety and wisdom. They are supposed to be likenesses of Marie d'Anjou, queen of Charles VII; Isabeau, the queen mother; Agnes Sorel, the king's mistress, and Jeanne d'Arc.

The jacks or knaves represent the servants to knights. In old time lingo the now objectionable word knave meant simply a servant, and in fact in an old translation of the Bible St. Paul is spoken of as "the knave of Christ."—Philadelphia Times.

Oriental Occultism.

The charm called Koran-gardan (the turning of the Koran) in Persia is well known. The way in which it is done is as follows: A key is so placed among the leaves of the Holy Book that the handle and part of the shaft may protrude, and it is secured by a bit of cord fastened tightly across the volume. Two person then put their forefingers under the handle and support the book, which hangs down lightly between their hands. A certain verse is then repeated once for every suspected person, and at the name of the thief the volume turns round of itself, and the handle slips off the forefingers of the two persons that hold it.

This superstition was formerly common in Europe, the Bible being the locum tenens of the Koran. It is now obsolete, except in a few remote localities. The Portuguese of Goa, being a people of strong faith, will use a hymn or mass book as well as the holy volume, and recite an Ave Maria, sometimes with, sometimes without, a Pater Noster in the Lingoa Baroa.—Humanitarian.

Matthew Arnold.

Max Muller relates that Tennyson once exclaimed upon opening a dish cover at the house of a young and modest couple who had gone to some trouble to "breakfast" him, "Mutton chops, the staple of every bad inn in England!" If it were not Max Muller or some equally august person who told of this astounding deviation from decency on the part of a gentleman, one would refuse to believe it. Yet Max Muller names Matthew Arnold as a wonderful example of perfect manners, and there are Americans who heard him say to his wife at an American breakfast table, "Try these cakes, my dear; they're not as nasty as they look."

Your Best Interests
Will be served by making sure of health. It will be a loss of time and money to be stricken with serious illness. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and purify your blood. In this way all germs of disease will be expelled, sickness and suffering will be avoided, and your health will be preserved. Isn't this a wise course?
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Price 25 cents.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

At a meeting of the Republican Ward and City Committee held at Headquarters on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15, it was ordered that caucuses be held at 8 o'clock on Friday evening, Nov. 25, to nominate candidates for Ward Aldermen and delegates to a convention to nominate candidates for Mayor and Aldermen-at-Large. Remember the evening and hour.

This action of the Committee clears the political atmosphere and enables the Republican Party to determine where they are at. There had been talk of a recommendation by the Committee to the Party to endorse Mr. Davis as their candidate for Mayor, a proposition which was opposed by a large majority of the most influential men in the Party, and which is now properly set at rest.

The course taken by the Committee is the only one by which the organization of the Republican Party in this city can be preserved. To neglect or refuse to make nominations demoralizes the rank and file and renders them unreliable in time of need. The Party organization should by all means be maintained.

Besides, not to have taken the action which the Committee did would have left a large share of the Republican voters without a candidate for Mayor, something the Committee had no right to do. Mr. Davis is a Democrat and has heretofore voted against Republican candidates; the Democrats will of course make a Mayoralty nomination; thus the bulk of Republicans would have been forced to choose between two Democrats or not vote at all. This would have been unjust.

The Committee acted wisely in voting for a Mayoralty convention, for which there was a general demand.

NO LICENSE.

What steps if any have the temperance people of this city taken towards making Woburn a no-license city next month? We have heard of no movement and but little talk concerning the matter, but if anything is to be done it is high time to begin work.

It is our belief that there are more people opposed to licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city than there are in favor of it. The trouble is the friends of temperance have not the courage of their convictions and fail to make their influence and votes felt. They seem to take it for granted that it is no use to try to change things, and just so long as that spirit prevails just so long will the sale of liquor be licensed.

A strange thing about it is that so many leading and influential citizens take such slight interest in this important question. They are total abstainers, personally upright, and believe in prohibition for our city, and yet they do nothing or next to nothing towards upholding their principles. It is only necessary for them to say the word, united and in earnest, and the no-license vote will win next month.

We throw out these suggestions with a hope of hearing from the temperance people at an early day.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Next Thursday, Nov. 24, has been designated and set apart by National and State authorities for a day of thanksgiving and paise by the American people. They have a great deal to be grateful to Divine Providence for, a fact which ought to be remembered and fully realized on that day, as well as at all other times. There will be religious services at the First Baptist church in this city at half past 10 in the forenoon, the same to be followed by turkey and cranberry sauce in due time.

Here's hoping the readers of the JOURNAL may have good dinners and enjoy them.

HENRY M. ALDRICH.

The JOURNAL has taken considerable pains to get at Republican sentiment in relation to a candidate for Mayor and has found a strong feeling in favor of the nomination of Henry M. Aldrich at the Republican Mayoralty convention. It is believed he would accept if the choice should fall on him with practical unanimity.

The statement that he would make a firstclass Mayor would be superfluous because no man in this community is better known, and it is equally well known that he is intelligent, upright, and worthy of support for any position in the gift of the people.

FOR MAYOR.

If Mr. Edmund C. Cottle will consent to take the nomination it is said he will be the Republican candidate for Mayor this year. The office has been offered to him more than once but hitherto it has been declined. There is a feeling among Republicans that Mr. Cottle would not only make an able and honest Mayor but that he could be elected without any trouble.

☞ We are authorized to state that Hon. George F. Bean will not be a candidate for re-election to the School Board this year. This decision disappoints his friends, for they hoped to keep him there another term. It is reported that Mr. John R. Carter refuses absolutely to accept another election. Dr. Bixby, it is said, will be a candidate for re-election. It was particularly desirable that Mr. Bean should consent to run, for there is to be an upheaval in our school affairs between now and the beginning of another school year and he was depended on for valuable assistance in the work.

☞ Although a reminder of the rapid flight of Time, still it is pleasant to welcome the arrival of The "Old Farmer's Almanac by Robert B. Thomas" for 1899, next to the last year of the 19th Century. Turning its leaves, reading its contents, and conning its pictures, always with renewed interest, we find it "the same old sixpence" and therefore hail it with delight. "The Old Farmer's" is published, as it has been from a period "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," by William Ware & Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Mr. George Buchanan is prominently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Mayor. The Democracy couldn't do a wiser thing than to nominate him. And besides, he would make a good Mayor. He has sound sense and is a clean man. There would be no "funny business" going on while he occupied the chair, and it is our opinion that he would see that the laws were duly enforced. It is said that the Democratic choice lies between Mr. Buchanan and Mr. W. R. Bartlett.

☞ Mr. Elwyn G. Preston will not be a candidate for Mayor this year. There are those who would like to have him run but he cannot be spared from the Board of Public Works. Except for treachery in the camp he would have been elected in good shape when he ran two years ago. These same traitors would knife him again were he a candidate this year.

☞ Mayor Feeney told a JOURNAL man last Tuesday morning that he would not be a candidate for re-election this year. Of course there are always mental reservations when such statements are made by politicians, and it does not follow because he says so that Mr. Feeney will not again be a candidate.

☞ Mr. Davis says he cannot hope to win unless his candidacy for Mayor is endorsed by the Republican Party. In this view of the case he is undoubtedly correct. It is also true probably that he will not receive such endorsement.

☞ Some of the opponents to Mr. Davis's candidacy are using his speeches and acts on the schoolhouse site matter with no little effect. He zealously favored the Kelley site, while public sentiment was largely against it.

☞ The Democratic caucuses will be held on Saturday, Nov. 26. At first they concluded to hold them on the 22, but changed their minds.

☞ There are numerous aspirants for the Democratic nomination for Mayor. Ald. Kelley is the last one heard from.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
E. C. Colman—Cow.
D. S. Jones—Vet. Surg.
Unitarian Society—Sale.
Boston Journal—Sports.

— The Moreland Family Benefit netted $200.

— Mr. E. C. Colman has a very nice cow to sell. See ad.

— Christmas comes on Sunday this year. All the better for that.

— The Knights of Columbus held a reunion last Tuesday evening.

— The alarm from box 45 at 12.35 last Monday morning was false.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Prepare for an unusually cold winter. Every sign points to one.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— The Friday Night Club will give a ball in Lyceum Hall on Dec. 30.

— Moore & Parker have for sale the Old Farmer's Almanac for 1899.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons have lost five members by death during the year.

— Clan Mackinnon always give something unique and nice at their entertainments.

— Clan Mackinnon will give their annual concert and dance at Lyceum Hall on Dec. 2.

— The 5th Regiment have left Camp Meade and gone into winter quarters in South Carolina.

— On Dec. 14, Woman's Relief Corps 84 will give a minstrel show in the Auditorium.

— Last evening Post 33, G. A. R., entertained members of J. P. Gould Post of Stoneham.

— The Innitou Club will give a minstrel entertainment at the Auditorium on Dec. 28.

— Dr. Harlow pulled Capt. Wyer through an attack of erysipelas last week in good shape.

— "Bluecoats" are not much in evidence on our streets. Wait until Company G get back!

— Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Waldron were congratulated on the birth of a daughter on Nov. 10.

— For a week now the turkey will be the "American Bird." The Eagle must occupy a back seat.

— Mr. Fred W. Ruggles and wife have returned from their summer hotel keeping at Canaan, N. H.

— Mr. C. E. Smith has bought the Martin Walsh place, 11 Bennett street, and will occupy it as a residence.

— President Lounsbury is going to make the Men's League a society worth living for. New brooms sweep clean.

— Business at the Savings Bank satisfies Treasurer Thompson that the morning light is breaking. It is reviving.

— The Celtic Association will give their 28th annual concert and ball at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23.

— City Clerk Finn will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for an official statement of the city election, promptly delivered.

— Cuneo & Crovo have a great stock of lemons, limes, grapes, apples, pears, and other choice fruit which they are selling at bottom prices.

— The Woburn Dramatic Club gave a very fine entertainment last Wednesday evening. It was well patronized, as it richly deserved to be.

— Gillette, the jeweler, gives some prices this week that will astonish the natives. Read his notice carefully, and then go and examine his goods.

— Tuesday, Nov. 22d, is to be "Count Rumford Day" at the Mechanics Fair in Boston. Admission by tickets. Woburn will be there, sure!

— If you think of having any goods dyed this fall, recollect that Hammond & Son send express parcels semi-weekly to the best dye house in this country.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31–2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

We Have the Largest

and most complete stock of diamonds, watches, clocks and jewelry out of Boston; ladies' watches from $3.00 to $45.00; diamond studded 14k. We sell a ladies' 14k gold filled Waltham, elegantly engraved, for $11.50. We sell a ladies' Solid Gold Waltham, handsomely engraved, for $16.50; ladies' solid gold long chains from $13.00 to $20.00; ladies' long watch chains, 14k filled, warranted 20 years, from $3.75 to $6.00; best roll plate ladies' long chains from $1.00 to $3.00. Our rings we can't discribe; over 2000 patterns in diamonds, pearls, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, of all kinds and prices. An elegant diamond ring for $12.00. Gent's watches are too many to describe; hundreds in solid silver, solid gold, and gold filled. We lack room to describe our Rogers plated ware, solid silver and clocks. We have a large stock of the latest pattern and all these goods we will sell at the low prices that we have built up our business on in the past three years. Come and see our goods and get our prices; it may save you a dollar.

OSBORN GILLETTE,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

379 Main St., Woburn.

DANIEL S. JONES,

Veterinary Surgeon

Dentistry a Specialty.

My way of operating on the month is original. No gag or twist. I have cured Shying, Bolting, Lolling, Side Reining, Pulling, Tossing the Head, Frothing, Balking, Hidebound, Scouring, Discharging of the Eyes, Nose, etc., by simple operations on the Teeth. Calls promptly attended to.

Office: CENTRAL STABLES.

Telephone 39–2 Woburn.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— The first lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6. The Trustees have laid out a fine programme.

— The death of Mr. John C. Plumer reminds us that the old time tanners are passing away. A new crop stand ready to take their place.

— Druggist Brooks advertises Woburna Lotion, one of the best things in the world to prevent chapped hands and keep the skin soft and fair.

— The lithographic reproduction of St. Charles church, parochial residence, and school, on a single sheet, make a handsome picture. It is finely executed too.

— The Woburn Association of Congregational Ministers, 37 in all, held their quarterly meeting in the Congregational church at Wakefield last Tuesday.

— Mrs. Jennings supplies the very best female help for families, and the very best situations for those seeking them, for which her charges are reasonable.

— It is predicted by good judges that the city campaign is going to be the hottest ever seen in Woburn. No mortal man can tell what the upshot of it will be.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward went to Brattleboro and Hartland, Vt., last Wednesday on business for Ellis & Buswell, who have stone masonry contracts there.

— The Woburn reporter for a Boston paper says that the School Committee are going to begin de novo, as the lawyers say, on a site for the new schoolhouse.

— Take particular notice of the change in the Woburn & Reading St. Railroad timetable. Cars leave Woburn Common quarter before the hour. Remember that.

— During the prolonged absence of one of the supervisors of music in the Boston public schools, Supt. Seaver has requested Miss Belle Menard to assist Mr. Leonard B. Marshall in the Roxbury district as teacher of music.

— Mr. Philip Murray, who died last week, willed all his possessions to his wife. He left considerable real estate and about $20,000 in personal property. There were no children.

— Mr. Varney, of the firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., proposes to show as fine a stock of gold and silverware, and gems and watches, for the holidays, as was ever seen in Woburn.

— If Mr. F. S. McGregor can buy some of the right kind of unimproved land near Woburn Centre he will plot it, sell lots, build houses, and increase the taxable property of the city.

— We would like to see Mr. Benjamin Hinckley Mayor of this city. So would many others. But we don't suppose a 6-cattle team could drag him into the Chair. He wants no Mayor in his.

— We hope it will be a pleasant day next Thursday. Fair weather will conduce to more and pleasanter family gatherings around the turkey and make and contribute to the general fund of happiness.

— Mr. R. A. Clement and Mr. W. E. Ellison have come up from their Virginia homes to spend the winter here. Mr. Clement owns a plantation in Virginia and also a place on Nashua street, this city.

— The ladies of Trinity church held a successful sale and gave a fine supper at Music Hall last evening. They kindly remembered the JOURNAL and laid it under obligations to them for a "chalked hat."

— Mr. Walter Knapp, Overseer at the Gas Works, went over to Arlington to teach the Arlington Company how to make gas last week. He didn't have to tell them how to make metres roll up big bills for the customers to pay.

— At short intervals Prof. Phil M. Brown of Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey, writes letters to his parents in this city, Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown, which of course are very welcome. He likes the country, the city, the college, and especially Rev. Charles Anderson and family with whom he resides, and is contented and happy.

— Attention is called to the professional card of Dr. Daniel S. Jones, who is a throughly educated Veterinary Surgeon and is meeting with gratifying success in the practice of his profession. Nobody thinks of employing any other Surgeon.

— We are indebted to Mr. Samuel Tufts for a copy of "Colorado Springs Postoffice Souvenir," for which we return thanks. It was issued by the employees of the postoffice of that thrifty city and contains much valuable information.

— Only three weeks more remain in which to visit the Great Mechanics Fair in Boston, so those who have not yet taken it in, with its myriad of attractions, dramatics and music, should go at once. The crowds there increase as the close draws near.

— At the annual meeting of the Andover and Woburn Branch of Woman's Board of Missions held at Trinity church, Lawrence, on Nov. 10, Mrs. J. A. Haskell of Woburn was elected President, and Mrs. Doremus Scudder one of the Vice-Presidents.

— Thanksgiving services will be held in the First Baptist church at 10 30 a. m. Thursday, Nov. 24. Rev. Dr. Scudder of First church will preach the Thanksgiving sermon. The hour is 30 minutes earlier than usual in order to give the people a fair chance at the turkey.

— The ladies of the Unitarian church will give a supper and hold a sale of fancy goods, housekeeping supplies, bags, baskets, and many other useful and ornamental things, in the vestries of the church on Thursday evening, Dec. 1. Please glance over their notice in this paper.

— Mr. Jacob M. Ellis is talked of for member of the Board of Public Works and has many friends who would be glad to see him elected to that office. He would make an efficient member of the Board, being a man of sound practical sense and of more than ordinary business capacity.

— Mr. Edward Caldwell's horseless furniture van, put on last week, attracts the attention of everybody. It is drawn by a pair of the largest and handsomest Missouri mules ever seen in Woburn and promises to prove a wonderful success. Horseless vehicles are coming into fashion rapidly.

— Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City, N. J., brother of Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastor of First church, this city, is to deliver an address at the 175th anniversary of the organization of the Congregational church of Shrewsbury, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6. Several other eminent divines will participate in the celebration.

— Dr. M. H. Allen, dentist, has moved his office to rooms in Fowle's Block on the north side of Main street, the same that were once occupied by Dr. Reynolds, dentist. He has fitted them up in a neat and attractive manner, so that finer dental quarters would be hard to find anywhere. Dr. Allen is one of the best of dentists and is popular.

— Our friend, Mr. John Duncan, Jr., must feel somewhat discouraged over the delay in calling a postmaster caucus. The prospect for holding one is far from bright. The people are saying that a caucus would be too expensive. The time and money for it cannot be afforded. Feeling that the matter is virtually settled but little public interest is felt in it. It looks now as though no caucus would be held.

— According to all accounts the Moreland Family Benefit at the Auditorium last Sunday evening was a marked success from all points of view. Some 700 or 800 people were present, all of whom were much pleased with the concert. A handsome purse of money was gathered in for a worthy object, and the managers were very thankful for the generous public response to their appeal for aid in behalf of the cause.

— In point of attendance this has been the most successful week, so far, that the great Mechanics Fair, now running in Boston, has experienced. The Mechanics Building, immense in size, has been crowded to its utmost capacity day and evening all the week. It is the best thing to visit for a good time now on the carpet in Boston. Not only do city people and suburbanites rush to see and enjoy the grand show but excursion trains bring thousands from near and remote New England, and the last weeks bid fair to cap the climax in the way of visitors. The musical and other entertainments are kept right up to high water mark all the time and the management of the Fair is simply perfect. No one should miss it.

Woman's Friend

The Great Medicine that Gives Nerve Strength

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes the Blood Rich and Pure, Creates an Appetite and Restores Health, Vigor and Vitality.

"I feel that I ought to write a few words in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has done great things for me. I was in a delicate condition and was sick at my stomach and constipated. I tried remedies highly recommended for female weaknesses, but the medicines brought on other troubles. I was so weak I could not attend to my household duties, and I then determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After I had taken this medicine a short time I began to gain strength. I

Grew Stronger Each Day

until I was able to work all day without any inconvenience. I have taken Hood's Pills for constipation, and I am better today than I have been for five years. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills I feel rested in the morning. I am less nervous and am sure I have richer and purer blood. I have always been bothered with scrofula, but now I am rid of it. Before my last child was born I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and my girl baby was fat and strong, while my other child was not well and lived to be only two years old." MRS. E. F. DEAL, Box 419, Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents

In this Building

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys'

Clothing

as it is possible to put together. In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,

400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

Winslow, Rand & Watson,

High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only;

Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN

433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

— Mr. Irish, General Manager of the Ames provision establishment corner of Main street and Montvale ave., and Mrs. Irish intend to spend Thanksgiving at their former home in Biddeford, Me.

— If the Republican nominating caucuses next Friday evening are as well attended as the Representative ones were when Wood swept the board and carried every Ward with a plenty of votes to spare, it will be a good thing and prevent cheap talk. Let the Republicans rally in force, present good candidates for Aldermen, and choose the right men for delegates to the Mayoralty convention. By that means a strong ticket will be nominated.

— Last Wednesday Mr. Alex. Grant received from his son, Lieut. Homer B. Grant, of Company G, 5th Mass. Regiment, now in camp at Greenville, S. C., a box of cotton in the condition it was when picked from the field. It was in the several stages of development and furnished a good idea of how a cotton field looks before harvest. Lieut. Grant writes that he likes at Greenville and thinks the boys will enjoy the change to a milder climate.

— The Woburn soldiers who were members of the gallant 6th Massachusetts and did splendid service at Porto Rico, a Regiment that stands at the head for courage and endurance, and had the least to say about the "terrible sufferings" down there, are George Durward, Roderick McDonald and Thomas R. Powers of Company A; and Corp. Fred Miller, Privates Harry Turner, H. Connolly and Arthur Irving of Company H. For their patriotism and good work these men will not soon be forgotten.

— On Wednesday evening, Nov. 30, Rev. Mr. Packard will give the next lecture in the Star Course, and his theme is to be "London: the World's Metropolis." Like the preceding lectures this will be profusely illustrated by stereopticon views of more than 100 of the most celebrated and famous sights in the great city, in addition to which a great array of interesting facts concerning it will be given. It will be one of the best numbers of the series. The popularity of the Course has been gratifying to Mr. Packard and the managers.

— If everything went through as it had been planned the new city ordinance was adopted at a meeting of the Council last evening. At a meeting held Tuesday the document was read and thoroughly discussed. It contained many sections and several radical changes from the old ordinances. The City Solicitor gets $600 a year instead of $250, as before; Clerk of Overseers of the Poor gets an increase of $200, making his salary $800; but the Clerk of Committees was cut down $100. It is fair to presume that the new Ordinance is an improvement on the old one.

— The sportsmen in this city seem to have no sense of the proprieties so far as the encouragement of home industries is concerned. About 100 of them went down to Boston on a special train last Monday evening to see pugilist Carpenter get used up in a prize fight with some other fellow, when the fight might just as well as not have been pulled off in Wakefield and thus the Woburn hackmen derived some benefit from it. But no, it had to take place in Boston to the disadvantage of home industries, to say nothing of the piles of Woburn money left in the wicked "Hub" that night. Evidently our sports have no local pride or care for local interests. On Monday night our esteemed hackmen didn't earn enough money to pay for their salt, whereas had the fight taken place at Wakefield, a beautiful town for it, they would have piled up heaps of wealth. Carpenter was beaten, which is some satisfaction.

— Last week the JOURNAL got hold of some facts which led it to conclude that Mr. F. I. Kendall, a whilom Woburn resident, is still extant and flourishing, that his adopted State, California, has treated him kindly during his 20 years residence there, and that in return he has done what he could for the race by combining pure Massachusetts and California blood in the veins of his four sons and two daughters. Mr. Kendall is Secretary of the Maricopa & Phœnix and Salt River Valley Railroad Company (the Phœnix Short Line), the headquarters of which are at San Francisco, an office of responsibility, which he is capable of filling, unless he has lost ground since he left Woburn. It will be remembered that his home was out on Russell street, near Cambridge street, across the road from Kendall Pond, at the foot of which stood the Old Mill, a picturesque reminder of other days. It was an elegant homestead, delightful in all its appointments; but the family, now scattered, left it years ago, and it has become shorn of its beauty. We were glad to get track of Mr. F. I. Kendall and hope this item may fall under his eye.

— The Mayor and Police have failed to do their duty this year in the enforcement of the laws against unlicensed liquor selling. We are informed that there have been no prosecutions against the proprietors of kitchen barrooms during the current city administration, and that there has never been so much illicit rum selling in this city as there has been since the year came in. A few perfunctory raids have been made but nothing has come from them. This is a neglect of duty that deserves to be rebuked. Other laws have been enforced, why not the liquor laws? Our city has been well governed and orderly, all except in the matter of free rum; why cannot kitchen barrooms be suppressed? Is the answer to be found in votes? A leading minister said in his pulpit last Sunday evening that the population of this city is dwindling on account of the licensed and unlicensed sale of liquor here. Parents do not like to raise up their children amid the surroundings they find in Woburn, so they leave for localities where better conditions are to be found. People seeking country homes refuse to come here for the same reasons. Must this last always?

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT

WILL RESUME

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

MONDAY, October 3, 1898.

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

Pupils will kindly arrange for hours from Sept. 26 to October 3d.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.

C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR

(Spring Wheat.)

$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch

Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

— Head chef Nason and his 40 little chefs are larboring hard to make the Men's supper at the Congregational church, Dec. 8, the best thing of its kind that has ever been held in this section.

— Mr. and Mrs. George A. Blaisdell have been making a tour of Colorado lately and enjoying it. At last accounts they were at Denver, 40 miles this side of the gold mines in which Mr. Blaisdell is interested.

— The meeting of the Men's League in the lecture room of First church last Wednesday evening was a large one. The room was well filled. Major Charles K. Darling of the 6th Mass. Regiment was the Guest of Honor and made the address. He talked an hour about the campaign of the Regiment in Porto Rico. Although his narrative has been told a thousand times by newspaper reporters, magazinists, and the soldier boys, the talk was quite entertaining and attentively listened to. Both G. A. R. Posts and Sons of Veterans were also guests of the League, and likewise the Woburn members of the 6th. At the close of the address Mr. F. E. Cotton, in behalf of the Sons of Veterans, presented Major Darling with a fine bunch of crysanthemums, and on motion of Rev. Dr. Scudder he was given a hearty vote of thanks. Then followed a social 30 minutes.

— Dr. Oliver P. Rogers, formerly a well known dentist in this city, died at Winchester last Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 15, aged about 63 years. He left a wife, two sons—one a dentist here, and the other in the U. S. Army—and two daughters, also a sister, to mourn for him. The funeral and burial were at Winchester.

— Tickets for the big men's supper at the Congregational church, Dec. 8. All 50c. For sale of the committee and at Brooks's after Nov. 28. Number limited. Sale stops Dec. 5. Don't forget your ticket.

IF YOUR BOY

Is between the ages of 8 and 16 years, and wears a new Winter Overgarment the coat to buy for comfort and durability is one of our

Five Dollar Reefers

with large ulster collars, made of either a fast color Blue Chinchilla, or a Brown Frieze. At this price these coats are a genuine bargain.

HAMMOND & SON.

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Ladies' Dress Skirts
Made in the right way and the latest styles.

Ladies' Petticoats
in plain colors or the fancy stripes; these are garments that are justly said to be the best in the market, and our prices are very satisfactory to our patrons.

Fur Collarettes.
A line that for medium priced goods is equal to Boston prices.

Ostrich Feather Boas.
We are showing an assortment which we would like to have you look over.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

MY SORROW.

I saw death's angel as it came from heaven
'Mid cloud and blast.
I said I pity those who mourn tomorrow;
Much comfort from my own their hearts shall borrow
When it has passed
And taken from the mourning ones their cherished;
When they have seen
Their loved ones suffering, changing, dying;
Have looked their last
Upon them 'mid roses in the coffin
So like—so strange.

Yes, I will comfort them while saying,
With upraised finger
Turning their eyes to the blue sky o'erhead,
Be hopeful; but a moment you shall linger,
Then join your dead.
'Mid beauty fadeless and mid joy ecstatic,
To dwell for aye.
This and much more my faith and resignation
My lips shall say;
For all is well that is—the Father orders.
Go stricken ones,
Mourn not the dead; they rest from toil and danger;
His will be done!

Death's angel nearer came. Lo! my poor cottage
He did not pass,
But took from out my arms my cherished darlings;
And now, alas!
Not one of all the words can I remember
I would have said,
Had death left me my own loved ones and taken
My friends instead.

—MILLIE C. POMEROY.

[*Our Continent.*]

The First To Die.

The funeral of Private Edward Billingsly, who died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia on Nov. 10, 1898, was held at the home of his mother, a widow, No. 5 South street, this city, last Monday forenoon. A brother of Edward went to Philadelphia and brought the remains to this city. The services were simple and impressive, and were conducted by Mr. Richard Loring, a Lay Reader of Trinity church. A large number of people attended to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who enlisted under the Stars and Stripes to help defend his country's honor. Among the prominent citizens present were Hon. Edward D. Hayden, Hon. John M. Harlow, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Thomas Moore, L. Waldo Thompson, Benjamin Hinckley and Albert P. Barrett, representing the Volunteer Aid Committee; several Veterans of the Civil War and shopmates of deceased. The public flags were displayed at half mast.

A firing squad of Co. H, 6th Massachusetts Volunteers, from Stoneham, consisting of Sergt. Stewart, Privates Barnstead, Lowe, Wilkins, Poole, Scanlan, Wright, Nutting and Quinn were in attendance, as was also Bugler Wilkins. The bearers were privates Turner, Forsaith, McDonough, Hoey, O'Connell and Dalton.

Lieut. Thomas McCarthy of Co. G, 5th Massachusetts Volunteers, of which the deceased was a member, was present, representing that Command.

The body was in a broadcloth casket, in uniform, the soldier's cap lying on the body, and, thrown partly over the casket, was the flag.

Among the floral pieces were a crescent, inscribed, "Sad Hour, 5 p. m.;" wreath, "Brother Ed." from Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dearborn; wreath of chrysanthemums, Mrs. Robert Elliott, Roxbury; spray, Woman's Relief Corps 161; wreath, Co. G, 5th Regiment; spray, Mrs. S. S. Hovey; spray of white tea roses, Mrs. Maria Giddings, Ashmont; spray of white carnations, Winthrop W. Dearborn; pillow, "My Boy," and many others.

Edward Billingly joined the 5th Regiment when the war opened. He was the first of Woburn's soldiers of the Spanish War to die, and his name will thus be linked in history with that of Ashael Porter, whose young life went out at Lexington, and that of Edward H. Parsons, the first of the many boys who died in the Civil War.

The body was escorted to the railroad station by the squad of the 6th Massachusetts Infantry, U. S. V., and taken to Lowell for interment in Edson cemetery, where a brief service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Chambre.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike, for years he suffered untold agony from consumption accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, he declares that gold is of little value in comparison to this marvelous cure, would have it even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cts. and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

There could hardly be a better Thanksgiving week attraction than "The Ragged Earl" in which Andrew Mack is appearing with such conspicuous success at the Boston Museum. Mr. Mack is a New England boy and his rapid advancement in the profession is a matter of great pride to all New Englanders who now see him universally recognized as America's ideal Irish Comedian. He has never been seen in Boston to greater advantages, than the present season for "The Ragged Earl" gives just the sort of a character which he plays so well. The young, jaunty, true-hearted nobleman at home in finery or in rags, kind-hearted and brave as a lion. All these elements of character are finely brought out by Mr. Mack, who proves that he is a romantic actor as well as a comedian. One of the best remembered features of the entire production is the introduction of the new songs by Mr. Mack. These are especially tuneful and are given by him with that expressiveness which has won popularity for so many pieces in the past. Rich & Harris have given Mr. Mack an exceptionally strong supporting company which includes B. T. Ringgold, Prince Lloyd, and others of equal popularity. It should be borne in mind that there will be a special Thanksgiving Day matinee on Thursday, which will be especially appreciated by patrons from out of town.

An Opportunity You Now Have

of testing the curative effects of Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive Cure for Catarrh known. Ask your druggist for a 10 cent trial size or send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to the many friends and neighbors who have been so kind to my dear husband during his long illness and suffering; particularly to Mr. John K. Murdock and family and to members of Mt. Horeb Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; also to all who have shown so much kindness and sympathy to me in my bereavement, and for the many tributes of beautiful flowers.

MRS. JOHN C. PLUMER.

Obituary.

JOHN C. PUMMER died at 1.15 a. m. Monday, Nov. 14, 1898, at his home 53 Bow street. He has been in ill health since 1891, and since 1894 has been unable to do any work. He had a shock of paralysis in Dec. 1894, and another in Dec. 1897, but partially recovered from both. He has been able to get about comfortably and came down town to vote on election day.

Mr. Plumer was a man greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He was sturdy, of strict integrity, large hearted, and always faithful to all his obligations in life.

He was born in Meredith, N. H., Oct. 7, 1833, and was the son of Mark and Nancy (Clark) Plumer.

At the age of 18 years he went to learn the trade of leather manufacturing with William Clark, at Campton Hollow, Campton, N. H., and with the exception of a few years has ever since followed this trade. In 1855 he went to Lowell, Mass., and worked at his trade there until the spring of 1859, when he came to Woburn where he has since resided.

When he came to Woburn he entered the employ of Abijah Thompson & Co. and with this firm and its successor, Stephen Dow & Co., he remained as foreman for 13 years. He was afterwards with Eustace Cummings, White & Osborne, Skinner & True, and, lastly, with John K. Murdock.

Mr. Plumer was twice married, first to Emma Frances Bond, sister of Benjamin E. Bond, Esq., at her home in Thetford, Vt., Dec. 2, 1858. She died August 20, 1871. His second wife was Alice J. O'Hara to whom he was married March 5, 1874, who survives him. She has been a faithful, loving, devoted wife to him. During his long illness she watched over him, cared for him tenderly, and did all that a wife could to make his life comfortable and pleasant. Her duties were confining and onerous, but she never complained, on the other hand she was happy in serving him. Mrs. Plumer has the sympathy of her many friends in the loss of her husband. There are no children.

Mr. Plumer was a member of the Woburn police force for 11 years and one of the oldest members of Mt. Horeb Lodge, F. A. M., of Woburn.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., and he was buried in Woodbrook Cemetery. Rev. Drs. March and Scudder conducted the religious services and the Messrs. Tripp were the undertakers.

Mrs. Ella C. Luce sang very sweetly: "Gathering Home," "Come Unto Me," and "Shall we meet Beyond the River?" Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons attended in a body. The bearers were members of the Lodge: A. V. Haynes, Alva S. Wood, Gilman F. Jones, A. L. Holdridge, Forest Hooper and F. Chandler Parker. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers. Mt. Horeb Lodge presented a Masonic emblem, and there was a floral pillow from the employees of the Middlesex Leather Company, John K. Murdock, President, and numerous others. There was a large attendance of citizens and neighbors at the funeral.

MRS. HARRIET SPAULDING SIMONDS, widow of the late Abel Simonds of Burlington, who passed from earth to her reward on Wednesday the 16th inst. at the residence of her son Austin, No. 11 Prospect Hill Avenue, Somerville, was for a lifetime a resident of this vicinity. Three children survive her, Emma, Mrs. Francis Woodbury of Sutton, Mass., Edward and Austin, Simonds Brothers, Mercantile street, Boston.

She was a kindly, benevolent and sunny spirited woman, who made life pleasant for others by her deeds of goodness. Her life was a real blessing to her family and friends. Funeral at Burlington church at 2, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19.—COM.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Harvard—Yale.

The great interest of the college athletic world centres in the foot ball game Saturday between Harvard and Yale, and no one interested in their forthcoming struggle can afford to miss the Boston *Sunday Journal* next Sunday, Nov. 20. Besides excellent half-tone likenesses of the players, a complete account of the game will be written by such experts as Mr. W. H. Lewis, the Harvard coach, formerly centre rush on the 'Varsity eleven; and Mr. F. T. Murphy, coach of the present Yale team, and a former ex-captain. This will be a decided novelty, and in connection with this the *Journal* continues, as usual, giving its patrons the most expensive features in journalism, notably its superb half-tone supplement and the New England Home Magazine, a breezy little publication of 48 pages of pictures, with special and timely articles. The *Journal*, in its new form, is fast gaining in circulation in this vicinity.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

W. C. T. U.

At our meeting on Nov. 14, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

WHEREAS our Heavenly Father has called to higher service our dear sister, Mrs. HARRIET T. BROWN,

Resolved, That in her Christian character we recognize a life of no ordinary devotion, as well in temperance, as in every work to which duty called her.

Resolved, That her life is worthy of emulation; as the Master has said, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Resolved, That our love and sympathy are hereby extended to the bereaved sister, with the hope that God may comfort her.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records and a copy sent to the WOBURN JOURNAL.

COMMITTEE.

Engaged to be Married.

The engagement is announced of Congressman William S. Knox to Miss Helen Boardman, eldest daughter of Mrs. E. T. Boardman of Lawrence, Mass., whose son, a naval cadet, was killed in Porto Rico in the Spanish War.—*Boston Journal.*

Our esteemed Congressman will please accept the best wishes of the WOBURN JOURNAL.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

November Winds - -
produces chapped lips and rough skin.

Woburna Lotion . .
keeps away chaps and makes skin velvety.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

A Bit of Migratory Life.

It was in the middle of July that a party of 4 of us wended our way to that part of Kennebunkport, Me., that is called Cape Porpoise. Here we took up our abode for a month in the Summer cottage of Rev. Mr. P. and found the tarrying there a most delightful one. Unlike the pervading influence of most boarding-places, the spititual and intellectual atmosphere were regnant in the home. The cottage is situated on the summit of a high hill, "beautiful for situation." The joy of Cape Porpoise is the "Outlook," for this is its name, inscribed on a large banner suspended on a high flagstaff in front of the cottage. Here on the spacious veranda one sees the ebb and flow of the tides, the pretty red-roofed boat-house of the parson, the picturesque indentations of the Cape, its little green islands, its small craft, with its men and women dipping their oars into the briny waters, and now and then a steamer on the broad Atlantic. There is a witchery of beauty and of loveliness in this scene that one never tires of beholding.

On the right of us are dense, dark forests, that stretch circuitously around. These are musical with the merry songsters—the thrushes, the linnets, the kingfishes, the robins, and the ubiquitous crows, whose homes had never been invaded by the rapacious hand of cruel man, so that from "early morn to dewy eve" the welkin rang with the chimes of these sweet warblers.

Neat little cottages dot the hillsides all around. Most of these are the abodes of fishermen. To the left of us was a long stretch of untilled land where the sweet brier, or eglantine, massed itself in rich profusion, and poured forth upon the air its sweet perfume from their delicately pink corollas. In this deep-tangled wild-wood, reminding one of Woodward's "Old Oaken Bucket," but minus the bucket, was found the Lilium Philadelphicum, by botanists called. It is a very beautiful red lily, dotted with yellow spots growing about 1½ feet in height its stem hard and upright and often supporting 5 of these fine lilies on as many peduncles. One of these was placed on our table, it alone forming a lovely bouquet.

Cape Porpoise is said to be an attractive place for botanists, and truly its floral wealth was ever a fascination; and one of the joys in being there was to botanize. Here were orchids of various kinds, meadow rue, meadow sweet, the delicate white blooms of the cranberry, the sweet little pimpernel, with its tiny red cap and semi-transparent seed-vessels that gave to the birds so great joy to peck, and which for this reason has been noticed in song by a certain poet who has said, "No ear hath heard, no tongue can tell, the virtues of the pimpernel."

While at Cape Porpoise a party of 9 of us started for a trip to Old Orchard. An easy buckboard conveyed us to Biddeford where we took the electrics to Old Orchard. We passed through the pretty cities of Biddeford and Saco, saw some of their industries, and pursued our journey till we arrived there, where we separated for a while, some preferring the luxury of a bath, while others sought the enjoyment of the Camp-meetings. Later, we found ourselves in a romantic way, seated together on the rocks, eating a lunch, with an almost insatiable appetite, such as the sea-air always gives, and which our kind hostess had bountifully prepared for us. Having taken in the pleasures of the surf, and the blue waters of old Neptune, through the courtesy and faithfulness of our invaluable driver, Rev. Mr. P's son, we reached home at tea hour, delighted and profited by the day's outing.

Next, we took ourselves nearly into the interior of the Granite State, where we spent about a month at North Barnstead. We boarded in a farmer's family where all was thrift and competence. Most of the people pursue agriculture as a business, and though many of the farms were well tilled there were quite a few that seemed forsaken, with houses left vacant, and farms uncultivated, the rising generation of men seeking the cities, where work is easier and wages more remunerative. While here in this mountainous region, as we gazed upward to the skies, how often were we reminded of the words of the Psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," and as we gazed downwards into the lowly vales and beheld the fair streams of water again the words of Israel's sweet minstrel came to us: "He sendeth the streams into the valleys, which run among the hills."

From here we took a carriage ride to New Durham, then a steam car to Alton Bay, then the steamer Mt. Washington for a sail up the beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee. And how can the glories of this beauteous Lake be described? Here were islands green with the verdure of the pines and hemlocks, some of whose branches were almost submerged in the water, some oblong, some round. Mountains seemed to pile themselves on mountains, most of them adorned with dense forests to their lofty summits. The scene was as varied as a kaleidoscope. New surprises came constantly to our vision. Now and then was seen a charming little cottage, built almost to the water's edge. Others were seen right in among the thick trees. Was there ever a place that appealed to the sense of the æsthetic more than this magnificent scenery? We stopped at the Weirs, saw the neat village of Wolfboro, and proceeded to Centre Harbor, from which place we retured to Alton Bay, passing one day and night there. Here we attended the Camp-meetings of the Adventists and comforted ourselves that our forms of worship were less demonstrative and noisy. We strolled around among the cottages which were near the grounds. Conspicuous over the front doors of many of these were such names as, Happy Thoughts, Rest Cottage, Oakview, Pine Cottage. At length having seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears sights and sounds most unfamiliar we returned to North Barnstead, thence homeward, stopping at South Lyndeboro for a fortnight, and taking drives in some of the adjacent towns, viz: Wilton and Mt. Vernon; visited Purgatory at the latter place; saw its appallingly dismal chasms, The Devil's Bean-pot, minus the beans; the impress of his foot on a great boulder was shown us, heard the tossing, tumbling and roaring of the waters as they dashed over the rocks and stones far beneath us. Most glad were we to make our exit from it and return home.

A. H. M.

Speaking of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving, 1898, ranks in importance with that of 1865. As then, the country has gone through a war, and upon our banners is inscribed Victory. It is, therefore, a season of greater interest. In honor of the occasion, The Boston *Herald*, with characteristic enterprise, will give it special attention, devoting pages to the time-honored festival in the issue of Nov. 20. Every New Englander will want this issue, and we are sure that our readers will find The Boston *Herald* of Sunday, Nov. 20, one to their liking. It is not out of place to suggest that an order with your newsdealer is the only sure way of securing a copy. The demand for The Boston *Herald* is very great.

Woburn Local Charitable Society.

This organization, which has been the source of much relief to the poor of our city, disbanded a few days ago after a prosperous existence of something over two years. In the course of a couple of weeks another association will be organized to take its place, from which great good may be confidently anticipated.

The real work of the W. L. C. A. has been done in the space of 11 months and when the facts are stated credit will be given them for their multitude of good deeds. The total amount of funds received by the Society during its life was $797.72, and the same was duly and judiciously distributed where it would do the most good. Exclusive of Christmas work in 1896 and 1897, the number of families that received assistance was 164; number of persons, 973. The following itemized account of the expenditures of the Society will be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL: Paid out for

Groceries	$225.50
Shoes	214.14
Fuel	202.55
Clothing	33.13
Provisions	9.60
Rent for 4 families	28.50
Medicine	10.35
Rent of hall for meetings	65.85
Printing	7.75
Stationery	.35
Total expense	$797.72

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

North Woburn.

Private Joseph Farrell, Co. G, 5th Regiment is here on a thirty day's furlough.

John Kirkpatrick and Rachael Farrell were married here on Wednesday evening of last week.

As Frank Wallace Dearborn attempted to get on board the 6.06 a. m. train Wednesday morning while it was moving away from the station here he slipped and fell almost under the wheels. The train was stopped and he got on board having been lucky in escaping a serious if not fatal accident.

There was a collision between the teams of Chas. H. Nichols of Nichols & Brooks and that of Mathew Daly near Perkins Bros. store Tuesday evening which resulted in both Nichols and Daily being thrown to the ground. Nichols had three ribs broken and was otherwise quite seriously injured while Daily escaped with a sprained arm and a few bruises. Both wagons were badly broken.

It now looks as though Mr. James F. Kenty would be the Republican nominee for Alderman from this Ward. Alderman Marston having served three years in the city government two years as Councilman and this year as Alderman, many of the Republicans think that he should be satisfied to stand aside and give someone else a chance. Whether he will make a fight to secure a re-nomination is not yet known, but in case he does the friends of Kenty claim that he will be beaten in the caucus by a very decisive majority.

WINCHESTER.

The new officers of Wedgmere Lodge, I. O. O. F., are: Henry F. Newton, C. T.; Mrs. F. Dalton, V. T.; Miss A. Peach, Supt. of Jur.; John Pally, Marshal; Geo. Potter, Rec. Sec.; William Pratt, Fin. Sec.; Albert Husey, Treas.

Mr. George H. Gilbent of Sunnyside writes to the *Star* that the Colonial church at Ware, where he was visiting last week and where he spent his boyhood, "is probably the handsomest and most typical in its architecture of any in the State." The manufacturing village of Gilbertville, founded by Mr. Gilbert's father, and now owned by his brothers, is a part of Ware.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn., had an attack of dysentery which became chronic "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Republicans Returned.

It is getting to be all "Republican years" in the 28th Middlesex District. It is six years since the Democracy has sent a Representative from the district to the General Court.

Alva S. Wood leads his Republican colleague 158. His plurality over Wm. R. Bartlett, who received the highest Democratic vote, is 543. B. F. Flanders was 365 behind Mr. Bartlett.

The vote in detail:

	Reading	Woburn	Total
Alva S. Wood, R.	551	1166	1717
James W. Grimes, R.	664	895	1559
Wm. R. Bartlett, D.	99	1075	1174
Benj. F. Flanders, D.	183	626	809

—*Reading Chronicle.*

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.
Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
TERMS REASONABLE.
JOHN LYNCH, 20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY, Private Instruction — IN — **Modern Piano Playing.**
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

To Let.
Tenement 7 rooms. 13 Fairmount street.

For Sale.
House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Burlington.

Thanksgiving service at the church Sunday morning. Special music. Recitation of verses by the children, illustrated, and other exercises appropriate to Harvest, 10.30 a. m.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Fruit of the Spirit." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School Thanksgiving Concert at 6 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M., Junior League. At 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. Public Service at 7 P. M. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday next before Advent.
Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Does the Highest Care for the Highest." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Does God Love Bad Men?" Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 13, by Rev. Dr. Lande, Simon Banks and Mary Wolff, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 10, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Patrick A. McGinn and Mary F. Cullen, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 9, by Rev. George H. Tilton, John Kirkpatrick and Rachel Farrell, both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Nov. 9, by Rev. H. J. Clary, John J. Devlin of Woburn, and Annie M. Concannon of Winchester.

In this city, Nov. 9, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Frank J. Collins of Waterbury, Conn., and Mary A. Ganley of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Philadelphia, Nov. 11, at Pres. Hos., Edward Billingsley, aged 29 years.

In this city, Nov. 12, Bridget, daughter of Wm. and Ellen Finley, aged 1 month.

In this city, Nov. 12, Elizabeth, daughter of Michael and Ellen Lux, aged 3 months.

In this city, Nov. 13, Ann Morrisey, aged 69 years.

In this city, Nov. 14, John C. Plumer, aged 65 years, 1 month, 7 days.

In Somerville, at the residence of her son, Prospect Hill Ave., Nov. 16, Mrs. Harriet S. T. Simonds, widow of the late Abel Simonds of Burlington, Mass., aged 63 years, 6 months, 24 days. Funeral at Burlington church, at 2 p. m., Saturday, Nov. 19. Relatives and friends invited.

PATENTS
E. F. Woodbury, M.E.
Solicitor of American and foreign patents, trade marks, designs, and copyrights.
ADVICE FREE.
ESTABLISHED 1885.
8 Exchange Pl., Boston.
NEAR POST OFFICE.

UNITARIAN

Sale and Supper

Thursday, Dec. 1, 1898,

At the Vestries of the Church.

Fancy Articles, Housekeeping Supplies, Bags and Baskets, Handkerchiefs, Home-made Candies, and many other attractions.
A good opportunity to purchase Holiday Gifts.

General Admission 10 Cents.
Supper 25 Cents.
Door open at 5. Supper at 6.30

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 17, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote, will be held on

TUESDAY, the 13th day of December, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—
Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Armory, entrance Prospect Street.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1899?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

MECHANICS' FAIR
1795 1898
By the "Old Mechanics' Association," Huntington Ave.
Boston, Oct. 10 to Dec. 3, 1898.
MORE THAN SIX ACRES OF EXHIBITS—Entertaining, Startling, Fascinating—Showing the Progress and Triumphs of THE MECHANIC, ELECTRIC and ENGINEERING ARTS!
The First Exhibition in the World's History with Electricity as the Exclusive Motive Power.
XENODOCHY cordially extended to all visitors.
Musical Attractions of a high order of excellence.
Wireless Telegraphy, Exploding Submarine Mines and Blowing Up Miniature Warships.
Moore's "Light of the Future."
The Diesel Motor.
The Wonderful X-Ray.
Free Vaudeville Theatre, B. F. KEITH, Proprietor.
Japanese Tea Garden.
"By far the best Exhibition ever given in Boston."—*Boston Herald.*
FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS IN OPERATION.
Horseless Carriages, Steam, Gasolene and Electric.
25c. Admits to All. 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. CAFÉ Always Open.

Plumbing Tin Roofing
BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.
Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.
Gas Piping Furnaces

. . . FREE . . .

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President*; Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President*; William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer*; Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors*; Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees*; Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Admission to lectures in this course is free. Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the course may be made in writing on or before Nov. 22, to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed, and others may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library on or after Dec. 1. Tickets not taken before Dec. 5, will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years, except to pupils of the High School. Application for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 6. H. C. Hovey, D.D. Subject: "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and back as far as the banks of Volga." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 9, 1898.

CITY OF WOBURN.

City Election.

THE

Registrars of Voters

Will, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office, Municipal Building, Common Street, to receive applications for registration for the City Election, on the

Afternoon of Nov. 19 from 2 to 5 o'clk.

Evenings of Nov. 18, 19, 21 and 22 at 7 o'clock.

And from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on Nov. 23.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 23.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47:

"Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

WOMEN DESIRING TO REGISTER for the City Election are requested to attend the AFTERNOON SESSIONS, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants, who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 13 of the current year must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment (for this year) from the place of their former residence, or their application will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 9, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Henry Winning, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson, Daniel W. Pratt and Howard M. Munroe, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealey, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-second day of November, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

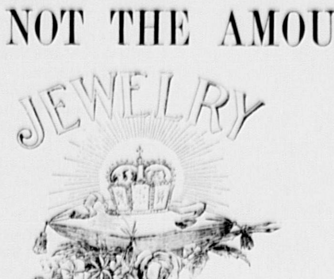
Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this third day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Family Cow For Sale.
Or will exchange for Horse and Carriage
Address 71 Wyman St,
E. C. COLMAN.

LAND WANTED.
10 to 50 acres of Land near Woburn wanted by
F. S. McGREGOR,
27 Music Hall Building, Boston.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST,
will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.
THURSDAY, Nov. 17,
Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.
Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on sale. We have them all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a good substitute for the money.
GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

New Styles for Autumn.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by Anna Bogie to Willard T. Sears, his heirs and assigns, dated January twenty-third, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2340, Page 204, for breach of conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, at three o'clock in the afternoon on

MONDAY, December 5th, 1898,

all and singular, the property conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, near East Woburn, or Montvale, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Vernon street, distant southerly from land now or late of Adna Page, measuring on said street four hundred and seventy-five 6-10 feet; and thence running south 4° 58' east, by said street, sixty feet; thence at a right angle westerly by land formerly of Foster, one hundred feet; thence northerly by land formerly of said Foster, sixty feet; thence easterly by land formerly of said Foster one hundred feet to the point of beginning; containing six thousand square feet.

The said premises are hereby conveyed subject to the restrictions contained in deed given by William C. Foster and Mary Pierce Foster to Ernest D. Blackwell, dated June 1, 1893, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book 2202, Page 15.

Being the same premises conveyed by Harmon Reed to me by deed dated January 23, 1895, to be herewith recorded.

This sale is made subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there are.

Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

WILLARD T. SEARS, Mortgagee.
FREDERICK O. WOODRUFF, Auctioneer,
40 Water Street, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Nathan W. Eaton to Charles N. Mellen dated December 29, 1892, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2166, Page 264, which mortgage deed has been assigned and is now held by Charles M. Tillinghast and Leonard Fowle, trustees under an indenture for the benefit of Josephine E. Henry and others, by assignment duly recorded with said Deeds, and for a breach of the conditions in said mortgage deed contained, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described on

Monday, the 28th day of November, 1898,

at three thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that day all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, in Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises at a point on the southerly side of Scott street distant forty-three feet westerly from land now, or late, of Francis Keyes; thence running westerly by said street two hundred fifty-one and 85-100 feet; thence turning and running a little east of south by land now or late of the Heirs of Dr. A. Plympton one hundred and thirty feet to other land now or late of said Heirs; thence turning and running a little north of east by land now or late of said Heirs to a point forty-four and 85-100 feet distant westerly from land now or late of said Keyes.

The sale will be made subject to all taxes, tax liens and assessments, if any. Further particulars at time and place of sale.

CHARLES M. TILLINGHAST & LEONARD FOWLE,
Trustees, Assignees of said Mortgage.
Boston, Oct. 31, 1898.
Blaney & Robinson, Attys, Sears Bldg.

STAR

Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

SUBJECTS and DATES:

NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

Tenement To Let.
Convenient and centrally located. Apply to
J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

All the Comforts of Home
depend on the judicious way [illegible]
We thank our line of TEAS will assist you [illegible]

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.
Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

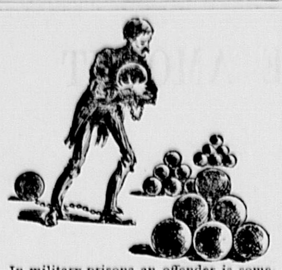
E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.
A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.
JOSEPH LINNELL,
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.
406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.



In military prisons an offender is sometimes sentenced to carry cannon balls from one place to another and pile them up all day long. That is all. Perhaps it does not seem very terrible but it soon wears his life out. It is practically a death sentence, and he knows it; he would rather be shot. Many a sick man feels the same way about the burden of disease that he is lugging back and forth from day to day. He would as soon be down with a mortal disease. It will come to that sooner or later.

A man's life can be dragged out by dyspepsia and liver complaint. The experience of Mr. J. T. Cardwell, of Fall Creek Depot, Pittsylvania Co., Va., shows how Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saves people from consumption by waking up their nutritive organism and giving it power to supply pure, healthy blood, which drives out blood poisons and dead tissues and builds up sound, wholesome flesh and muscle.

"I feel it my duty," writes Mr. Cardwell in a letter to Dr. Pierce, "to write you of the lasting benefits derived from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets.' Seven years ago I contracted a severe cold, which baffled the skill of one of the best physicians in my State. It ran on and I continually grew worse until I concluded to write to the 'World's Dispensary Medical Association.' The answer to my inquiry advised me to use 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' for indigestion and liver complaint; at this time two months had passed. In two or three days after I had commenced the use of your medicine my cough had entirely stopped, my digestion was better, my low spirits driven away and I felt new life and vigor in my whole body."

This marvelous "Discovery" makes nerve force and rugged power. It is far better than oily emulsions; it does not make flabby fat, it does not increase the weight of corpulent people.

A LESSON IN A BLOW.

AN ACT THAT THE HASTY MAN BITTERLY REPENTED.

A Touching Incident That Forcibly Illustrates the Soundness of Davy Crockett's Maxim, "Be Sure You Are Right, Then Go Ahead."

There are times when success depends upon quickness of action, and there are other times when it is wise to make haste slowly, particularly when one considers the many things in his life which he wishes he had left undone. It is a sensible rule not to be hasty, for the hasty man fashions many a bitter pill for his own consumption, and the hair trigger temper is almost always a boomerang to its unhappy possessor.

At the intersection of Pennsylvania and New York avenues one pleasant afternoon there occurred an incident that implanted in the kindly heart of a well known young Washington man a quality of shame that will unquestionably serve as one of the larger lessons of his life. The young man, accompanied by the young woman who was to become his wife in a short time, was standing close to the curbstone of the two avenues awaiting a Georgetown car.

The two were chatting merrily. The girl was in high spirits, and her laughter, the assonance of silver bells, was pleasant music. Suddenly the young woman ceased her laughter, and looked, with a flash of worriment in her expression, in the direction of a fine looking and well dressed man who was standing on the pavement, leaning slightly against an awning pole. Her escort, perceiving the sudden change in her manner and expression, also looked in the same direction.

"Why does that man gaze at me so strangely?" said the girl. "He has been looking at me with that same intentness ever since we have been standing here, and sometimes half smiling too. I am sure I do not know him. What can he mean?"

The young man with her flushed with anger as he looked upon the man pointed out by his fiancee. The man, with big, clear, gray eyes, was still regarding the girl with a deep intentness of expression, a smile flickering across at the corners of his strong mouth. He leaned easily against the awning pole and carried a heavy cane loosely in his left hand. The girl saw that her fiance was becoming wrought up over the apparently persistent and flirtatious stare of the man.

"Oh, never mind," she said. "Probably he thinks he knows me. Perhaps indeed he has met me somewhere."

"Nothing of the sort," was the reply. "The fellow is a masher, pure and simple. He needs a lesson."

The object of the conversation kept his gaze riveted upon the face of the young woman, even when the latter's fiance approached him menacingly. The young fellow, a powerful man, raised his right arm, and, with all of his force, struck the man with clear gray eyes on the right side of the face with a heavy open palm. The marks of his fingers stood out redly on the cheek of the man he had struck.

"I'll teach you, you loafer, to ogle young women on the street," said the young man as he delivered the blow.

The expression that appeared on the face of the older man, immediately he felt the impact of the blow, was almost inconceivably pathetic. He started, and then turned very pale.

"Man," he said, in a very low tone, "I am stone blind."

No one who witnessed the scene is likely to forget it, nor can any of the witnesses think of the really pitiable grief of the young chap who struck the blow without feeling for him. He fairly took the blind man in his arms in the frenzy of his excitement. The blind man generously made light of it all, but he could not mitigate the heavy humiliation of the hot headed young man.

"I heard the laughter of a young woman," said the blind man quietly. "It reminded me of the voice in merriment of a girl I knew before my sight was taken. That is why I turned in the direction whence the laughter came."

Then a negro lad in the livery of a "buttons" emerged from the drug store into which his master had sent him on an errand, and, taking the blind man by the hand, led him carefully up Fifteenth street.

The men and women who saw and heard it all felt almost as sorry for the naturally generous but foolishly impetuous young man who had struck the blow as they did for the blind man.—Exchange.

Brave Surgeons.

Persons who glorify military operations do not always stop to think that they could scarcely be undertaken without the aid of the medical staff. Here are men who must be consulted at every turn, who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who in the day of action risk their lives as truly as if they were heading a column. Blackwood's tells the story of an English surgeon who was mortally wounded at Majuba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be mated with that of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen.

The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shrieking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to the spot where the soldier lay, gave him an injection of morphine and died.

During the Ashanti war in 1874 the English force was hotly engaged at Amoaful, and one regiment was gallantly making its way through the bush. Several men had fallen, and every surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when suddenly two highlanders appeared, bearing between them a gallant old officer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spurting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case.

"If that man is not attended to," said he coolly, "he will be dead in five minutes."

And, though they were at the moment in an open space exposed to almost inevitable death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head and laid him down. Then, while the ugly "phit! phit!" of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken a nerve as if he had been in an operating room.

One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism, and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.

Where Water Is Water.

A. B. Ellis, while on a visit to Ascension island, met an old friend, who shook hands, reached down a coat from a peg and put it on, saying:

"Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?"

"Of course, of course," replied Mr. Ellis. "Take off more of your clothes if you'll feel more comfortable."

"N-no; it's not that, but the fact is I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on."

Mr. Ellis could but murmur his surprise at this strange circumstance and endeavored to look sympathetic. The friend continued, "I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed."

Mr. Ellis, hardly knowing what to say, inquired, "Why don't you?"

The friend unfolded a horrible tale to the effect that the water supply of the island consisted principally of what was distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's drips and Brandeth wells. That water was always so scarce that it was served out like a ration of rum, only more sparingly, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. But the condenser at that time had been out of order for some nine or ten days, and all the people on the island had been put on short allowance, so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.—Portland Oregonian.

How She Knew.

A little girl 6 years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese! It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made cows."—Philadelphia American.

THE NAMING OF JOHN BULL.

Dr. Arbuthnot Was the Man Who Thus Dubbed Great Britain.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, one of the many royal physicians to whom the Scotch city of Aberdeen has given birth, was the author of John Bull's being. Almost forgotten now by all but the erudite, who remember him as the intimate of Pope and Swift, Arbuthnot christened the British nation in bulk as John Bull in the political strife incidental to the dismissal of the Whig ministry of 1710, when the able and avaricious Marlborough saw the beginning of the decline of his brilliant fortunes.

"The History of John Bull" was a satire on the political events preceding the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, written by Arbuthnot. In 1704 he had been created physician extraordinary to the queen in recognition of his services in saving the life of Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. He had become the queen's medical attendant, a position of no mean importance at a time when so much depended on the succession to the crown, and he was closely in touch with court life.

"For the better understanding of the following history the reader ought to know that Bull in the main was an honest, plain dealing fellow, choleric, bold and of a very inconstant temper. He dreaded not old Lewis, either at backsword, single falchion or cudgel play, but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him. If you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much on the air; his spirits rose and fell with his weather glass.

"John was quick and understood his business very well, but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts or more cheated by partners."—New York Herald.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me.—Mrs. George Wass, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes, I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me.—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. Carrie V. Williams, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

"The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills

Comfort Powder Tender feet troubled Mrs. C. A. Howe, a trained nurse, of Allston, Mass., causing the usual suffering and annoyance until using Comfort Powder, by dusting in her stockings, it soothed, relieved, and cured, as it always will. 25 and 50 cents. Druggists.

DONAN'S COLOR WORDS.

Deity Wrought Splendors of the Night In The Fastnesses of Utah.

Nowhere on all God's earth are the phenomena of air and sky and light more marvelously glorious and beautiful than in this golden mountain region of the holy land and the American dead sea. It is a region of magnificent sunrises and sunsets, of rainbows and halos, mirages, aureoles and auroras, where snow falls and lightnings flash amid all the glory of radiant sunlight and moonlight and starlight, where ebon thunderclouds frown around one peak, while a dazzle of radiance bathes the lofty brow of its next neighbor. Nowhere is the nightly sky more deeply, purely blue or luminous with larger jewellike stars. It is a realm of meteoric wonders, of prismatic miracles. Lunar rainbows, scarcely seen once in a lifetime in other lands, are frequent occurrences here, but never even here—never since the strange, resplendent token of Jehovah's covenant with a dripping world first cast its luminous coronet around the frowning brow of Ararat—has the heaven turned eye beheld a richer, rarer manifestation of the divine handiwork than that which feasted the gaze of a few late vigil keeping citizens of Zion last Saturday night. The display of celestial decorative taste and genius was transcendently glorious and sublime. Omnipotence itself, with all the dazzling prismatic stores of the universe at its command, could have devised nothing more enchantingly beautiful.

The sky of this grand intermountain realm was as blue as ever bent its sapphirean arch above the far famed waters of the Golden Horn, as blue and clear as the prude, translucent crystal that domes the gold paved, jewel gated city of God, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The moon, radiant queen of love and romance, sailed up the fleckless azure attended by a royal retinue of gemlike stars. A flood of soft, delicious light fell, like a silver mantle, on snow crowned crag and mirrored lake, on stream and woodland, roof and spire. The city lay asleep, and all nature seemed bathed in sweet effulgence and holy calm. Soon after midnight a vast, weird mass of fleecy cloud swept slowly up from the horizon, a floating island of supernal snow in a glowing sapphire sea. It drifted on and up till, enveloping the moon, she peeped out from behind it like a fair girl face through a bridal veil. A ring of light, colorless as pearl, white as the ghost of a dead sun gleam, surrounded her. Once having caught her in its coils, it rapidly expanded, and its outer edge took a pale lemon hue. This soon deepened into yellow, and that to orange. Then came a circlet of green, so tender, so delicate, that it could only have been wrought by mermaids' hands in ocean palaces of shadowy shells. The deeper emerald came next, followed by blue of heaven's own liquid dyes. An airy scarf of daintiest violet, and a broad border band of rose color blushing into aerial crimson, completed the ravishing concentric tiara, and over it all flitted a gauzy cloud crape, varying in tint from the ethereal pink of peach bloomy beauty's cheeks to the faint spirit of green that dwells in an opal's heart—not a color, but a mere gentle dream of color. Two large golden stars twinkled in and out amid the gorgeous deity woven drapery of film, as if enraptured with the loveliness of which they formed a part.

And ever and anon a rift in the great snowbank of cloud brought out the queenly moon in full splendor and sent 10,000 glittering rainbow fragments whirling about the sky, only to unite again in kaleidoscopic rings without end, and glories unsurpassed in a lifetime's recollection of empyreal pyrotechnics. For two full hours almighty power and skill kept the curtains up and the magnificent spectacle in view. If the wrong side of heaven is so transportingly beautiful and lovely, what must the right side be?—Colonel P. Donan in Salt Lake City Utahnian.

Foreigners In Argentina.

It is estimated that there are 345,393 foreigners in the city of Buenos Ayres and that the total number of foreigners in the Argentine Republic is about 1,000,000.

WEATHER VANES.

Some With Ball Bearings Nowadays, but Most of Them Made In the Old Way.

There are made nowadays some weather vanes with ball bearings, but they are comparatively few in number. The very great majority of vanes are made with the simple spindle and socket. The spindle, upon which the vane turns, is set in a supporting rod of wrought iron. The spindle is of hardened steel. It is slenderer than the rod, so that there is a shoulder all around the base of it. The tip of the spindle is rounded and polished. The socket or tube, which is a part of the vane, is also of steel. The upper, closed end of this socket is rounded to fit the tip of the spindle and polished smooth. The socket does not come quite down to the shoulder of the base of the spindle. The bearing is on the top of the spindle, upon which the smooth, rounded top of the socket turns. It is at the top of the spindle that the balls are placed when a vane is made with ball bearings.

The best vanes are made with the greatest nicety and precision, so that they balance perfectly and turn with the least possible wear. The vane is, of course, longer on one side of the socket than on the other, or it would not turn with the wind, but its weight is the same on both sides. If it is a narrow vane, for instance, the weight of the solid head is easily made equal to that of the longer, projecting, but thinner feather end, and all vanes, whatever they may be, are balanced as to weight and so adjusted that they turn easily and with the least possible friction.

A perfectly constructed and nicely adjusted vane whose support remains plumb will keep in working condition for a great many years. There is a vane on a church in Ridgefield, N. J., that, so far as information goes, has been turning unfailingly since the year 17[illegible]. An ill balanced vane of poor materials might not last more than ten years. A correctly constructed vane of good materials would last many years longer. It may also be said that such a vane never wears out. A vane is oiled when it is first put up, but never after that.

The vane is not held down upon its supporting spindle in any way except by its own weight, and it might seem that a gust of wind would sometimes rise up under it with such force as to lift the vane clear. But the spindles are from 7 to 10 inches in length, and the vane projects from the spindle unevenly—that is, with a greater bulk on one side than on the other—and the chances are immeasurably against a gust of wind of sufficient force rising directly upward with its force so distributed that it would lift the vane straight upward without binding on the spindle. A manufacturer of vanes says that as a matter of fact he had never known a vane to be lifted off by the wind.

But it might be possible for a vane to be lifted off from above, as by the tail of a kite, and sometimes the working of a vane is interfered with by a kite tail twisted about it. A costly indicator vane that had been set up with great care became after a time irregular and uncertain in its operation. There was no apparent cause for the failure, but a minute examination revealed a piece of kite tail twisted around the spindle. This was removed, and thereafter the vane worked perfectly. It is not a common thing for kite tails to catch in weather vanes, but it is not so uncommon as to be very remarkable. Sometimes vanes are struck by lightning, so that they will not work. It may be that a vane that does not always turn is so situated with relation to other buildings that when the wind is from certain quarters the current does not reach it, but a good vane, properly mounted and set where the wind can get at it, will turn with the wind for an almost indefinite period.

The best vanes are made of copper, gilded. The gilding will stay bright for a long time. Vanes are made in a very great variety of styles. One manufacturer makes more than 500 different styles of vanes, and vanes of any size and design are made to order. The vanes most commonly sold are the horse and the arrow.—New York Sun.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

MAKE HENS LAY

like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first

One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for many family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness,

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free, I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

The "Six Hundred Ruffians."

On Feb. 23, 1838, Lord Maidstone called the attention of the house to a speech delivered by O'Connell at a political dinner in London, in which he asserted that the Tory election committee of the day—or the committees appointed by the house to try election petitions, a practice which has since been abolished—had stooped to "foul perjury" in order that their friends might retain their seats. A vote of censure on O'Connell, which was moved by Lord Maidstone, was carried by a majority of nine.

A few days later a curious scene was witnessed in the house. O'Connell had to stand up in his place in the crowded chamber while the speaker, James Abercromby, solemnly reproved him for "the false and scandalous imputation" he had cast upon "the honor and conduct of members of the house. It now only remains," said the speaker in conclusion, "that in obedience to the commands of this house I should reprimand you, as I now accordingly do."

The reprimand, however, made no impression upon O'Connell. "I have repented of nothing, I have retracted nothing," said he in the course of a speech he delivered when the speaker resumed his seat, and he concluded by moving for a committee before which to prove his charges. He subsequently described the house of commons—in a speech delivered outside—as "six hundred ruffians."—Nineteenth Century.

His Streak of Humor.

There is a fat boy who sells papers and whose customary stamping ground is the corner of Euclid and Wilson avenues. He is a popular fat boy. He is a fat boy with a humorous streak. He makes funny impromptu remarks on occasions, but usually life with him is too full of car jumping episodes to warrant much levity.

Not long ago he had another boy with him. Perhaps he was coaching the boy, perhaps the newcomer was a rival. Anyway the fat boy was close at the heels of the other boy when a certain car was boarded a few mornings ago.

"Mornin paper!" yelled the new boy. "All about th' big fire in th' shoe shop—17 lives lost!"

The fat boy fiercely yanked the new boy's coattails.

"What's th' matter wid you?" growled the new boy. "Ain't I doin it right?" And he gave the cry again.

"You chump," snorted the fat boy, "you want to say 'souls,' not 'lives.'"

"Theunder," said the new boy, "I forgot."

Then his voice solemnly arose again.

"All about th' big fire in th' shoe shop—17 souls lost."

And the face of the fat boy broadened with wild delight.

And all the passengers enjoyed his amusement as much as they did the evident joke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Korean Geomancers.

The influence of the geomancers extends from the king to his humblest subjects and illustrates the cunning and simplicity which are combined in the Korean character. These professional oracles are consulted on all occasions by all sorts of people. The king never thinks of doing anything without first asking their opinion. They are more important to him than legal advisers are to railways and other corporations that employ them, and they are attached to all the departments of the government. At the same time they are notoriously corrupt, and their advice is always influenced by the payment of money.

If any one desires to obtain a favor from the king he usually endeavors to secure the good offices of the geomancer who is likely to be consulted, and the amount of the bribe corresponds to the importance of the matter. While the geomancer pretends to consult the spirits and observe the movements of the stars, his client knows that it is the money that governs his action. Nevertheless when the client is required to perform some important official act he consults the same old humbug, who has been bribed by some one else to influence his decision, and he is perfectly aware of the fact.—Chautauquan.

Parnell's Apology.

Mr. Parnell on the 16th of April, 1878, characterized a statement made by Mr. Henry James as "a legal quibble" worthy of the honorable and learned member from whom it proceeded.

"I must inform the honorable member," said the speaker, "that an expression of that kind is unwarrantable and must be withdrawn."

Mr. Parnell apologized for having used the expression. "I will say," he added, "that the statement was more worthy of the ingenuity of a petty sessions attorney than of a lawyer of the ability of the honorable and learned gentleman."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 20.

Text of the Lesson, II Chron. xxxiii, 9-16. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, I John i, 9—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

9. "So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err and to do worse than the heathen whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel." This is a summary of the previous part of this chapter concerning the sins of Manasseh, who began to reign when he was 12 years old and reigned 55 years in Jerusalem. He shed innocent blood very much till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another (II Kings xxi, 16). He wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord to provoke Him to anger. Then think of the people of God acting worse than the heathen who knew not God, and even worshiping an idol, a carved image, in the house of God where He had put His name and His glory! What a contrast to the conduct of his father Hezekiah, who for the most part wrought good and right and truth before the Lord his God (chapter xxxi, 20). How could such a good father have such a bad son? But it is not an uncommon story. Consider the sons of Eli and of Samuel and of David. How could sinful King Ahaz, because of whose sins the Lord brought Judah low (chapter xxviii, 19), have such a good son as Hezekiah? His mother's name was Abi, the daughter of Zachariah (II Kings xviii, 2), and to her possibly much is due. But Manasseh's mother was Hephzibah (my delight is in her), and if there is anything in a name he, too, may have had a good mother (II Kings xxi, 1). Our Heavenly Father knows what it is to have rebellious children (Isa. i, 2), and when He permits us to have rebellious children it is a ground of fellowship with Him.

10. "And the Lord spake to Manasseh, and to his people, but they would not hearken." Oh, how often the Lord has to say concerning those whom He would love to bless that they would not let Him, they would not listen to Him, they would not come to Him (Isa. xxx, 15; Math. xxiii, 37; John v, 40). If we only would receive His word with meekness, yield fully to Him and be willing and obedient, how much of heaven we might have upon the earth! How earnestly God cries to His people by His servants the prophets, as, for example, in Jer. iii, 13, 14, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity; turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you." See also Ezek. xviii, 30-32; xxxiii, 11, etc.

11. "Wherefore the Lord brought upon them the captains of the host of the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns and bound him with fetters and carried him to Babylon." Thus he found some reaping, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and they who sow the wind may reap the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 7; Hos. viii, 7). Affliction is often the best thing that can come to one who is wandering from God. God is not willing that any should perish, and if sinners will not listen to gracious words of love He will seek to win them by chastening, as He has said in Job xxxiii, 29, 30.

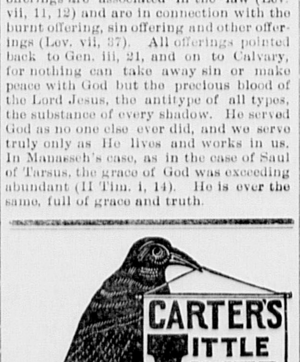
12. "And when he was in affliction he besought the Lord his God and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers." It is often the case that only in affliction will a soul turn to the Lord, even as it is written in Hos. v, 15, "In their affliction they will seek Me early." It will be seen on a larger scale some day, for it is written in Isa. xxvi, 9, "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." Even the fearful judgments of Rev. ix and xvi are intended, if possible, to bring men to repentance. See Rev. ix, 20, 21; xvi, 9, 11. Pride and self will are born in us as the results of Adam's sin, the work of the devil, and all people are either Cains or Abels, the former proudly resisting God and His salvation, and the latter humbly confessing their sins and accepting His way of redemption. The Pharisees when our Lord was on earth were of the line of Cain, religious, but proud and hating God and His way.

13. "And prayed unto Him, and He was entreated of him and heard his supplication and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord He was God." Manasseh was evidently a true penitent, and God's ear is ever open to such. It is always true for such on God's part, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi, 37). It is written in I Chron. v, 20 concerning some of Israel that they cried to God in the battle and He was entreated of them, because they put their trust in Him. Ezra says in chapter viii, 23, "So we fasted and besought our God for this, and He was entreated of us." As to the mercy which is with God for the greatest sinner who with true penitence turns to Him we need only consider the case of the penitent thief or of Saul of Tarsus. But who could be greater in sin than this son of Hezekiah?

14. "Now after this he built a wall without the city of David." The building of this wall and the placing of captains of war in the fenced cities does not imply any lack of trust in God, but is rather suggestive of keeping the Lord's property for the Lord. In Canticles iv, 12, the bride is compared to a garden inclosed, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed; something kept solely for the owner. In Isa. lx, 18, the walls of Zion are called salvation and her gates praise. In Zech. ii, 5, the Lord says He will be unto her a wall of fire round about. Walls and protections of any kind are naught unless they are of God.

15. "And he took away the strange gods and the idol out of the house of the Lord." As the children of God we are expected to put away from us all the works of the flesh and to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit (Eph. iv, 22, 31; II Cor. vii, 1). Having received the Lord Jesus, we are looked upon as having died with Him and risen from the dead to walk in newness of life; dead unto sin, but alive unto God, yielded unto Him as His property for His use exclusively (Rom. vi, 4, 11, 13).

16. "And he repaired the altar of the Lord * * * and commanded Judah to serve the Lord God of Israel. Peace and thank-offerings are associated in the law (Lev. vii, 11, 12) and are in connection with the burnt offering, sin offering and other offerings (Lev. vii, 37). All offerings pointed back to Gen. iii, 21, and on to Calvary, for nothing can take away sin or make peace with God but the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, the antitype of all types, the substance of every shadow. He served God as no one else ever did, and we serve truly only as He lives and works in us. In Manasseh's case, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus, the grace of God was exceeding abundant (II Tim. i, 14). He is ever the same, full of grace and truth.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Her Boy was Dying.

How a child was brought back from the brink of the grave to enjoy a healthy, happy childhood. One mother's advice for parents concerning the health of their children.

The boy about whom this strange, true story is told wasted away till he seemed nothing but skin and bones. Then his health turned and he became fat and hearty.

The first stage is familiar to many parents. The second is of deep interest to all parents or friends of ailing little ones.

Fathers and mothers, who long to have their children healthy and happy cannot fail to sympathize and rejoice with Mr. and Mrs John F. Williams.

Their comfortable home, a short distance from Damon, Ill., is happy now because of the wonderful events that are told in words eloquent with simple truth and gratitude, by the mother of the boy.

"Our Josie was never strong," said Mrs. Williams. "From his birth he was weak and puny.

"Two years ago, when he was two years old, he had an attack of lung fever. Dr. N. A. Jones cured this fever, but the child did not recover strength.

"He began fading away beneath our eyes.

"He had no appetite, vomited a great deal, coughed continually, his limbs became withered.

"He became painfully weak and emaciated. We waited for his death.

"At this time a boarder named Asa Robinson suggested that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People would do the child good.

"They had cured Mr. Robinson of rheumatism and he believed in them.

"My husband bought three boxes of the pills. We began giving Josie one-third of a pill three times a day.

"In three days the child was brighter His appetite was better. He began to show interest in toys and was less fretful.

"We increased the dose, giving him half a pill at a time. He gained every day in weight and appetite.

"At the end of this treatment, after taking three boxes, he was a new boy.

"He was happy, hearty, enjoying life with his little companions.

"I have no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved him from an early grave."

Mrs. Williams made affidavit to the truth of her statement before David Crisp, a Notary Public.

Dr. A. A. McCabe examined the child and made oath before Notary Mort Brooks, that he is now physically sound and well.

The evidence is completed by Dr. N. A. Jones, who made affidavit before Notary George Rupp, that the child had been in the condition described by Mrs. Williams, as the result of catarrhal pneumonia.

The action of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the blood and nervous system, in eliminating poisons and furnishing materials for new tissues, makes them a sure remedy for wasting diseases and the long train of evils arising from disordered blood and nerves. All druggists sell the pills; one box for 50 cents; six boxes for $2.50.

GAMBLER AND GENTLEMAN.

A Dramatic Story of Corwin and a Mississippi River Game.

"I am a believer," said the colonel, tilting his chair and resting his perfectly polished boots on one of its rungs, "in man's natural goodness. I had the pleasure once of knowing an honest gambler.

"Corwin, when I met him, was a Mississippi river gambler. He traveled—in fact, lived—on the big river steamboats. He never attempted to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply: 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation, and a good one. If you care to have me play with you, it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'

"There was a cool, matter of fact way about him which froze the ardor of every one else except a young man about 25 years old. This player was in ill luck, but with flushed face and feverish eye he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Corwin must have noticed it, for he ceased to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other.

"There was a pot of $300 once, and every one had dropped out except the young man. Corwin had been playing his hand like a wonderful automaton, passionless but sure. No man except his opponent perhaps could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly, when his rival bet $50, Corwin laid down his hand, saying: 'I have nothing. You played that well.' The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand laid on the table. 'That is not true,' he said. 'You have a good hand, and you are afraid to play it against me.' Corwin shot a hot glance across the table past him, and two red spots flashed into his cheeks. 'I lay down my hand,' he said slowly, but with a slight tremor in his voice. 'And I say,' added the other in a low tone, 'that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward!'

"'Hush,' I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve. 'You do not know what you are saying. He is not a coward by any manner of means.' The young man shook off my hand vehemently. 'He is a coward,' he repeated, 'and I will answer for my words at the first landing.'

"I looked at Corwin. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand, and, as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glass with a bullet. There were graver stories, too, of his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless, with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words.

"'Does the game go on?' he asked quietly. 'Not with you,' said the young man, bending forward, the veins of his forehead swelling. 'Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet,' and with a sudden motion he thrust his hand across the table and, seizing Corwin's hand, turned the cards face up on the table. I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Corwin's right hand, for I felt that he would draw his revolver at the insult. But a hush fell over those around the table and the hotheaded young man was gazing stupidly at the cards before him. Four aces lay there, an invincible hand, for straight flushes were not then played. There was a blue tinge on Corwin's white lips, and the young man looked bewildered. Then the young fellow burst into tears.

"'We can't play together any more,' he cried. 'You threw money into my pocket because you thought I was losing too much. I can't take it,' he said, rising from his chair. 'You can,' said the gambler, in an even voice. 'I laid down my hand. The money is yours. Besides,' he added, with a little shiver, 'I held out an ace on you.'

"Every man at the table knew that Corwin had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there before his money. I found Corwin shortly afterward standing upon the deck looking into the darkly whirling water. 'Give me your hand,' I said. 'What in the world did you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life.'

"'Tut, tut,' he answered, with a little laugh that was slightly harsh, 'he is only a boy and I loved his mother once.'"—Chicago Chronicle.

Docking a Dog's Meat.

I went to church not long ago, says a contributor, and heard the following tale given in explanation of the words "collection" and "offering," and the difference between them:

A certain small boy had a dog which he had named Fido. The boy was very fond of Fido. One day at dinner the boy's father noticed him taking the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placing it on another plate. Upon inquiry the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. "My son," said papa, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps which are left." The boy protested, but the father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection."—Albany Journal.

A LOCAL Disease A Climatic Affection

Nothing but a local remedy or change of climate will cure it. Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy,

ELY'S Cream Balm

It is quickly Absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation.

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COLD IN HEAD

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full Size 50c.; Trial Size 10c., at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

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No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

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LAWRENCE READE,

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Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.

214 Main St., Woburn

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, 1896.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. Scantlebury.

For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Chocolate.

In preparing chocolate, a paste should first be made. The proportion in making chocolate is one square of chocolate to one tablespoonful of hot water. This is stirred smooth in the double boiler, chafing dish or whatever utensil is used for making it, and then the milk or milk and water added. The proportion of half water to the chocolate makes it more digestible. Allow one cup or one-half pint of liquid to the square of chocolate. The water is first added to the paste and well cooked. There is not the oiliness to the chocolate, and it is much more delicate if the milk is not cooked after being poured in, but merely allowed to become thoroughly hot. No scum arises on the chocolate when the paste is first made. The paste is convenient. It can be made and kept on hand, packed in a small china vessel for two or three days and used when desired. The chocolate should be well beaten with an egg beater, the dish being placed on the back of the range, if convenient, before serving. To give additional nourishment, the white or the yolk and white of an egg well beaten can be stirred into the chocolate.—New York Times.

To give you an opportunity of testing the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most reliable cure for catarrh and cold in the head, a generous 10 cent trial size can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 15, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Week Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 6.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9.40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m., then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street, WOBURN.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
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Coal and Wood,
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Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
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— DEALERS IN —
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Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2. Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Quick Ease for Corns!
15c.
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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
34	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
35	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
36	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
37	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
38	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
39	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
41	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
42	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
43	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
45	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
46	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
47	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
48	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
49	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
51	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
52	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
53	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
54	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
55	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
56	Main Street near Ash street.
57	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
58	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
59	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
61	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
62	Main St., opp. Salem St.
63	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
64	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
65	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
66	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
67	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
68	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
69	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
71	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
312	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
412	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
512	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m., 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m. throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Patronage respectfully solicited.

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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

The great man sat in his easy chair,
Addressing a small black poodle there,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.
His eyes were blurred with running tears,
And anguish on his brow appears,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.

Wives don't like dogs, so I am told,
And now, when nights are bitter cold,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.
Instead of you upon my feet
I'll water bottles have for heat,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.

My heart a lonely aching feels
To think outside you'll take your meals,
Goodby, my dog, goodby.
Upon the mat like comomn curs,
You, who've been used to richest furs,
Goodby, my dog, goodby.

But sometimes, when my wife's away,
And cannot sternly say us nay,
Goodby, my dog, goodby.
At table you shall sit once more,
And all shall be as 'twas before,
Goodby, my dog, goodby.

And you must sleep no more, my dog,
On mats before the smoldering log,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.
A kennel now is in the yard,
Where you must dwell—ah, yes, 'tis hard,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.

And when we drive, O hardest fate!
The seat where you so long have sate,
Goodby, my dog, goodby,
No more a resting place you'll find,
For dogs must run along behind,
Goodby, my dog, goodby.

I'm not a traitor, doggy mine.
My heart is just as truly thine,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.
But I must give up many a craze,
And seek some other little ways,
Farewell, my dog, farewell.

—Mopoke in Adelaide Observer.

TOM'S GOOD NAME.

Natty Byrne sat on his high stool near the one window of the cabin in the falling dusk. He was tired of waiting, very tired, but his grandfather's orders had been explicit. "Shtay here, Natty, till ye see me ag'in. There's bread in the cupboard an maybe a taste o' butther, an I'll bring somethin swate for ye from Carmore." I do not say that Natty had not thought of disobeying. As a matter of fact, the temptation had recurred at short intervals during the whole afternoon, once in the almost irresistible form, that he ought to go and look at the pig, but he had got no farther than the door. He had a great feeling of importance too. He had never been left alone for so long before, and the burden of responsibility pleased him. He had also a vague idea that something was going to happen, because two days before his grandfather had written a letter. The letter had cost old Nat half a day's work, and he had used a whole penny packet of stationery over it.

As it grew darker Natty began to feel a little afraid. He would have left the high stool if the dignity derived from his exalted position had not balanced the fact that his bare feet did not touch the ground. He was very proud of the stool. No other boy he knew had one like it, and although it was extremely inconvenient he often insisted upon eating his meals at that distinguished altitude.

From time to time he glanced furtively around the cabin. Old Nat's bed, narrow and dark, set against the wall like a ship's berth, had a sinister look in that ambiguous twilight. Even Natty's own little crib, which consisted of a deal platform raised a foot from the floor, with a mattress on the top of it, looked unfamiliar. The peats on the open hearth burned dimly, the chairs seemed to have doubled in bulk since the sunshine faded, the rough wood table loomed large and grim. After every furtive survey the boy brought his eyes back to the gray square of the window with a little shivering gasp. It occurred to him to light the lamp, but as that was an office he had never performed, it being beyond his years, he felt himself unequal to the task. Besides, that would mean trotting over the floor, and in the darkness his bare feet might touch something horrible.

But all at once he grew quite brave again, for he heard the sound of footsteps coming slowly up the mountain pathway. It was too dark to see who it was, but, of course, it must be old Nat, and Natty promptly began to wonder what the "somethin swate" might be that was at that moment doubtless getting warm and sticky in his grandfather's pocket. He climbed down from his stool and pattered softly over the hard earth floor to the door. The footsteps paused and there was a knock. Natty's heart went down into his plump toes. He was so terrified that he could not move to raise the latch. The knock was not repeated, but the door was softly opened, and Natty saw a dim head thrust in.

"Is Nat Byrne at home?" asked a voice.

"Plase, sorr, no!" gasped Natty.

"Whin'll he be back, an who are you at all?"

"He'll be back, sorr, this minute an plase, I'm Natty." The stranger came in and closed the door. He peered curiously around the room.

"An who is Natty? Where are ye at all?"

"Here," said Natty.

"Is it down there ye are? Well, well! Have ye a light? Sure a cat couldn't see in the like av this!"

Natty, somewhat reassured, set a small lamp on the table and carried a box of matches to his visitor.

"Will ye light it, sorr? I don't know the way av it!"

The matches were taken from his hand, and presently, to the boy's relieved eyes, the familiar cabin shone before him again. He was afraid no longer. The idea of a thief never occurred to him, and if it had, so far as Natty knew, there was nothing to steal.

"Sit down, sorr," he said, "in the little chair," he added. "The big wan's grandad's." The stranger obeyed him in silence, and Natty climbed up to his stool again to bring himself to a proper conversational level.

"So ye're Tom's and Biddy's boy?"

"I am that," said Natty.

"An a pretty pair they was," murmured the stranger. He was a little, narrow chested man, dressed in what seemed a Sunday suit of rusty black. His jaw was square; the lips were thin and pursed; a pair of small black eyes glinted above wrinkled cheeks; the hair was close cropped around his bullet head. The boy decided that he didn't like him much.

"How ould are ye?" the man asked.

"Siven," said Natty.

"Is it so long?" said the other. After a long silence Natty arose suddenly to the responsibility of his position.

"Are ye hungry, sorr?" he asked.

"I am dead hungry." The boy brought the remains of the bread and butter from the cupboard; also a bowl of milk.

"Grandad," he explained, "will maybe bring somethin betther. Was he expectin ye at all, sorr?"

"He was, for he sint me a letther."

"Thin it was ye the letther wint to?"

"It kem to me anyway!" Natty was disappointed. He had vaguely anticipated greater results than this from the letter.

"He wouldn't expect me tonight," the other explained. "'Twas tomorrer mornin I should have come, but I had a slack day, worse luck, an used it this way." The boy nodded. Then he asked, "Are ye one av mine?"

"Wha' do ye mane?"

"'Lations."

"To be sure I am—yer cousin. Did ye niver hear av me?"

"What name have ye, sorr?"

"Me name," said the little man, with crackling dignity, "is Timothy Daly."

"Thin ye're Cousin Tim?"

"I am." There was another pause, in which Natty began to feel some slight natural drawings toward the new relation, and with them came a renewed sense of his duty as host.

"Are ye tired, Cousin Tim?" he asked.

"Dog tired, boy."

"Thin ye might sit in grandad's chair. 'Tis fine an aisy." Daly made the exchange of seats without speaking. He was, in fact, very tired indeed and not overpleased at old Byrne's mysterious summons. The men had not met for six years, and there had been no love lost between them at any time. Daly was a well to do, hard headed man to whom poor relations were as the dregs in his cup of fortune, but he never denied the bond of blood if he sometimes disregarded its claims.

"Do thim boots hurt ye?" Natty inquired, curling up his own naked toes.

"They do," said Daly, "an I've walked twilve mile in 'em."

"Tek 'em aff," said Natty. "Wait," he added, jumping once more from his stool. "I'll do it fur ye, Cousin Tim." He was down on his knees before Daly had time to say a word, and whether it was the simple kindness of the action or the sight of the curly bent head or the unfamiliar touch of little fingers I cannot say, but the man was struck home.

"Ach, but it's a good boy ye are," he said, patting Natty's cheek.

"Boots," said Natty, speaking from an infinitesimal experience, "is terrible tirin to the fate. There, Cousin Tim, now I'll sthir up the fire an put on another pate."

This being accomplished, Natty again perched himself on his stool. Daly watched him with blinking eyes. The keen mountain air had made him sleepy, and a feeling of drowsy kindliness crept over him. He nodded now and then, awakening with a jerk, and always to find Natty's benign gaze fixed upon him.

"Go to slape," said Natty, "an I'll wake ye whin grandad comes." Daly smiled and settled back in his chair. In a moment he was asleep. It seemed to the boy that Cousin Tim's head must be uncomfortable against the hard wood, so he got his own small pillow, which had a chronic dusky hue, and settled it under the man's wiry hair. Daly smiled again feebly, but without opening his eyes.

Half an hour after this Natty heard other footsteps. He held up a warning finger as Nat entered and pointed to the sleeping visitor.

"'Tis Tim, sure," murmured the old man.

"He's slapin," whispered Natty.

Nat set down the great basket he was carrying cautiously upon the table and examined Tim Daly with the closest attention. The survey did not appear to please him particularly.

"Jist the same," he said. "Divil a change—a black, hard man, God help 'im!" There was a strange glitter in the old man's red rimmed eyes, a look in which anger and triumph contended, but the latter won. He had the marks of a hard life upon his face and body, deep lines, bent shoulders, knotted and clumsy hands. His feet dragged as he moved, all the spring had long since left his joints; yet he carried himself with a certain open dignity. Ragged gray hair fell round a face sharply eager and aquiline.

The first thing he did was to take a bag of sweets from his pocket. These were transferred to Natty, who immediately fell to a contented munching of them. Then he unpacked the basket and revealed to the boy's astonished gaze luxuries which he had only dreamed of or seen in shop windows at Carmore—a tin of salmon, a pot of jam, three loaves of white bread, a cake in silver paper and a bottle of wine. Nat had hesitated long over the wine, but he had convinced himself that it was the proper thing, and so at last had bought it. All these viands were set forth upon the table, and Nat fell back to admire the effect.

"'Tis shplendid," said Natty.

"Ye may say that, indade! This'll be a great avenin, bedad! Not that ye'll undershtand it, pet, but thim as wint'll know, God rest 'em!"

"Is we to ate thim things?" asked the boy.

"What else'll they be for? An ye'll have yer share too." Natty made a noise that indicated passionate inner surprise and joy.

These preparations had not disturbed the sleeping man, so Nat sat down to rest. He looked very old and weary, very near the end of life, but what remained burned clearly. His one hope for six years had been to accomplish what he was at last ready to do that night, but when he looked at Natty his eyes grew a little dim.

At last he rose and touched Daly upon the shoulder.

"That's a good boy, now," the man murmured.

"He thinks 'tis me," said Natty, grinning. A more vigorous shake brought him upright and fully awake.

"Ye're welcome, Tim Daly."

"Ah, an ye're back, thin, Nat." They shook hands with manifest restraint.

"Ye'll egscuse me," said Nat, "fur kapin ye waitin, but 'twas tomorrer I egspected ye."

"'Twas tomorrer the letther said, but I had a slack day an kem. I was tellin Natty there av it." He rested his hand for a moment on Natty's head. Nat drew the boy quickly away.

"Lave 'im be!" he said.

Tim colored slightly and turned to reach his hands over the fire. "I s'pose ye think a power av that boy," he said.

"I think the world av him. Iver since he were a raw babe I've done fur 'im, an why wouldn't I be proud av 'im now?"

"Thrue fur ye," said Tim. "Why not, indade?"

"Dhraw up," said Nat, "an let's ate. Afther, we'll talk av why I sint fur ye, Tim."

They drew near the table and fell to. The men glanced at each other furtively from time to time. In Nat's eyes the triumph still shone; in Tim Daly's there was a half pathetic, questioning look, as though he did not quite understand it all. But Natty was perfectly unconcerned. This godlike feast excluded every other possible thought or sensation—he ate and was satisfied.

After the meal was over came the time of pipes and silence. Tim and Nat sat on opposite sides of the hearth. Natty, feeling unequal to the ascent of his high stool, squatted complacently on the edge of his bed. He soon became so sleepy that his head dropped forward with a jerk.

"Slape inside yer bed, Natty; not outside," said the old man. "Aff wid thim things, boy, quick." Natty disrobed in an incredibly short time—the untying of a single string seemed to complete the operation. Nat looked lovingly at the plump, brown body.

"Fat?" he murmured to himself. "He's as fat as butther, the darlint!" Natty dived under his blanket and promptly went to sleep.

After a time Nat rose and crossed the uneven floor to the bedside. He turned back the blanket to make sure that Natty was safely dreaming and then stooped awkwardly toward the boy's face, but his back was too stiff for such an exercise, and he had to fall upon his knees to kiss the moist forehead. Tim Daly did not turn, but he saw what was happening by the shadow thrown on the white wall. Nat remained on his knees for a minute, and the watcher of the shadow saw the sign of the cross made on brow and breast.

The old man rose and came back to the hearth. For a moment he stood there gazing down into the glowing peats, and it was clear to Tim that a struggle was going on in Nat's heart, a struggle that shook him bitterly, but presently he threw his head sharply up, and it was over. He moved a loose stone from the wall above the chimney and took out a little leather bag; from his pocket he took another. These he laid tremblingly upon the table and untied the strings. Tim Daly, still watching silently, saw a glittering stream of gold trickle from the bags. Nat counted it in tens. There were four little piles of ten sovereigns each.

He turned to Daly with a face that showed pale beneath its tan. "With that," he said, "I pay back what me son Tom Byrne borrowed, an I ask ye to onsay the bitther word ye spoke."

"What do ye mane?" asked Daly chokingly.

"Ye know well what I mane. Didn't the poor boy borrer £40 av ye?"

"He did."

"An didn't ye say to me, the breath bein hardly out av 'is body, 'The blagyard niver mint to pay me back!' Thim was the words an 'im dead—'The blagyard niver mint to pay me back.'"

"I was in dhrink," said Daly.

"An I was dhrunk, too, wid sorrer for 'im as 'ad gone. I pay the debt to ye tonight, Tim Daly, an I ask ye before God to onsay thim words, an ye'll dhrink to 'im as died for an honest man. Fur six years I've sweated to win the gould an me boy's good name, an there it is, iviry penny av it, an if I die tonight I'll die aisy."

Daly glanced toward the sleeping Natty and rubbed his dry lips with the back of his hand.

"So that's why ye sint fur me?" he asked.

"That I might gev it into yer own hand."

"Thin ye'll be a rich man now, Nat?"

"Rich? Begorra, how 'ud I be rich? 'Tis all I have, an well spint for the boy."

"An what'll Natty do?"

"Don't spake av 'im!" cried the old man sharply. "He must work now; he's sthrong an well."

"But £40, an what ye might add to ut 'ud make 'im a good start in life."

"I've no £40 fur 'im. Take yer gould, Tim, an onsay thim words."

Daly looked again toward Natty's bed, and then at the gold. The money drew hard at his heartstrings, but something in him had sprung to life stronger than his passion for gain.

"Ye musht think well av me," he said, "to trate me the like av this."

"I think no ill of ye beyant bein a hard man."

Daly craned forward and spat fiercely into the fire.

"I'm not so d——d hard as that!" he cried. "Would I take the gould from the child there? God save me! Would I touch a pinny av 'is as called me cousin an rested me an put 'is own piller undher me head? Would I be the black villyan to do divil's work on a child? Kape yer money for thim as wants it. I'll not soil me fingers wid it!" His voice had risen to a shout.

"'Tis yours," said Nat doggedly, "an wid it I clear me son Tom." Tim sprang to his feet, a wild, gesticulating figure, and hurried to the table. He crammed the money into the bags again and dashed them down with a clash.

"Put the gould in yer pocket," Nat said.

"Anither word," said Daly, "an I fling it in the fire, by God!" Nat rose, and the two men faced each other.

"Because I was a blagyard once an in dhrink must ye always choke me wid it? I hold Tom's name as high as me own, an the man as blackens it I'll break! That money belongs to Natty there."

The loud voices had awakened the boy. He was watching with round, wondering eyes.

"Thin ye'll clear Tom, an will swear he was an honest man?"

"I will."

"An the gould's for Natty?"

"For wee Cousin Natty, God bless 'im!" The old man filled two glasses tremulously and into a third he poured a little of the precious stuff that was to signify the clearing of Tom Byrne's name.

"Sit up, Natty," he said, "an dhrink. 'Tis fur yer father, avick!"

And Natty sat up and drank and spluttered over the strange liquor while the two men watched him with burning eyes. — Charles Kennett Burrow in Longman's Magazine.

Liver Ills
Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work
Hood's Pills
easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

At the Sign of the Roth Schild.

Staying on a visit with Herr and Frau von Bismarck in 1852, at the time he had succeeded General von Rochow as Prussian envoy in Frankfort, I was walking one morning with my host, who had kindly undertaken to show me the Romer, as well as some of the other sights of the venerable free town, when suddenly we found ourselves in the precincts of the old Ghetto. Pointing at a small, unpretentious looking house with a "red" shield (roth schild) over the narrow entrance, Herr von Bismarck said, "That's the cradle of millions, the house and shop of old Rothschild, the famous father of the not less famous Baron James—the paron, as Parisians like to call him on account of his pronounced German accent.

"Well, the widow of the founder of the Rothschild dynasty—she was pointed out to me one day, reclining in a splendid barouche, with a pair of thoroughbred steppers which Lord Lyons might have envied her—a shriveled up old lady, wearing the traditional wig of the old Jewess, with clever eyes and firmly set lips, denoting no want of character and determination—well, the old lady, though inhabiting one of their grand mansions in the new part of town," said Herr von Bismarck, "will not sleep outside the boundaries of the Ghetto, and every evening she returns to the modest little house in which her husband lived and toiled and died. She says it will bring luck to her children and grandchildren and teach them not to forget the humble beginning of the world famed firm and the time when its founder sold old clothes in the Ghetto." —Cornhill Magazine.

A Home Guard.

The grosbeak is a pugnacious fellow with birds of his own size, but he never troubles the smaller ones. A good many birds found the nest from time to time, and, birdlike, stopped to gratify their curiosity concerning it. A little song sparrow, who had lost his tail feathers, and who led a sort of bachelor existence in the greasewood all the springtime, used to sit and sing close beside the nest. So persistently did he flit about that I came to regard him as a friend of the family, but the grosbeak never molested him. Once when a saucy little thistlebird (Lawrence's goldfinch) alighted close by the nest and peered in the head of the house flew down with a warning "tsip," but made no further demonstration.

One morning, however, a male oriole came down into the greasewood and seemed disposed to remain. It was one of the occasions when the mother bird was on the nest. She half arose and uttered a little whistle, their common call, and her mate was on the scene in a hurry, all ready to do battle. The males seemed pretty fairly matched, but the oriole is not a malicious bird, and the intruder withdrew. Once the grosbeak with half a dozen orioles and finches made common cause against a California jay that had apparently attempted to raid the nest of one of the little birds. The jay is a thief and a coward always, and this marauder received bitter punishment at the bills of the feathered vigilance committee that hastily formed.—Lippincott's.

Chivalry of the "Slums."

A touching story is told of an Edinburgh street waif. There was a Christmas treat given to poor children at a mission hall, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance, many of them barefoot.

Among the number was a sweet faced little girl, who seemed less hardened than most to the cold, for she shivered in her poor jacket and danced from one foot to the other on the cold, hard stones. A boy not much older watched this performance for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden impulse of protection, took off his cap, put it down before her, and said:

"Ye maun stand on that."—Christian Endeavor World.

Finding a Grave With an Egg.

The Miau-tsze, a little known tribe in Asia, are very superstitious about death and will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg.

This operation is very curious. While the body is being prepared for burial a number of Miau-tsze, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot, bearing a large basket of eggs.

Stooping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. If it breaks, it is considered an ill omen, and another spot is selected. In this way the party often wander about for hours, breaking eggs over the ground until they finally strike a place where the shell does not crack.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Lick's Folly.

Among the interesting anecdotes told by Mrs. Bolton in "Famous Givers and Their Gifts" is that of "Lick's Folly; or, The Mahogany Mill." The story has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick observatory on Hamilton mountain, California.

In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well to do miller for whom he worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?"

To this Lick replied "that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty."

In 1854 the quiet, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within in solid mahogany highly polished and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive and began early to set out trees both for fruit and ornament.

Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth.

Nineteen years after Mr. Lick built his mill, Jan. 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by giving it to the Paine Memorial society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.

The Sole Survivor.

Your true sailor is a prosaic animal. He tells no varnished story and the patriotic narratives of casualties and life loss at sea are those which are never written. Some years ago the captain of a British vessel descried in midocean a bark, dismasted and apparently abandoned. He did as 99 per cent of British officers would have done under similar circumstances, lowered a boat and proceeded to investigate. Arrived at the bark, he found it difficult to approach on account of the tangle of broken spars and rigging which drifted alongside.

On the deck there was not the slightest sign of human occupancy. The boats had gone, the wheel was smashed, and the deckhouse carried away flush with the deck. In the forecastle, however, sick in his bunk, was an English sailor, who told an almost incredible tale. In effect it was that a week previous all hands were summoned on deck to take in sail and so prepare for an approaching squall. The sailor was too sick for this service, so kept his berth. And it was well he did, for of all the company on deck not a single man survived. A huge sea came along, swept the bark from bow to stern and carried overboard every living soul save the sick Englishman.—London Syren.

The Dwellers on the Rock.

"Except the islands of St. Kilda" is a saving clause in every game law passed in Great Britain. The islands form a small group northwest of the Hebrides.

It is recognized by all who legislate for the sacred interests of sport that the St. Kildans have to live. Besides, there are only about 75 of them, and they live so far away from everybody else that their example has no bad effect.

The St. Kildans live more by the chase and less by agriculture than any other people. They pasture wild sheep on the island of Soa, sheep descended lineally from those left there by the vikings and less than half as large as those of the mainland. When a sheep is wanted, they run it down with dogs. This keeps the breed lively and active.

Mainly the St. Kildans live and live well by snaring birds. They once caught 90,000 puffins in one season. At present the yearly catch is 32,000 gannets, 8,960 fulmars, 9,600 puffins, 1,920 guillemots and 800 razorbacks. The catch is common property; so are boats, wild sheep and the use of the land generally.

An Offended Celt.

Mr. M., a Boston gentleman, has a telephone in his house, and one day he instructed a newly engaged Irish maidservant how to reply in case there should come a call over the wire during the absence of Mr. M. and his wife. One day there came such a call, and Norah went to the telephone.

"Well, sor?" said Norah, with her mouth to the speaking tube.

"Who's that?" came over the wire in a masculine voice.

"It's me, sor?"

"And who is me?"

"How the divil should Oi know who yeez are?" retorted Norah, and the laugh that reached her ears over the wire made her so angry that she "broke the connection" without giving "me" a chance to explain.—Harper's Bazar.

Gave Up His Work.

"My husband suffered so severely from rheumatism in his arms that he was obliged to give up his work. He tried many different remedies all to no avail until he began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured him and he has not been troubled with rheumatism since." Mrs. J. S. McMath, Stamford, Conn.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, headache.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 25, 1898.

THE CAUCUSES.

Republican caucuses will be held this evening to nominate Ward Aldermen and select delegates to a convention to nominate a candidate for Mayor and three candidates for members of the School Board.

Let us stand by our guns and nominate a clean Party ticket (not necessarily every man on it a Republican) and support it manfully at the polls. The Republican Party in this city, now in the majority, should not for a moment entertain the idea of playing second fiddle to any faction, or allowing themselves to be made the tail of anybody's kite; but should make their nominations regardless of the wishes of others and work and vote for their election.

Possibly it may be suggested at some of the caucuses tonight that the candidacy of Mr. Davis be endorsed by the Republican Party, although it is not probable, but such a plan should not be seriously considered. It would be too much like the tail wagging the dog. If Mr. Davis's object in running for Mayor is to secure a better administration of our city affairs let him and his friends come over into the Republican camp and help us turn out the evil doers.

It is the manifest and bounden duty of the caucuses and convention to give the Republican Party a candidate of their own to vote for at the approaching city election.

☞ Great care should be taken by the Republicans in selecting candidates for members of the School Board. The best timber come-atable should be used, for the office is one of great importance, more so than any other in the gift of the people. The public schools ought to be the apple of our eye and to conduct them properly and make them of the greatest value requires the best available brains we have. The terms of three members, Messrs. John R. Carter, George F. Bean, and Josiah P. Bixby, expire this year and their places must be filled. We have heard hardly any names mentioned as probable candidates but presume there will be a plenty of them in due time. Dr. Bixby will be a candidate, so it is said; Mr. Bean positively refuses to run for another term; and it is said that Mr. Carter declines another election. Concerning this latter we know nothing positively.

☞ There is no prospect at all that a Republican convention will endorse Mr. Davis for Mayor. The City Committee and a large share of the Republican leaders are utterly opposed to such endorsement, and the rank and file would not vote for him if he were endorsed. He voted against Dr. J. M. Harlow, Mr. E. G. Preston, and Hon. G. F. Bean when they were candidates, and it seems little short of impudence for him to ask for Republican support in his independent candidacy. Why don't he ask his own Party, the Democrats, to endorse him instead of seeking aid from the Republican Party?

☞ With enormous scare heads the Boston papers of Monday evening announced that the Peace negotiations at Paris had been broken off by the Spanish Commissioners, and the deuce was to pay with no pitch hot. The JOURNAL was not the least bit worried over the "news" for it knew that Tuesday morning would bring a contradiction of the yarn, and sure enough it did. There is no danger whatever that the Spaniards will break off negotiations. They have until Nov. 28 to accept Uncle Sam's ultimatum, when they must throw up the sponge or fight.

☞ Hon. E. D. Hayden of this city, Vice President of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company and managing Director of it, has been elected a Director of the National Shawmut Bank of Boston which will open for business with a capital of $3,000,000 and surplus, tomorrow, Nov. 26. This new bank, a successor of the old Shawmut National in which Mr. Hayden was a Director, is the outcome of the liquidation of nine Boston National Banks of which Mr. James P. Stearns is to be the President.

☞ A stir was created among the boys of the 6th Massachusetts last week by the publication of a dispatch in the Boston *Herald* to the effect that the Regiment were not to be mustered out according to expectation but would be ordered to Cuba to do garrison duty. The dispatch was no doubt untrue. There is no liklihood that the Regiment will be ordered back to service, but will be mustered out according to the original programme of the War Department.

☞ The friends of Mr. Davis claim that he voted for Mr. Bean for Mayor last year. Possibly; but if he did, he was not slow to discourage by sneers and unfriendly criticisms others from voting for him. For the last dozen years the Republican Party in this city have had no opponent more bitter against them than Mr. Davis. And now he comes forward and asks the Republicans to endorse his candidacy for Mayor!

☞ A certain concern in Boston who print "patent outsides" for a comparatively few newspaper publishers are in the habit of sending out circulars to advertise their business which contain matter grossly insulting to those to whom they are sent. The circulars, from a business point of view, are as idiotic as they are insulting to the proprietors of weekly papers, for how can the firm expect to secure patronage from people who they vilify and abuse?

☞ The gentlemen who launched Mr. Davis's Mayoralty boom, who are representative Democrats, are honest enough to admit that the work was begun early in order to give their candidate the advantage of being first in the field and thus possibly compelling his endorsement by either the Republican or Democratic Party. It don't seem to be working that way however.

☞ The papers say that the 5th Massachusetts have received marching orders for Cuba. That is what they have been longing for.

☞ The Old Mechanics Association of Boston is holding the Fair of its life. In point of attendance and display it beats all former records. The Fair closes on Dec. 3 and by that time all New England and some of the adjoining States will have come and beheld the biggest Fair of modern times. Our good Woburn people must hurry up, if they would see and enjoy the great exhibition, music, shows, etc.

☞ It is as good as settled that Ald. Kelley is to be the Democratic candidate for Mayor. Everything points that way. The young members of the party have taken things into their own hands and will run the Democratic caucuses for all they are worth. Kelley is the idol of the "b'hoys" and they are determined that he shall have the nomination. And they hold the reins.

☞ A certain junto say they want Mr. Elwyn G. Preston nominated for Mayor; if so, it is only to slaughter him again. They professed friendship for him two years ago but stabbed him in the back.

☞ A prominent Democrat, a city official, said to the JOURNAL last Monday evening that the nomination of Kelley for Mayor was as good as assured.

☞ When a man finds he cannot get a nomination for office from either of the political parties he runs independent. It is a queer way, to say the least.

☞ The city election is to be held on Dec. 13. That gives a good long time to show up the candidates in. The JOURNAL will try to do its part of the showing up.

☞ Unless the Republican Party make a straight Republican nomination for Mayor hundreds will stay away from the polls and refuse to vote. This statement does not admit of a doubt.

☞ The Democratic caucuses tomorrow night bid fair to be the hottest held here for years. Every man will have a knife up his sleeve.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Nowell—Photos.
B. E. Bond—Citation.
A. Thompson—To Let.
Humphrey Co.—Kakas.
Dr. Estabrook—Dentist.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.

— Mrs. F. H. Lewis has a good class of piano pupils this fall.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— A few of our Woburn "Boys in Blue" are seen about the streets.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Dr. Lang and family have moved to Braintree. We are sorry to lose them.

— The late return of a certain person to this city betoken a hot municipal campaign.

— There was another big rain last Saturday. Which means good crops next year.

— Mr. William W. Crosby was in New York City on Tuesday and may be there now.

— It looks as though there might be a good turnout to the Republican caucuses tonight.

— Mr. Hagerty is a candidate for re-appointment to the office of postmaster in this city.

— The Sella Collection of Alpine and Caucasian Views is on exhibition at the Woburn Public Library.

— Mr. Huntington Porter came up town last Monday to see the folks. His health is slowly improving.

— Hon. John M. Harlow would like to see Mr. Benjamin Hinckley nominated by the Republicans for Mayor.

— The Woburn Police Relief Association will give their annual ball at the Auditorium on the evening of Dec. 30.

— Aberjona Colony of Pilgrim Fathers will visit Mary Chilton Colony of Lawrence on the evening of Dec. 30.

— The Sale and Supper by the ladies of the Unitarian Society will come off on next Thursday evening, Dec. 1.

— The Moreland Family testimonial yielded almost $400, instead of $200, as first stated. The public did handsomely.

— Towanda Club will give a grand ball at Lyceum Hall on Jan. 31. Germania Orchestra of Boston will provide the music.

— Some of the city Sunday Schools gave Thanksgiving concerts on Sunday evening. Music and vegetables prevailed to a great extent.

— The vote on the schoolhouse site on Thursday evening, Nov. 17, indicates that the measure cannot be carried over the Mayor's veto.

— A man who keeps his eye on such things says it is going to be nip and tuck on the license question this year. We hope tuck will win.

— Clan Mackinnon will give their 11th annual concert and ball at Lyceum Hall on Dec. 2. Look out for something fine in the way of music.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Ham & Co. more than hold up their end of the yoke in the hay and grain business. They keep a big supply, deal fairly by patrons, and enjoy a good trade.

— Christmas is coming. Santa Claus will make his annual visit to this town five weeks from next Sunday. He will find a plenty of young people to welcome him.

— Possibly Mr. Winthrop Hammond may be a candidate for election to the School Board in December. Mr. Will A. Prior is also talked about for the position.

— A full flood of moonlight is far preferable to electricity, gas or oil. If we could have it all night and every night, without let or hindrance, nothing would begin to compare with it for street illumination. But then we can't.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Osborn Gillette, Optician.

A graduate of the McCormick Optical College, we use the best improved modern appliances for examining and testing the eyes. **We fit correctly. Glasses are not guessed on.** Would refer you to some of our leading physicians and citizens: Dr. Geo. P. Bartlett, Dr. Robert Chalmers, Dr. Daniel F. Murphy and Dr. Seth W. Kelley.

WOBURN, April 6th, 1897.

OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—My daughter had been troubled with frequent and severe headaches, the cause of which puzzled me for a long time. I finally decided that they were caused by wearing glasses that were not suited to her eyes, although they had been fitted by a Boston specialist.

I consulted you and you agreed with me, and fitted her with a new pair of glasses, and from that time since she has not been troubled to any extent, and of late not at all.

I am very much pleased with your treatment of her case, and shall be pleased to recommend you to anyone in need of your attention.

Yours very respectfully,
RICHARD MORRIS.

WOBURN, March 30, 1897.

MR. OSBORN GILLETTE:

Dear Sir:—For more than a year my daughter complained of frequent and severe headaches which affected her health and interfered with her School duties, believing that the trouble arose from overstraining the eyes, and knowing you to be an expert on these matters, I took her to you. Your examination confirmed my opinion, and you fitted glasses for her, and it gives me great pleasure to say that since a week after she began to wear them the improvement began immediately, her head never troubles her any more and her health is good, which I ascribe to your successful treatment.

Yours truly,
E. J. GREGORY.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— Evidently Lawyer Feeney is clear out of the game this year. Wise decision! If he would rise in his profession and make money he should let politics severely alone.

— Gas is being introduced into Davis street. A good thing, although some folks think there is enough of the natural article there now for illuminating and heating purposes.

— Mr. George E. Fowle is building a fine residence for Mr. Chamberlain on Wildwood street in Winchester. J. T. Freeman & Co. are piping the building for gas, etc.

— Walnut Hill grounds were the scene of lively football playing between the Woburn H. S. A. team and the Jogalongs of Brookline yesterday morning. No hospital cases were reported.

— Last Monday the Woburn High School football team knocked the stuffing out of the Winchesters. The score stood, Woburn 11; Winchester, 6; and the Woburns didn't more than half try.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson advertises his dwelling on Court street and Church avenue, formerly occupied by him, for rent. It is a nice residence, centrally located, and will be rented at fair figures.

— The last number of "The Corner Stone" will be issued in December. The November number is out and with one more issue it will give up the ghost. Lack of patronage is the cause of its decease.

— G. R. Gage & Co. advertise "Winter Styles and Stocks" in men's suits, overcoats, etc. They always keep the best goods in the market and their work stands high all over the county and in Boston.

— The Highland Orchestra, or it may be only members of it, will take part in the grand entertainment to be given by the Winchester Amateurs in December. They are now engaged in rehearsing their parts.

— Women's Relief Corps, 84, are making extensive preparations to give a Minstrel Show at the Auditorium on Saturday evening, Dec. 17. Nothing will be left undone to make it the best ever given in this city.

— Innitou Club, the leading and toniest aquatic organization in the city, composed of our best young men, are preparing to give a Show on the evening of Dec. 28. The intention is to make it a high social fuction and recherche affair.

— We wonder if the city authorities are aware of the fact that one of the icehouses of the Boston Ice Company on Arlington Road unlawfully occupies 14 feet of said Road? It is a fact. The icehouse has stood there for years, yet no objections from City Hall have been heard. If not soon attended to the Company will aquire a legal right to the highway by prescription. Isn't it worth looking into.?

— Mr. Lawrence Reade is talked of as the Democratic candidate for Mayor. He is popular with all parties and everybody, and would make a strong pull at the polls. The Democrats have not mentioned a better man for the office.

— Rev. Dr. March and Rev. Dr. Scudder made addresses at the First church Sunday School Harvest Concert last Sunday evening. Both were good. The church was prettily decorated and the agricultural and money offerings were liberal.

— It is not likely that the scheme for "a continuous performance" at the High School will be sprung again very soon. But that was only one of the the several "chestnuts" that attempts have been made to weigh down our High School with of late years.

— We predict that Herbert S. Riley, Esq., will be Representative Wood's successor in the Legislature. Stick a pin there. As Chairman of the Republican Ward and City Committee he has done excellent work which deserves to be recognized and rewarded.

— Auditor's Barrett's report for the month of October is before us. It is a clean sheet and an instructive one. Mr. Barrett is a prime City Auditor and if the salary was only what it ought to be we should like to see him hold the office as long as he lives.

— The Democrats hold their caucuses tomorrow night. Is it to be Feeney, Buchanan, Bartlett or Kelley, for Mayor? They will probably choose delegates favorable to the nomination of Mr. William F. Kenney of the Boston *Globe* for member of the School Board.

— Col. Woodward has been re-elected President of the Wakefield & Stoneham Street Railroad. This is a good time to strike him for the link from North Woburn to Wilmington. He doubtless would be found agreeable to it, being interested in the N. W. S. R. Co.

— Tickets for the Innitou Canoe Club Minstrel Show will be auctioned off, the sale to take place in about three weeks. Slips will be provided and sold authorizing the purchaser to obtain the tickets, which is a good way to do it. The Show will doubtless be a big thing.

— There was the wildest celebration on record at Harvard College Monday night over the Harvard-Yale football victory at New Haven on Saturday. We heard that some of the Alumni of the University in Woburn went over to help out the affair. Last Saturday was a great day for Harvard football.

— The ladies of the Unitarian church advertise to give a sale and supper in the vestry of the church next Thursday evening, Dec. 1. These ladies are famous for making things pleasant and agreeable at their entertainments and functions, at their suppers in a particular manner, and we have no hesitation in saying that the one which they will provide for the public next Thursday evening will be all that the heart could wish.

— Mr. Charles Hedges, Assistant Superintendent of the Delivery System of the Postoffice Department, visited Postmaster Hagerty last Saturday to confer with him in relation to another carrier for the business section of our city, which Mr. Hagerty has asked for. The request will probably be granted.

— Mrs. F. F. Putney left here last Tuesday morning for her home at Putney, Doughty County, Georgia, at the close of a pleasant summer and autumn visit with her family and friends in this city. She is a very estimable woman and a whole lot of people regret her leave taking for the "Sunny South."

— There is a report that Mr. B. Frank Waldron, the Insurance Agent, will be a candidate for nomination for Mayor before the Republican convention. He has had experience in municipal affairs, is a fair minded man, and would draw votes. There will probably be other candidates before the convention.

— The soldiers of the 6th Mass. who attended the Reading celebration last week said they had no idea they were such "——of fellows" in Porto Rico until they heard the speeches at the banquet boards. Well, the old saying is, "you must go away from home to hear the news." The boys had a good time, all the same.

— Rev. E. F. Wheeler, a son of Mrs. Frances C. P. Wheeler of North Woburn, and a brother of Mrs. William W. Hill, was installed pastor over the Congregational church at Austin, Minn., on Oct. 26 last. He began his ministry in Minnesota and found his wife in that State where she was a student at Carleton College.

— Winter will come in next Thursday and then for a long, cold, dark, dismal month of December. It is the toughest one in the callendar to get through, and were it not for its one bright spot, a sort of redeeming feature, Christmas, it would indeed be a hard one. Truly, "now is the winter of our discontent," as Shakespeare says.

— Early last week Mr. Varney, member of the firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., jewelers, was summoned to South Berwick, Maine, on account of the illness of his mother. A letter received at the store from him on Monday conveyed the intelligence that his mother died on Saturday, Nov. 19, at her home. Mr. Varney is expected back today or tomorrow.

— The Woburn *Globe* reporter was loose again last Saturday. He made a recast of candidates for Mayor and settled the question for keeps. The intimation was thrown out by him that Mr. Feeney could have the Democratic nomination by simply saying the word and the election, but thought it quite probable that if some other candidate should get more votes than Feeney he might possibly fail of an election. His silence as to the Republican campaign was ominous.

— One day last week Messrs. Pollard & Growthe sent out from their factory a street railway snowplow for the Norfolk Company, which we think was the pioneer of the season. The firm's reputation for this class of work is widespread and good. In the last few years they have built a large number of such plows and their business in the line is increasing. The plows stand the test being made on honor, and their factory is the only one hereabouts that manufacture them.

— The Woburn Camp of the Salvation Army will hold special meetings for the conversion of souls beginning on Tuesday, Nov. 29. The Red Cross Revival Brigade under the leadership of Staff Captain Harris will carry them on and it is hoped they will be large and enthusiastic. The Welcome Meeting will be held on Tuesday evening; admission 10 cents. After that they will be held at 3 o'clock in the afternoons and 8 o'clock in the evenings, and all free. There is to be special vocal and instrumental music, and a great spiritual revival is anticipated.

— To the city of Woburn belongs the unflattering distinction of being the only town between this city and Boston through which a wheel-woman cannot ride by day without being annoyed by toughs. There is one street there through which the cyclists usually pass in going to Winchester which seems to be inhabited by hoodlums, and they all turn out and hoot and yell when a woman rider passes through it. There never seems to be an officer anywhere near the spot, and after a wheelwoman has had one or two unpleasant experiences of this kind she naturally begins to wonder whether the tough element predominates in that town, or if there is any provision made for the protection of strangers who ride quietly through the streets.—*Lowell Paper.*

A Tumor Formed

Finally It Broke Inwardly and Discharged

Trouble Began With Dyspepsia and Impure Blood

Thorough Course of Hood's Sarsaparilla Completely Cures.

There is danger in impure blood. Disease and suffering are surely coming to those who neglect this threatening symptom. Read this:

"Gilliam, Missouri.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—My troubles began with nervous headaches, which would last me for two or three days. The doctors pronounced my trouble dyspepsia, but they could not do anything for me, and advised a change of location. At the age of 55 a tumor formed on my spine, which

Was Very Painful

but did not rise or discharge. The doctor thought best to cut it out, but I objected. It finally broke and discharged a great deal. The doctors said they could do nothing for it. Then the tumor began to rise inwardly and discharge. I read much about cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and thought I would try it. Before I had finished taking one bottle I was much relieved. I continued the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking 12 bottles I was entirely cured. I am now well, have a good appetite and feel that I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. D. FORE.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys' Clothing

as it is possible to put together.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portraits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three dsys before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.

— Eggs were 45 cents a dozen last week. How was that for high! And just before Thanksgiving too.

— It is thought that the women voters will take quite a hand in the election of members of the School Board this year. They ought to, for the mothers are the ones most interested in our schools.

— Subscriptions for Newspapers and Periodicals taken at reduced rates by Miss Claribel D. Flinn, 13 Everett st. Harper's Publications a specialty. Also representative for the wonderful Balm of Figs for women.

— Mr. Loring who gives an illustrated lecture on Sunday night next at the Methodist Church will present over one hundred views illustrating the effects of the rum traffic upon the life of children. These views Mr. Loring has taken under his supervision of actual living beings who were rescued by him as a public officer from the cruelty of parents and guardians crazed by drink. They are a most startling revelation of what defenceless children are subjected to under the influence of the licensed saloon. Everybody is invited to see these pictures of real life and form his own judgment therefrom.

— Decker, who for nearly 25 years has sold the meat products of Squires & Co's great establishment at East Cambridge in Woburn, made his regular tri-weekly appearance here on Tuesday just as though there had been no $100,000 fire in the establishment on Monday morning. The Squires plant slaughters from 2,500 to 4,000 hogs every working day in the year and Mr. Decker has to hustle to get them sold off. When John P. Squires, now dead, started the business 40 years ago, he killed one hog a day, and his sales that first year amounted to $18,000; now the house does an annual business of $18,000,000. But Decker is bound to keep up his end of it.

— We would like to know just what those 17 Free Masons who visited Sorley Lodge at Somerville last Monday evening think of 11.20 p. m. railroad trains as a general proposition. They arranged to have the 11.20 evening train out stop and take them home, but it didn't by a long chalk. It went by the Somerville station like a streak of greased lightning and left the Masons gathered on the platform wondering and—well, perhaps not exactly that, but—. So when the 11.25 came along they boarded it and rode to Winchester, because they didn't want to go to Stoneham. From Winchester they hoofed it home, 2 to North Woburn, 1 to Central Square, 1 to Cummingsville, and the 13 scattered all over the premises. They didn't feel amiable when home was reached.

— Splendid weather was vouchsafed for "Count Rumford Day" at the Mechanics Fair in Boston last Tuesday and Miss Marian T. Hosmer, keeper of the Rumford House and historical treasures in it at North Woburn, was happy. Quite a number of Woburn people who swear by their distinguished former townsman, Count Rumford, went in to the Fair and were handsomely treated by its Managers. There were exercises, cooking, exhibitions, all relating to Count Rumford the great scientist, which were highly entertaining and instructive. To Miss Hosmer belongs the credit of origination and engineering the "Day" and, heartily seconded by the Fair Managers, it was a complete success. We are all very proud of what Count Rumford did in a scientific way for mankind, for his eminence in the learned circles of Europe in his day and generation, and Woburn heartily approved of "Count Rumford Day" at the Fair and made their approval practical by attending it.

— By reflection, at least, Woburn shines in Dewey's glorious naval victory in the Philippines and his masterly administration of affairs at Manila, for we have some of the real Dewey blood among us. The mother of Miss Emma P. Bond and her sister, Mrs. Edward Winn, is a first cousin of Admiral Dewey, the hero of the Philippines, her father and the Admiral's father having been brothers, born and raised near each other in Vermont, and played together in their youth. And how strangely things came about! Admiral Dewey married a daughter of Governor Goodwin of New Hampshire; another daughter was the mother of John E. Hobbs, Esq., of Maine, and Goodwin Hobbs, Purser in the U. S. Navy, making Mrs. Dewey and those men cousins, and they, in turn, are cousins of the Editor of the JOURNAL. It is said that more of the old Governor Goodwin blood participated in the brilliant achievements of Admiral Dewy in the Philippines, as officers on the warships, than any other in the whole country.

— It was 25 above this morning—coldest of the season. First sprinkling of snow.

— There will be a sale of B. Champney's pictures, 40 Pleasant st., Nov. 29 and 30, from 2 till 5 P. M.

— Dr. C. T. Lang and family have recently moved to Braintree where they are very pleasantly located. Miss Josephine Lang, the piano forte teacher, will continue to receive pupils in Woburn. Arrangements may be made by addressing her at Braintree, Mass., or at 24 Mishawum Road, Woburn.

— Last week through inadvertence we omitted Dr. Estabrook's card now appearing in the JOURNAL. Dr. E., for twenty-odd years known to our Burlington friends as "Charlie Estabrook," though still a young man in the flower of his strength has had long experience and unusual opportunities to acquire expert skill in his art. He has settled in Woburn the more closely to keep in touch with Burlington where his interests and affections are centered.

— Harry Morse of New York is visiting his former home at Mr. Nathaniel Simonds's on Church ave. which is also the home of his sister Flossie. Harry went to N. Y. to live about four years ago and in that time has grown from a rugged boy to man's statue. As a member of the 71st N. Y. Regiment he went to Santiago to help fight Uncle Sam's battles down there and in July was taken sick and had to haul off. He is a fine appearing young man.

— Great preparations are in progress for the Men's Supper to be given in the lecture room of First Church early in December. Because the menfolks are to cook the viands for it nobody need fear to go and partake of the dainties and substantials that will be served, because every dish will be "warranted not to cut in the eye." The principal speaker of the evening will be Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City, N. Y., a brother of Rev Dr. Scudder, Pastor of First Church of Woburn, and a leading minister in what is known as "Parish Houses" work, wherein he has had great success. His theme at the Supper is to be: "Parish Houses and the Work to be Accumplished by them," which, it is safe to say, will be of great interest. A prominent State official is also to be present and address the meeting. Nothing will be left undone to make the occasion a rousing success. The tickets, 50 cents each, will be on sale on and after next Monday, Nov. 28, at the drugstore of Mr. F. P. Brooks.

Thanksgiving Day.

It rained and drizzled about all day. * * * The Oldest Inhabitant can't remember when the town was so dull. * * * The same annual attendants heard Dr. Scudder preach a good sermon at the Baptist Church. * * * No report reached us as to who had turkey for dinner, nor who had to be content with just common "chicken fixins'." * * * This is about all there was to Thanksgiving Day in Woburn.

FRANK A. LOCKE EXPERT PIANO TUNER
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
PRICES SQUARE 2.00 UPRIGHT 2.50 GRAND 3.00
BEST OF REFERENCES
BOSTON OFFICE: HALLET & DAVIS CO., 179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE: Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH, 20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.

C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR

(Spring Wheat.)

$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK,

DENTIST,

D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO, Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps*, the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.

There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

BOYS' REEFERS

With Ulster Collars.

All Boys have taken to these on sight, and is a very sensible take it was too, for they can run and play as hard as they choose with the certainty that their necks and ears are fully protected.

A serviceable Frieze or Chinchilla at

$5.00.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Ladies' Dress Skirts
Made in the right way and the latest styles.

Ladies' Petticoats
in plain colors or the fancy stripes; these are garments that are justly said to be the best in the market, and our prices are very satisfactory to our patrons.

Fur Collarettes.
A line that for medium priced goods is equal to Boston prices.

Ostrich Feather Boas.
We are showing an assortment which we would like to have you look over.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's
Royalty Chop
CHOICEST BLENDED
Fomosa Oolong Tea.

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

FOR SALE BY
FITZ & STANLEY, Woburn, Mass

☞ Ask for Royalty Tea.

THE SQUARE AND THE LEVEL.

We meet upon the level and we part upon the square;
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!
Come, let us contemplate them—they are worthy of a thought—
With the highest and the lowest, and the rarest they are fraught.

We meet upon the level, though from every station come,
The king from out his palace, and the poor man from his home—
For the one must leave his diadem outside the Mason's door,
And the other find his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We part upon the square—for the world must have its due,
We mingle with the multitude, a cold unfriendly crew;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal; we are hurrying to it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there, when the gates of death are past.
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there
To try the blocks we offer, with his own unerring square.

Let us meet upon the level there; but never hence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting faithful heart;
There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there,
Who have met upon the level and been tried upon the square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
Let us meet, and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and be tried upon the square.

Hands round ye faithful Masons all, the bright fraternal chain!
Ye part upon the square below, to meet in heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,
We meet upon the level and we part upon the square.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woman's Club, on Nov. 18, Miss Mary A. Jordan, Prof. of Literature at Smith College, gave an informal talk upon "The Function of Literature." The subject was treated in masterly way, with now and then a gleam of humor, and with here and there gentle sarcasm. The substance of the lecture was: In thinking of literature, we think of printed literature, and this will recall that Milton pled for the freedom of the Press. His plea was unsuccessful, but it gave rise to efforts which were ultimately successful. There are many and varied adverse criticisms from the educated and uneducated upon the wisdom, or even the necessity, of teaching literature. There is a difference of opinion as to what literature is. To some, anything printed is literature; to others, anything that is ancient and musty and on scrolls of parchment is literature. I would say to those who decry the time given to teaching literature in our schools and colleges that the literary attitude is not taught at all. We have too little permanence of applied force; too many representatives of bad training. There are disciples of this school and of that—Tolstoi and his followers, for instance—who would have us forswear study from books. They ask us to cultivate our minds by sunsets and muscular efforts—a culture derived entirely from Nature, really a process of slumping.

There are disciples of an opposite school who believe a love of literature should be inborn, and where that is impossible, should be cultivated at a tender age.

During the lecture, Miss Jordan made many references to Chancellor Kent, the founder of Jurisprudence in the United States. This great man regarded literature as a distinct means to a desirable end. It meant to him a living force, not a pretty accomplishment. He helped make literature in those trying days which followed the Revolution. "Literature is not simply what may be read. 'Reading,' says Thoreau, 'requires some reserve and leisure.' We are told that half of the world should be dumb, and the other half keep out of print. Let us have more patience. Write. To know literature, one must practice it. The 'Function of Literature'? It is largely a productive function. We should make a growing individuality on the basis of what we read. The world is a more definite thing because of a record. Reading is not easy. It is not simply a formal occupation with a bound thing. To some, books are but samples of bending; to others, they are a means to aid the flight of time. Of literature, we should demand three things. It should enable us to know ourselves, the world, and righteousness. To feel more definitely. It should be a basis of action. Literature is a sacred responsibility; taken in this light, it becomes a culture of mind and of spirit."

G. M. B., Clerk pro tem.

The next meeting of the Club will be held on Dec. 2, at the usual hour and place. It will be a home talent meeting in the department of Sociology. Three papers will be read: "Suggestions for Citizenship" by Mrs. Ruth C. Scudder; "The Ethics of Citizenship," by Miss Clara S. Carter; "Noonday Rest, and its Relation to Good Citizenship," by Mrs. Cordelia DeLuce.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Local News.

— Isn't it about time for the street musicians to go into winter quarters, or isn't that their habit?

— The Highland Orchestra have engagements this fall with a good prospect for more of them the coming winter. They give the best of satisfaction everywhere they play.

— It won't be long now before the Electric Light, Heat & Power Company will get into their new plant near Horn Pond. They have rushed the work on the buildings rapidly.

— There is one good thing about it, sooner or later every person finds his or her level in the community where he or she lives. Sometimes it takes a good while to find one out, but it is sure to come, when the meritorious will be elevated according to his deserts, and the snide, or penchbeck, will be dropped down to his proper level.

Obituary.

The community was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Deborah Dyer on Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hodgman in Chicago. Mrs. Dyer and her daughter Miss Minnie Dyer had been spending the summer in Camden, and were on their return to their home in Oakland, Cal. In Boston Mrs. Dyer had a slight cold and when they reached Sandusky a physician was called, who apprehended no cause for alarm; she grew gradually worse and when they reached Chicago were obliged to stop there, and a physician was called immediately who pronounced her illness pneumonia. Every thing that was possible was done for her. Mrs. Dyer was a daughter of the late James and Ruth Curtis of Camden, and the wife of the late Joseph Dyer of Oakland, Cal., formerly of Searsmont, Maine. She was a devoted mother and a kind and generous friend and those of us who knew her well can say, that we have lost a friend. She leaves three daughters, Mrs. Albert Otis of Spokane, Miss Minnie Dyer of Oakland, Mrs. Dr. George Angus of Honolulu, and Mr. Joseph Dyer of Oakland, and Mr. Ralph Dyer of South Bend, Washington, and two sisters, Mrs. James Stackpole and Mrs. Horace Barnes of Camden. Much sympathy is extended to them all in these sad hours of affliction.—*Camden (Me.) Herald, Nov. 18, 1898.*

Mrs. Dyer formerly lived in Woburn at the corner of Pleasant and Beacon streets with her family. Miss Alice, now Mrs. Otis, was the soprano singer in the Congregational choir and possessed fine musical gifts. They were well and favorably known here.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at Parker's Drug Store.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

"Because She Loved Him So," is the title of William Gillette's latest work for the stage, and it will be presented at the Boston Museum Monday evening next with an extraordinary cast of well-established favorites. It will furthermore be Charles Frohman's annual Boston Museum production, and it is promised that nothing will be spared to make the engagement a success from every possible artistic standpoint, worthy of both manager and playwright. Wm. Gillette's name is a magnetic one for Boston play-goers. Consistency is the brightest jewel in their eyes, and they like Gillette because he has been consistently earnest whether as actor or playwright, consistently successful, and consistently desirous of stepping up the stairs of artistic ambition with every child of his brain. Everything of his has been successful in Boston, which was among the first of cities to pay tribute to his "Held by the Enemy." That it will be played in an excellent manner may be judged from these names in the cast, containing some of the best actors in Mr. Frohman's employ: J. E. Dodson and Ida Conquest, of the Empire Theatre Company, Edwin Arden, Arnold Daly, William Smith, W. J. Constantine, Charles Eldridge, Roy Fairchild, Kate Meek, Leonora Braham (of Charles Frohman's Duke of York's Theatre, London), Margaret Mayo, Edith Skerrett, Bijou Fernandez and Helen Gail.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Mustering Out of the Ninth Mass. Regiment.

The mustering out of the United States service of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, which occurs next Saturday at Boston, brings to mind the valued services of this regiment in the war. Its record is unique in that the mortality of the regiment was greater than that of any volunteer regiment in the service. The story of the Ninth regiment in Cuba will be graphically told in The Boston *Sunday Herald* of Nov. 27, 1898. The story will be fully illustrated from photographs and sketches made in Cuba by The *Herald's* artists and correspondents. Our readers will do well to place their orders in advance.

Cummingsville.

Golf has about petered out in this Ward, but Mr. Bragg's cidermill is in full operation, and a Checker tournament is talked of. The Sewing Society are still knitting woolen mittens for the soldiers in Cuba, and the men gather every evening at the store to talk politics and smoke. Thus the readers of the JOURNAL can see that we are having pretty high times over here. But when the Singing School opens it will be still more lively. We are all getting ready to make the first trip on the Lexington Street Railroad, which Charlie Cummings says is coming.

November Winds ~~ produces chapped lips and rough skin.

Woburna Lotion..
keeps away chaps and makes skin velvety.

25c.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

The Boston Journal's Ideas.

Maybe Emperor William thought twice. Hence the convenient fall in the temperature of the Mediterranean.

That Philippine issue seems to be crystallizing swiftly down to just this —Who is for Spain and who for the United States?

Rumors have reached Berlin that the Kaiser is returning in very bad humor. Now prosecutions for lese majeste will be the order of the day.

Senator Hawley proclaims his purpose to support the peace treaty and stand by the President. Spoken like a patriot and a statesman!

French newspapers, which warn England that the United States is likely to take advantage of some extremity of hers and seize Canada, show a ludicrous misapprehension of the American character.

Gen. Buell is dead, but the fame of his exploits as a soldier of the Mexican and Civil Wars will live in bright pages of our history. Shiloh and Buell, the battle and the hero, are inseparable.

Count Esterhazy's charges against the general staff of the French army will not mitigate the pusillanimity of his conduct. His book is another black, scandalous chapter in the history of the Dreyfus case.

Cuba no sooner recovers from the half-drowning effects of the rainy season than she comes face to face with a water famine. These misfortunes of our neighbor should reconcile us to the varying delights of a temperate zone.

One of the reassuring circumstances about such outbreaks of race violence as have recently disgraced North and South Carolina is that some of the most vigorous denunciations of them come from Southern Democratic papers.

Recently published English statistics show that 99.62 per cent. of the export trade and 76 94 per cent. of the import trade of Hawaii is with the United States. Now the trade will be all in the family, since Hawaii is a part of us.

According to Capt. Coghlan and Capt. Wildes of Admiral Dewey's fleet the Philippine insurgents are courteous and hospitable, but very suspicious. That is a condition to be relieved by good offices. Undoubtedly the Filipinos mean well.

All that Cuban enthusiasm over Admiral Sampson at Havana does not look as if the Cuban officers were sulking. The effort to represent the United States in the guise of a rapacious conqueror is about the last expiring gasp of Spanish malevolence.

Maj. Fairbanks of the Second Massachusetts looks back upon the Santiago campaign with a fair mind. "It was the individual fighting by the regular army soldiers" that told, he is credited with saying, "and they deserve the credit." Then credit to whom credit is due.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten millions trial bottles of this great medicine and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Parker, Druggist, and get a trial bottle free, regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

What Dewey Thinks.

Writing under date of Oct. 3 to President Brown of Norwich University, Admiral Dewey says; "I trust the entire Philippine archipelago will be retained by the United States. Any other arrangement will lead to no end of trouble." Gen. Merritt has said exactly the same thing in other words. It is not surprising that the views of these distinguished Americans, who best know present actual conditions in the Philippines, should have moulding power on the opinions of millions of their fellow-countrymen.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

No Wonder.

No wonder there is a protest against Representative-elect Roberts of Utah. There have been Mormons in the House before, and there is a Mormon in the House today; but the theory or the religion of Mormonism was enough for them. But this new Representative, according to his own statements, stands by polygamy, practising what he preaches. Polygamy may not make him ineligible to a seat in Congress, but there is an unwritten rule among men that undoubtedly will lead to his suppression, if not his expulsion.—*Boston Journal.*

Burlington.

Mrs. H. S. T. Simonds, widow of Mr. Abel Simonds, who died at the residence of her son in Somerville, Nov. 17, was well known and had many friends in Burlington, where she spent all her married life. Her gentle, sunny disposition, her cheerful words and friendly spirit will always be remembered by all who knew her. Her sudden death has removed a loving and beloved woman and a mother, whose influence and counsels must always remain with her children. Her funeral services were conducted by Rev. Austin Dodge, from the church in Burlington, on Saturday afternoon. A quartette from the church choir rendered several selections. The burial was in Burlington Cemetery. Mrs. Simonds leaves two sons, Mr. Edward and Mr. Austin Simonds, and one daughter, Mrs. Emma Woodbury.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn, had an attack of dysentery which became chronic. "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express to our relatives and friends our appreciation of their love and sympathy in our late bereavement; also, for their presence with us at the funeral of our mother in that inclement weather, and for the beautiful flowers.

EMMA S. WOODBURY,
EDWARD SIMONDS,
AUSTIN SIMONDS.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Logic and Life." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. Judson V. Clancy of West Medford. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Fifth People's Sunday evening. Singing by Male Quartet. Mr Scudder will preach. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M., Junior League. At 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. At 7 P. M., Illustrated Lecture giving over 100 views of child life under the licensed saloon. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Wednesday, Illustrated Lecture, London The World's Metropolis. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B Crane, D. D. Subject: "A Dreamers Memorable Dream." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5 45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "Making a Cipher of Jesus" Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by Rev. C. J. Larson, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Young Peoples' Meeting at 6 P. M. Wednesday, Service at 7.30 P. M. The Young Men's Reading Room is open every Saturday night from 7.15 to 9.30 o'clock.

SWEDISH EVANG. LUTHERAN.—At 10.30 A. M preaching by Anders Andre. Young People's Service at 6 P. M. Preaching at 7 P. M. Wednesday-Service at 7.30 P. M. Saturdays at 7.30 P. M., 1st and 3rd of every month, Young People's Meeting. The Ladies Sewing Society meets every other Thursday evening alternately at 7.45 P. M. in the homes of the respective members.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 17, by Rev. I. H. Packard at the residence of the bride, Robert J. Shannon and Lydia A. Bartlett, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 20, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Thomas S. Douglass of Wakefield and Bridgie A. Nolan of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 23, by Rev. I. H. Packard, William S. Letteney and Alberta Durling, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Nov. 16, by George H. Smith, J. of P., William H. Juby of North Cambridge, and Margaret Scanlon of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 16, Mary Coughlan, aged 83 years.

In this city, Nov. 16, Bridget Sullivan of Newton, aged 52 years.

LADIES
Kakas Bros.
For **FURS**
34-36 Bedford Street, BOSTON.

A Christmas Present
Will Give Satisfaction Because
Furs are Fashionable.

A Large Variety of
Collarettes, Muffs and Cluster Scarfs
$5.00 to $50.00
WRITE FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Robert A. Cranford, Junior, to Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated July 12th, 1897, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2585, Page 17, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, the 22d day of December, 1898,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, being lot numbered 12 as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliot, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, and bounded:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road, 100 feet; thence running easterly by lot numbered 13 on said plan, 100 feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles, 50 feet; thence turning and running westerly by lot numbered 11 on said plan, 100 feet, to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street, 50 feet to the point of beginning, containing 5000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO-OPERATIVE BANK
(By John S. F. Huddleston, its President, and Albert E. Duffill, its Treasurer), present holder of said Mortgage.
Boston, November 23d, 1898.

Plumbing **Tin Roofing**

BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping **Furnaces**

WINCHESTER.

There is to be a special Town Meeting next month.

We are to have an additional letter carrier beginning on Dec. 1.

We expect there will be more boulevard building here next season.

The "Winchester Amateurs" will give a grand entertainment on Dec. 15.

There seems to be a tidal wave of burglaries and highway robberies in this town just now. The people are in a measure terrorized. The trouble appears to be a lack of police supervision.

Following are the officers elected at the annual meeting of the Unitarian Society last week: Standing Committee —Wm. B. French, H. D. Nash, Lewis Parkhurst, Geo. S. Littlefield, C. S. Harriman, John L. Aver; Treasurer, Thomas S. Spurr; Clerk, Robert Bacon.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents par box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

TRUMPETER FANNING.

His Heroic Fight In the Sudan In Defense of His Wounded Colonel.

Only those who have been engaged in active warfare in the Sudan can realize to what extent the religious fanaticism of the Mahdi's followers will carry them in time of war. Reckless as to death, they rush madly into the thick of the fray. Fearless, bold and resolute is a true description of the Hadendown tribe of Sudanese warriors, whose home lies in the wild and mountainous districts of the eastern Sudan.

This warlike tribe of warriors had never known what it was to suffer defeat at the hands of an enemy until they received their first check from the British troops at the battle of El-Teb. Many a brave young fellow shed his life's blood fighting hand to hand with this warlike tribe in defense of his country on the field of battle that day, and many a poor mother at home in England mourned the loss of the one great joy of her heart and her home was left desolate and bare now that the beloved one had perished gallantly fighting on the plains of the Sudan. The disastrous defeats of Hicks Pasha on the Nile and the intrepid Baker Pasha in the eastern Sudan led up to the subsequent events which I am about to narrate.

At the battle of El-Teb (Feb. 29, 1884) Colonel Barrow and Trumpeter Fanning, a young fellow of 19 years, were leading a wing of the Nineteenth hussars in the charge against the Arab forces, who were cut off from the main body of the regiment by a superior force of the enemy. Colonel Barrow had already been badly wounded in the charge, having been speared through the left arm and side, and was therefore powerless to defend himself.

Trumpeter Fanning, who was riding by his side, took in the whole situation at a glance, and quickly dismounting from his horse stood on the defensive over the body of his fallen colonel and fought with that indomitable pluck and courage which only a heroic soldier can do when put to the test. Drawing his revolver and with a determined look to do or die upon his manly young face, he calmly awaited the onslaught of the savage horde. Not a shot was wasted. Every bullet had its mark, for Fanning knew only too well his chances would be small once his revolver was empty.

At last the critical moment came and he had fired his last shot. Drawing his sword, he awaited the attack with a firm grip, and now came a terrific hand to hand struggle, in which he fought like a lion until, stabbed in the right arm with a spear, the gallant fellow, through weakness and loss of blood, was compelled to relinquish his hold upon his sword.

Nothing daunted, however, the gallant trumpeter seized his trumpet with his left hand and again fought the enemy hand to hand until literally borne to the ground by sheer force of numbers. Here they fell upon him and hacked his body with their short stabbing spears and knives and left him and the colonel for dead upon the field.

When we recovered the bodies, they were taken back to camp. Here we found that Fanning was stabbed in 17 different places, yet despite this fact the gallant fellow lingered for five days afterward and died at Victoria hospital, Suez, where he was buried. Needless to say had he recovered from his wounds he would have received the Victoria cross for his bravery. He left a widowed mother to mourn his loss.

The trumpet which bore such mute testimony by the blood stained finger marks in his deathly grasp of the gallant stand made by the heroic youth, was afterward recovered and preserved as a memento by his comrades. Colonel Barrow afterward died from the effects of his wounds, although not until he had rendered excellent services on the Nile expedition.—London Tit-Bits.

Laundry Troubles.

The disappearance of one's linen in the wash could be endured, but when the washerwoman gives, in exchange for your manly linen, garments that are essentially and obtrusively feminine the mildest tempered man must lose his patience. What man ever wore a 12 inch collar? Yet 12 inch collars frequently come to me in exchange for the 16½ inch collars that I sent to the wash When I send a nice dress shirt and receive back a striped shirt at least four sizes too small, even the fact that it is gathered into folds by a waistband 18 inches long does not make it acceptable.

But the slow and gradual exchange of my entire stock of linen for shirts, collars and cuffs that neither I nor any other mere man can wear will in time utterly destroy the reverence and affection with which I ought to regard the other sex.—English Magazine.

...FREE...
Public Lectures
— IN THE —
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President*; Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President*; William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer*; Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors*; Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees*; Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 6. H. C. Hovey, D.D. Subject: "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and back as far as the banks of Volga." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 17, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote, will be held on

TUESDAY, the 13th day of December, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—
Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Armory, entrance Prospect Street.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1899?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.
ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet T. Brown, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Alice G. Preston, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of December, A.D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

UNITARIAN
Sale and Supper
Thursday, Dec. 1, 1898,
At the Vestry of the Church.

Fancy Articles, Housekeeping Supplies, Bags and Baskets, Handkerchiefs, Home-made Candies, and many other attractions.
There will be an attractive **Parlor Entertainment.**
A good opportunity to purchase Holiday Gifts.

General Admission 10 Cents.
Supper 25 Cents.
Door open at 5. Supper at 6.30

Family Cow For Sale.
Or will exchange for Horse and Carriage
Address 71 Wyman St.
E. C. COLMAN.

To Let.
MY HOUSE on the corner of Court street and Church Avenue. Rent reasonable.
Apply to ABIJAH THOMPSON, at Hammond & Son's Clothing Store

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT

But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, Dec. 1,

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T
fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Winter Styles and Stocks.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by Anna Bogle to Willard T. Sears, his heirs and assigns, dated January twenty-third, 1895, and recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Registry of Deeds, Book 2340, Page 204, for breach of conditions in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing same, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, at three o'clock in the afternoon on

MONDAY, December 5th, 1898,

all and singular, the property conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, near East Woburn, or Montvale, bounded and described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a point on the westerly side of Vernon street, distant southerly from land now or late of Anna Page, measuring on said street four hundred and seventy-five 6-10 feet; and thence running south 4° 58' east, by said street, sixty feet; thence at a right angle westerly by land formerly of Foster, one hundred feet; thence northerly by land formerly of said Foster, sixty feet; thence easterly by land formerly of said Foster one hundred feet to the point of beginning; containing six thousand square feet.

The said premises are hereby conveyed subject to the restrictions contained in deed given by William C. Foster and Mary Pierce Foster to Ernest D. Blackwell, dated June 1, 1893, recorded with Middlesex (So. District) Deeds, Book 2202, Page 15.

Being the same premises conveyed by Harmon Reed to me by deed dated January 23, 1895, to be herewith recorded.

This sale is made subject to all unpaid taxes and assessments, if any there are.

Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

WILLARD T. SEARS, Mortgagee.
FREDERICK O. WOODRUFF, Auctioneer,
40 Water Street Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of William Henry Winning, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court for probate by John W. Johnson, Daniel W. Pratt and Howard M. Munroe, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of December, A. D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

STAR
Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

SUBJECTS and DATES:
NOV. 30. London, the World's Metropolis.
DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of **Fifty Cents.** Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

Tenement To Let.
Convenient and centrally located. Apply to
J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

To Let.
Tenement 7 rooms. 13 Fairmount street.

All the Comforts of Home
depend on the judicious way in which you buy your teas. We think our line of TEAS will please you.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford
WHEELS.
☞ Repairing and Enameling a specialty.
421 Main Street, WOBURN.

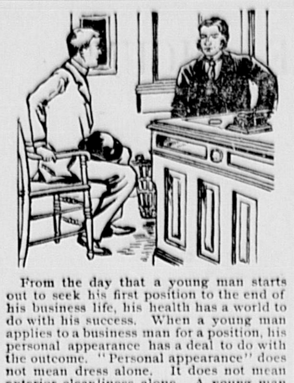
E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave., BOSTON.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of price 50 cents.
McNabb & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.
A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.
JOSEPH LINNELL,
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.
406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.



From the day that a young man starts out to seek his first position to the end of his business life, his health has a world to do with his success. When a young man applies to a business man for a position, his personal appearance has a deal to do with the outcome. "Personal appearance" does not mean dress alone. It does not mean exterior cleanliness alone. A young man may be clean, so far as soap and water will make him, but be disfigured by unsightly pimples, eruptions and ulcerations on the skin. These are due to impurities in the blood. The blood becomes impure because it is improperly nourished. Instead of receiving the life-giving elements of the food, it receives the foul emanations of indigestion, biliousness and costiveness.

The reason that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best remedy for disorders of this description is that it goes right to first causes. It gives a man an appetite "like a horse." It facilitates the flow of digestive juices. It corrects all disorders of the digestion, and makes the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food perfect. It invigorates the liver. It purifies and enriches the blood. It makes the muscles strong and active. It tones and steadies the nerves. It makes a young man look as he should—strong of body, alert of brain and clean and wholesome of skin. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"I had eczema in its worst form," writes Austin Ramsey, Esq., of Saltillo, Huntingdon Co., Pa. "I tried three doctors but got no relief. I thought it would set me wild, it itched and burned so badly. The neighbors thought I would never be cured. I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and am now well."

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

No, send me not to Morpheus yet.
The night is fair and bright.
'Tis sweet to spend some wakeful hours
And watch the heaven's light.

Here in this cold December air
I'll hear the nightly chimes,
And once again recall the past,
The thoughts of olden times.

Above yon silent, sleeping town
There floats a distant song,
A mellow tune that swells the breeze
And softly sails along.

It comes to me in lingering notes,
In faint and mournful strain,
And sadder grows my heart—but calm,
O pain that soothest pain!

It brings me back the dear old songs,
Songs silenced long ago,
Oft heard among the moonlit groves
By sweet Euphrates' flow.

Once more I stand by one dear form
Upon the waveless sand
To hear faint echoes die afar
And press a trembling hand.

Ah, how the murmuring river hushed,
The moon was paled above,
When from those tuneful lips there rushed
Sweet melodies of love!

O priceless past, O dreamlike joys,
O long remembered face,
What charm you give this stranger's song,
What sad and tender grace!

Let men in gold seek pleasures cold
In vanity or strife;
One grief to me is worth a world,
And one true tear a life.

Sing, sweet unknown, and from this breast
Let sadness not depart.
As rain will only brighten flowers,
Griefs beautify the heart.
—Boston Transcript.

BULLHEAD PARKER.

When George Parker made his first appearance on the football field at Clevedon college, about two weeks after the term began, he came unheralded and unknown.

The football enthusiasts had been busy for days discussing the merits and qualifications of the various new men who had come up for the first time that year and were trying for positions on the team. Good football material was scarce at Clevedon, and the captain and the coach were at their wits' end to construct a winning team with the candidates who had thus far appeared. The very day that Parker made his initial appearance they had held a short council in the directors' office at the gymnasium before going on the field for the afternoon practice, and the outlook, as they viewed it at the time, was gloomy indeed.

Candidates for positions behind the line were many, and some of them gave promise of developing into good players, but the linemen, especially the tackles, left much to be desired at the close of their conversation.

Shaw, the coach, expressed himself very forcibly as to the qualifications of at least one of the players: "I tell you, Arnold, we must get some life into that line or the best backs in the world won't win games for us. Now, there's Brice at left tackle. He's big and strong enough to stop a freight train, but he plays as though he were dead on his feet. If we only had some man to go in against him on the scrub eleven and wake him up and give him a bit of a scare, he might amount to something, but as it is he's about as lively as an ice wagon."

All this was too obvious to elicit anything more than a very gloomy acquiescence from the captain, and the two men tramped out through the gymnasium to the practice field, and here they found Parker for the first time among the crowd of youths passing and kicking the ball. He was of medium height, rather light but firmly built, resembling the other young men around him in general appearance, except for a rather unusual squareness of the jaw and levelness of gaze.

He came to Clevedon from an obscure little academy in a distant state, where he had prepared for college. The captain of the scrub eleven had noticed him in chapel in the morning and afterward had hunted him out, and, having learned by dint of hard questioning that he had played football and at least knew the rudiments of the game, had asked him to come out to the field in the afternoon and have a try at the second eleven.

The second or scrub eleven, be it known, is composed of the candidates who are denied a place on the varsity and who yet for the sake of the sport and in the hope that one day promotion may find them out are willing to work on without glory or reward unless they find them in the hard practice game played daily with the varsity. From the ranks of the scrubs come the substitutes for the varsity, and a good player in the former may well dare hope to be chosen on the varsity the next year. It is, as one may see, a sort of apprenticeship or training school through which one must pass before he reaches the varsity.

It had been the bane of the scrub captain's life hitherto that he had not been able to find a man in his miscellaneous lot who was able to play a hard enough game against Brice, the varsity left tackle, either to cause that gentleman any particular inconvenience or to satisfy the demands of Shaw. They had all made the mistake of "bucking" straight into him, and being inferior in weight and muscle to Brice, who was a giant in size, if not in intellect, the result may be imagined.

Thus it happened that in sheer desperation Parker was chosen on this his first night out to go in against Brice, and, if possible, frighten him into improving his playing.

As the two men looked each other over for a moment before the ball was put in play Brice thought to himself, rather contemptuously, that he would have no trouble with this stripling, but after Parker had broken through two or three times on plays around his end and downed the man with the ball he began to realize that he had a very unusual sort of scrub to deal with, and that it would require something very different from his ordinary style of practice game to keep this fellow occupied. After he awoke to this fact Parker's lot became rather harder, and he was forced to content himself with an occasional tackle behind the interference when the runner was slow or the ball was poorly passed.

But the climax came just before the close of the 15 minutes' practice. The varsity had carried the ball down the field directly in front of and about 20 yards from the scrubs' goal. Parker had become somewhat used to the varsity play by this time, and when he saw the full back drop back and the half backs move out from and back of their regular positions he knew that a goal from the field was to be tried. Here was his last chance to outwit the now fully awakened Brice.

Instead of moving out, as he might have been expected to do, in order to get a clearer field and open the line, he moved in close and made a feint as though intending to dive between tackle and guard, which was just the sort of play it was the delight of Brice's heart to stop. He was practically immovable, and woe to the unlucky mortal who attempted "go through" him. Nothing, however, was further from Parker's mind than the attempting of such a feat. Instead, as the ball was snapped, he wheeled out quickly, caught Brice's arm in his own and, whirling upon him as on a pivot, threw that worthy flat on his back and rushed at the full back just in time to block a well directed try for goal.

The men on the side lines cheered lustily for the plucky scrub tackle, and the coach gladdened his heart with a few words of commendation, while the discomfited Brice had a bad five minutes explaining to the captain how it all happened.

After that Parker's play was carefully watched by both Shaw and Arnold, and Brice was warned that unless he looked sharp and worked hard he might yet lose the position which he had begun to look upon as peculiarly his own. Under this stimulus he improved wonderfully, and the hopes of the rooters rose again as they saw the line grow stronger and faster day by day.

The great game of the season, for which all the others were but a preparation, was the one with Hanover college, and was to be played this year at Clevedon. For three years the yellow and blue of Hanover had waved triumphant, and their team was reported to be in better condition than ever.

At last the great day arrived and the morning train brought with it the Hanover team and a great crowd of students, already boasting of the victory that was sure to be theirs. Odds were offered freely, but the Clevedon boys, mindful of the lessons of former defeats, were slow to bet, and much Hanover money went begging.

The day was an ideal one for football, crisp and cool, with that suspicion of frost in the air that puts every player on his mettle and makes every nerve tingle with pure human joy of living. On such a day even a disordered liver loses its ascendency over the mind, and the blood races through the veins in an exhilarating flood. In spite of the lateness of the season the close clipped turf was green and soft as velvet, and the field, lined on either side with bleachers filled with a gayly dressed, ribbon bedecked crowd, was an inspiring sight. Every one in the little town, without regard to age, sex or present condition of servitude, had turned out to witness what proved to be a battle royal.

Hanover, with their usual good fortune, won the toss and chose the north goal, with the wind at their backs. Burrows, the Clevedon full back, swung his toe into the pigskin and sent it whirling well down into the enemy's country, with the ends close after it, and the battle was on. Hanover sent their backs around the Clevedon ends for a few short gains, and then lost the ball on a fumble. Clevedon held it for a few plays and lost it, and so the battle raged. Back and forth in the center of the field they fought. Occasionally a long kick by the full back would drive the ball down the field, and one goal or the other would be temporarily endangered, but soon the ball would be carried back to the center, and the struggle would be begun again. The teams were so evenly matched that neither was able to gain more than a temporary advantage over the other, and the first half closed without either having scored.

For the first five minutes of the second half it was the same story over again, but after one of Hanover's fierce rushes into the line a figure was seen stretched on the ground and a thrill of apprehension ran along the side lines. "Who is it?" "Is he Hanover or Clevedon?" "What subs have we?" were some of the questions anxiously asked.

To the dismay of the Clevedon contingent, it was discovered in a moment that it was Brice, the big left tackle, whose lame ankle had finally succumbed to a severe wrench. For him to continue longer in the game was out of the question, but who was there to take his place? The only man who had practiced in that position was Parker, and when the "rooters" saw him strip off his sweater and trot across the field obedient to the captain's summons their hearts sank within them. What chance would such a green stripling as he have against such a heavy, experienced player as the Hanover tackle? But the captain remembered Parker's play against Brice and held his peace.

The first play demonstrated that, whatever else he might be, Parker was no coward. Whenever there was a rush through his side of the line he was generally found at the bottom of the heap when the mass of men untangled itself. But the fierce, determined, bulldog game that Hanover was playing was beginning to tell, and slowly the ball was being carried nearer the coveted Clevedon goal—50 yards, 45, 40, until the ball lay on the 30 yard line, and here the advance stopped. Three times the Hanover backs drove headlong into the Clevedon line, only to be held and thrown back again.

It was the old guard at Waterloo over again. One more play and the ball must go to Clevedon. But the goal was straight ahead and only 30 yards away, and a well directed kick would put Hanover five points to the good. The full back dropped back and every one knew what was coming. Every man was crouching low in the line with his muscles tense and every sense alert watching the ball and the man opposite him. Back went the ball to the full back, and after it the Clevedon quarter back, dodging quickly through a hole between center and guard, but just too late. The ball barely cleared his finger tips as it sailed up into the air and straight between the goal posts. A clean kick, and the Hanover bleachers roared and waved their approval.

Parker, in the rush of the moment, was conscious of nothing but a mad desire to tear his way through the line and reach the full back, but struggle as he would the man opposite him blocked him hard and low, and his effort was futile. On the Clevedon side of the field there was a gloomy silence that was almost tangible. Only seven minutes to play and the score 5 to 0 against them.

Burrows put the ball in play again with a low, swift kick that sent it straight at one of the big Hanover guards. Taken by surprise, instead of holding it, he let the ball bound back from his broad chest straight toward Parker, who was rushing down the field. As the ball bounded toward him, remembering the injunction of the coach never to try to kick up a ball unless he had a clear field before him, he threw himself full length at the coveted oval and gathered it in his arms.

At the same moment the unlucky guard, rushing from the other direction to repair his error, stumbled over the prostrate form and, whether it was intentional or accidental no one ever knew, struck poor Parker full in the face with the toe of his heavy shoe, cutting a deep gash above his left eye. To the Clevedon supporters on the side lines it seemed as though an evil fate was pursuing them. There was no one to take Parker's place, and how could he play with a deep cut in his head and the blood streaming down his face? But they failed to recognize the spirit of the boy, and when the coach tried to lead him from the field he flatly refused to be taken away. "Let me stay the game out," he pleaded, and then as a shrewd afterthought he added, "Who'll you put in my place anyway?" The force of this argument struck the coach, and, pleased with the boy's grit, he had no alternative but to yield, and back into his place went Parker, with his bloody face and a handkerchief bound round his head.

If he had played hard before, he played like a demon now, but the team was going down hill fast. The men had lost heart and with ever increasing swiftness the Hanover wedge ground its way down the field until a final breathless rally stopped the advance on the 20 yard line. One minute to play and the Hanover full back dropped back for another try for goal. Here was a last desperate chance, and in spite of his aching, whirling head Parker remembered the trick that had worked so well on Brice and shoved in close to his opponent. The latter, mistaking the movement, closed up the gap, when, quick as a flash, as the ball was snapped, Parker sprang out, whipped his husky opponent half around and rushed at the full back like a tiger, with the speedy quarter back close at his heels. The kick was swift and sure, but Parker was quicker, and as the ball rose he sprang high in the air and caught it full on his outstretched arms.

As the ball bounded back Sheldon, the quarter back, snatched it up, and was off for the Hanover goal, 80 yards away. Behind him strained the Hanover half backs in hot pursuit, but it was no use. A stern chase is a long one, and Sheldon did not hold the varsity record for the 100 yards for nothing. He planted the ball squarely between the goal posts, and Burrows kicked an easy goal, making the score 6 to 5 in Clevedon's favor, and time was up.

And Parker—well, Parker fainted away in the arms of his roommate as he tried to walk off the field and was sick for a month with brain fever. But he had earned his nickname of "Bullheaded" Parker, and lived to prove his full right and title to it on many a hard fought field.

They talk of his powers yet back at the old college, but Parker is sleeping in a Cuban grave, having given his life for his country this year. He fell in the charge of the rough riders at San Juan, a hero to the end.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

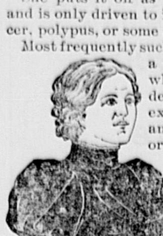
CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.



This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—MRS. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

For itching and chafing Fay Stowell used

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She says it makes the skin feel so soft and smooth, relieving and curing irritation immediately. It is strongly endorsed by Mary J. Fallon, Trained Nurse, of Boston. Druggists sell it.

A Yellow Fever Cure.

A correspondent of a London paper asserts that no fatal results may be feared from yellow fever if the person attacked, as soon as the symptoms appear, take a tumblerful of olive oil with the juice of a lime squeezed into it. This dose should be repeated till vomiting and purging ensue.

"This is infallible in checking the virulence of the complaint," says the letter writer, "and a speedy convalescence invariably follows. I have not only proved its efficiency personally, but have witnessed its complete success in dozens of cases, both in Cuba and South America."

PECULIAR INSURANCE

THE SYSTEM THAT ICELAND ENFORCED CENTURIES AGO.

In the Golden Age of the Island Republic Protection Against Loss by Fire Was Compulsory—Methods by Which Damage and Compensation Were Decided.

Centuries before the wise citizens of London recognized the value of fire insurance there existed a most interesting form of it, and that not in any of the great commercial nations of the middle ages, but in a remote island of the Atlantic—in Iceland.

This fact, remarkable as it is in itself, will not seem so surprising to those who are acquainted with the ancient condition of that country, which has for several hundred years played but a small part in European history. Its first colonists, in the end of the ninth and beginning of the tenth centuries, were among the most enterprising of Norway's sons, and for the next three centuries their new home rivaled the mother country in most respects and far excelled it in mental activity. The old poetry of Norway died out about the year 1000 A. D., and from that date, so long as there were skalds at the court of the Norwegian kings, they were Icelanders.

At the same time they were careful farmers, daring seamen and enterprising traders. They traded regularly with all the neighboring countries and thought little of an overland journey to Constantinople, where many of them served in the bodyguard of the Byzantine emperor. At home, next to the necessary care of their herds and flocks, they were above all devoted to poetry, history and law. To be skilled in the latter was a sure title to respect at a time when lawbooks were still unknown and codes were carried in the head of the "lawman" or declared by the "law speaker" at the meetings of the althing, or yearly assembly.

In the thirteenth century these laws of use and wont came to be written down, not officially, it would seem, as happened in other countries, but by persons interested in legal studies, and they are now preserved in a collection commonly known as Gra-gas, or gray goose (a name of doubtful origin), which is used as a general name for the laws of Iceland prior to its union with Norway in 1262.

It is in this collection of laws that the interesting item of compensation for loss by fire occurs, a section which is quoted by the editor of an Icelandic journal in a series of articles on the ancient civilization of Iceland. The editor, Dr. Valtyr Gudmundsson, is one of the best authorities on this subject and uses the quotation as a text to point out to his countrymen the superior foresight of their ancestors in this respect. The modern Icelander has not yet realized the value of insurance, as shown by the fact that one of the foremost yeomen in the country had his farm burned down three times in succession without its being insured.

It was otherwise in the old days, as Dr. Valtyr points out. In the time of the old republic, the golden age of Iceland, every yeoman farmer was by law compelled to be a member of a mutual insurance society. The method by which compensation for loss of fire was made is thus explained in Gra-gas and is a striking proof of the thoroughly practical views of the old Icelanders:

"There are three houses in every man's dwelling for which compensation may be obtained in event of their being burned down." In Icelandic dwellings each room was a separate building, and so is called a "house." "One is the women's sitting room, another the common sitting room, and the third a pantry where the women prepare the food. If a man has both a sitting room and a hall, then at the spring assembly he shall choose whether he will rather have the sitting room or the hall insured. If there is a church or chapel on any man's farm, then that is the fourth house liable for compensation, where it exists.

"If any of these houses aforementioned is burned down, the owner shall summon five of his neighbors and get them to estimate the damage that has been done. They shall estimate the damage done to the house itself, and also that done to clothes and other valuables burned along with it, but only such clothes and valuables as the owner requires for daily use shall be reckoned for compensation. If a church is burned, there shall be reckoned along with it for compensation all the hangings, the choir and the best bell that has been destroyed, if there were more than one, and all the furniture required for daily use. The same thing shall be done in the case of chapels."

When the damage had been valued by the neighbors, as above provided, one-half of the loss had to be borne by the yeoman himself, and the other half was made good by all the other yeomen in the district. From each of these a certain amount was levied in proportion to the value of his property, and if this were not paid within a specified time it could be seized by law. At the same time it was provided that no one could be called upon to pay as his share more than 1 per cent of his whole property, and it was not compulsory to compensate the same person for loss by fire more than three times.—Chambers' Journal.

Mock Funerals.

Speaking of the mock funerals that used to be so common, especially in the south, a writer in an Alexandria (Va.) paper says: "After the death of President William H. Harrison in 1841 there were mock funerals held, I think, generally over the country, by way of giving expression to the nation's loss and his personal worth. I remember distinctly there gathered upon the square in Charlottesville a band of music, a hearse with empty coffin, pallbearers, ministers of all denominations, military and Masonic orders, students and professors from the university and a large concourse of citizens and that there was formed thence a line that marched to an open grave in a cemetery near the town. The Rev. Richard K. Meade of Christ church, after the coffin was lowered into the grave, read the committal portion of the burial service of the church, the soldiers fired a volley, and the Masons closed the scene with ceremonies usual on such occasions."

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One pack, 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Matrimonial Divining Test.

I cannot recall ever having seen in my school days any matrimonial divining tests save one. It was this: A key was placed in the Bible at the second chapter of Solomon's Song, verses 16 and 17, and the book tied firmly together, with the handle of the key left beyond the edges of the leaves. The tips of the little finger of the charm tester and of a friend were placed under the side of the key, and then they "tried the alphabet" with the verses above named—that is, they began thus: "A. 'My beloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved,'" etc. At the word "turn" the Bible was supposed to turn around if A were the first letter of the lover's name. Thus could the entire name be spelled out. I am sure I was not more than 8 years old when I saw this charm tried, but I distinctly recall the uncanny chill I felt when the Bible slowly turned and fell from the fingers of the girls who were "trying the alphabet."

I have since learned that when we thus "turned the Bible" we were practicing theomancy—one of the 53 varieties of necromanic art enumerated in an old book—two others being pyromancy, charms through the use of fire, and botonomancy, through the use of herbs and flowers.—Alice Morse Earle in Lippincott's.

After the Battle.

A Washington lawyer's life is not entirely without agreeable features, although possibly the first syllable of that word is not always spelled f-e-e.

Recently one had as a client a very quiet, unobtrusive young market man who owned and conducted a market garden somewhere beyond the city limits. It seems that the young fellow had some trouble with his father-in-law, a meddlesome old man who had always imposed on the husbands of his daughters, and after it was over he came to consult the attorney, whom he had known for a long time.

"Um-um," said the attorney thoughtfully, after hearing part of the story. "Your father-in-law charged you with treating your wife harshly?"

"Yes, sir," was the brief answer.

"What did you do?"

"To her?"

"No. To him."

"I denied the charges from start to finish, and so did she."

"What did he do then?"

"Called me a liar."

"What did you do?"

"Hit him one—just one, sir."

"What did he do then?"

"Nothing, sir. The doctors done the rest."—Washington Star.

One Legged Ducks.

Once a gentleman reproved his negro servant for serving a duck for dinner to which there was only one leg. He suspected Sam of having eaten the missing limb.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Sam. "These ducks have only one leg."

"Indeed!" said the master. "I must see them."

So the next morning he told Sam to show him the one legged ducks. Sam conducted his master to the poultry yard and pointed to half a dozen ducks, each standing on one leg near the pond.

"There, sah!" he exclaimed.

The master waved his arms and cried out, "Shoo, shoo!" and the ducks scampered away.

"How about that?" he said, turning to Sam.

"That's right, sah," returned Sam calmly, "but why didn't yo' shoo de oder duck las' night?"—New Orleans Picayune.

Faced the Lions.

African Explorer (spinning a yarn)—Not very long ago I went out one day unarmed, when I suddenly found myself face to face with three lions.

Friend—Well?

Explorer—I fixed my gaze on the brutes, then stuck my hands in my pockets and walked away, whistling an air from an opera.

Friend—And didn't the lions immediately rush at you?

Explorer—They couldn't. It was at the zoo.—London Tit-Bits.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 27.

Text of the Lesson, Prov. iv, 10-19—Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, Prov. i, 10—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

10. "Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings, and the years of thy life shall be many." We may think of David addressing Solomon (see verse 3), but it will be more profitable for us to receive the words as from God our Father to all who are His children by faith in Christ Jesus. We may hear His words and not receive them, but when we hear and receive, or believe, for believing is receiving (John i, 12), we thus have life (John v, 24). It will make this teaching simple if when we read of wisdom, as in verses 5, 7, etc., we think of Him who is the wisdom of God (I Cor. i, 24, 30). In Jas. i, 21, we are taught that the word must be received with meekness.

11. "I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths." Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace (chapter iii, 17). He always leads by a right way to our city of habitation (Ps. cvii, 7). He is the Way, and He is our Peace; when He putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before, and to follow Him is to go in perfect peace, for His will is always wisest, and His way is always best, and in perfect acquiescence there is always perfect rest. Abide in His love.

12. "When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened, and when thou runnest thou shalt not stumble." There is no straitness with Him. His is an abundant way; abundant grace and glory; all our need supplied according to His riches (Phil. iv, 19). Philip's 200 pence would have given each of the 5,000 a little, but our Lord's way was to fill them with as much as they desired (John vi, 1-12). When His people hearken unto Him and walk in His ways, He fills and satisfies them (Ps. lxxxi, 10-16). He makes them to be satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord (Deut. xxxiii, 23). The blessing which maketh rich and to which our toil addeth nothing (Prov. x, 22, R. V.).

13. "Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go, keep her, for she is thy life." She is a tree of life—life unto thy soul (chapter iii, 18, 22). By comparing text with text we get the unity of the Scriptures, the oneness of thought, for all centers in Him who is our life (Deut. xxx, 20; Col. iii, 4). To walk in His way and keep His commandments is life and righteousness (Deut. v, 33; vi, 25), but He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; so it is summed up in receiving and walking in Him (Rom. x, 4; Col. ii, 6). Having received the word with meekness, the next thing is to hold it fast, for it is a faithful word (Titus i, 9; Rev. ii, 25). When satan by his servants questions any part of the word of God, the believer should take the hint to hold that portion all the more firmly.

14. "Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men." Since the devil tempted Eve in the garden of Eden he has been ever seeking whom he may devour, and he seems to find multitudes willing to be devoured.

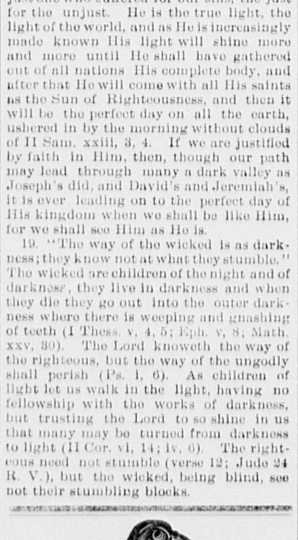
15. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God (I Cor. xv, 33, 34). Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful (Ps. i, 1). If Eve had not stopped to look at the tree, the fruit of which she was forbidden to eat, she might not have fallen. If Achan had not looked upon the gold and the garment, he, too, might not have sinned. All that is not of God we must turn away from, lest we fall into temptation. Looking unto Jesus is the only way to run our race. Beholding the glory of the Lord is the way to become like Him.

16. "For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall." To kill and to destroy, to give torment and anxiety, is their master's business and theirs. They speak loftily, they set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth (Ps. lxxiii, 8, 9). David said concerning them, "They that seek my hurt speak mischievous things and imagine deceits all the day long" (Ps. xxxviii, 12). The Son of Man came to save, not to destroy; He gives life and life abundant and joy and peace and glory. The followers of the devil are ever taking all they can get and giving nothing real in return. The Son of God gave Himself for us and bore all the devil's hate that He might redeem us from his power.

17. "For they eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence." Contrast the bread and wine of Melchisedec in connection with the blessing of the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth (Gen. xiv, 18, 19); also the bread and wine of the communion, representing our Lord's body given for us and His blood shed for us that we, eating Him, might live by Him (John vi, 54, 57). The ungodly may be said to live upon the flesh and blood of those whose downfall they accomplish, but our Lord, by humbling Himself unto death, gives us His life to be our life. He is the bread from heaven.

18. "But the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He is the truly just one who suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust. He is the true light, the light of the world, and as He is increasingly made known His light will shine more and more until He shall have gathered out of all nations His complete body, and after that He will come with all His saints as the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will be the perfect day on all the earth, ushered in by the morning without clouds of II Sam. xxiii, 3, 4. If we are justified by faith in Him, then, though our path may lead through many a dark valley as Joseph's did, and David's and Jeremiah's, it is ever leading on to the perfect day of His kingdom when we shall see Him as He is.

19. "The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble." The wicked are children of the devil, of darkness; they go on in darkness, and when they die they go out into the outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth (I Thess. v, 4, 5; Eph. v, 8; Math. xxv, 30). The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish (Ps. i, 6). As children of light let us walk in the light, having no fellowship with the works of darkness, but truly loving the Lord to so shine that many may be turned from darkness to light (II Cor. vi, 14; iv, 6). The righteous need not stumble (verse 12; Jude 24 R. V.), but the wicked, being blind, see not their stumbling blocks.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Pill for the Ill.

"They'll do you good," a physician said in giving some pills to his patient, a woman who had suffered for months from diseases which baffled skillful treatment. His words proved true. The woman rejoices.

The hurry and bustle of the housewife is extremely wearing upon the delicate organism of womanhood.

Her intense earnestness in whatever she undertakes, tempts her constantly to go beyond her strength.

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Colo., was one who did this.

"Eight years ago," said she, "my husband died and I was left with three children to care for and educate.

"The burdens of life fell heavily upon me, but I determined to make the best of it.

"I succeeded in my undertakings for a livelihood, but in doing so overtaxed myself, and undermined my health.

"I was very ill about two years ago with blood poisoning, caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment.

"The disease settled in my throat for a time, causing intense agony.

"Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. For four months and a half I was a prisoner in my room, most of the time confined to my bed.

"My hands were swollen so that I could not feed myself, and the swelling in my feet and ankles would have made walking impossible if I had been strong enough.

"One day, after considerable treatment, my physician brought me a box of pills.

'You need a tonic,' he said, 'and something that will act at once, and this is the best medicine for that purpose.'

"Pills!" I exclaimed in surprise as he opened the box and showed them.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'these are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but you need not be alarmed about taking them. You have my word for it, they'll do you good.'

"Before I had been taking them a week I noticed a great improvement in my condition.

"I grew stronger each day and now am in the best of health.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the best remedy in the world.

"A friend not long ago was telling me of her mother who was at a critical period in her life.

"She was subject to terrible fainting spells, and the entire family would worry over her.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stopped the fainting spells, but given her so much strength that she is able to take up life's duties again."

To more highly endorse her words, Mrs. Browning made affidavit before George W. Gill, Notary Public.

All diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, and most all come from that, are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

They act directly upon the blood. Building it up with lacking constituents; it becomes rich and red, the various organs are nourished and stimulated to activity in performing their functions, and thus disease is eliminated from the system.

These pills are sold everywhere, the sale being enormous.

Sauce For Goose and Gander.

A physician and his friend were standing on a street corner of a Virginia town where they were spending a few days. Their attention was amusingly arrested by the sight of an old darky belaboring the flanks of a mule in a vain persuasion to make him move on. At last the doctor was appealed to.

"Say, boss, I'll give you five dollahs ef you'll make dis hyer mule go."

With a sly wink the physician opened his case and took out his hypodermic syringe, filled the needle with an acid and sent it into the hindquarters of the mule. The effect was magical. With a wild plunge the mule went tearing down the street, with the darky after him, the bystanders roaring with laughter. A short time afterward the darky, dust covered and panting, approached again.

"Say, boss—how much—was de wuff of dat stuff—yo' does squit—in dat mule?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "about 10 cents."

Down went the darky's hands in his jeans pockets. He fished out two dimes.

"Hyah, boss—am 20 cents. I wish yo' would squht—twice as much of dat stuff into me—case I'se bound—to catch dat mule."—Short Stories.

A Corporal's Lesson.

During the American war the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders about a heavy beam that they were endeavoring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting at them. An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turned around with the pomp of an emperor and said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You are, are you? I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and, taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I was not aware of that."

Upon this, he dismounted and pulled until great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. When the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and not enough men, send for your commander in chief and I will gladly come and help you a second time."

The little corporal was thunderstruck—it was Washington who thus addressed him.

Ants as Servants.

It is generally known that any small dead mammal or bird when left near an anthill will ultimately be found picked clean of flesh. The ants are clever and do their work quickly. It has been lately demonstrated that they can be made useful in the direction of skeletonizing specimens. Professor Bernard, so says Popular Science News, has been employing ants as his servants.

While in Florida he had a fox squirrel thus skeletonized in a single day. The only agents employed were ants. His method of procedure is to kill his specimen, bind it with wire to the position in which he wishes the skeleton to remain and then place it near a group of ant hills. The voracious ants do the rest.

The operation requires careful watching, lest the entomological dissectors should not be content with simply devouring the flesh, but should attack the cartilage that holds the bones together. At precisely the right moment the professor removes the specimen from the neighborhood of the anthills and applies a preservative and hardening chemical to the cartilage.

Tossing a Coin.

Speaking of the late Lewis Carroll, Lionel Tollemache says: "The following specimen was propounded by him in my presence: Suppose that I toss up a coin on the condition that if I throw heads once I am to receive one penny, if twice in succession twopence, if thrice fourpence, and so on, doubling for each successive toss, what is the value of my prospects? The amazing reply is that it amounts to infinity, for, as the profit attached to each successful toss increases in exact proportion as the chance of success diminishes, the value, so to say, of each toss will be identical, being, in fact, one-half penny, so that the value of an infinite number of tosses is an infinite number of halfpence.

"Yet, in fact, would any one give me sixpence for my prospect? This, concluded Dodgson, shows how far our conduct is from being determined by logic.

"The only comment that I will offer on this astounding paradox is that in order to bring out his result we must suppose a somewhat monotonous eternity to be consumed in the tossing process."—Exchange.

What Jarred.

"Come, old man," said the kind friend, "cheer up. There are others."

"I don't mind her breaking the engagement so very much," said the despondent young man, "but to think that I have got to go on paying the installments on the ring for a year to come yet! That is what jars."—London Fun.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of cold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

ELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton and Funeral Director,

Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.

214 Main St., Woburn

From New Zealand.

REEFTON, New Zealand, Nov. 23 1896

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. SCANTLEBURY

For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Swimming Lesson Failed.

It was winter time, and the son of a tobacconist wanted to learn to swim. His father told him if he would learn the stroke on the floor and practice it during cold weather he would be able to swim right off when he jumped into the water in summer.

At last summer came, and the father and two sons went to a pond. The father went over the hill to look after some stock while the boys were going in swimming. His last instructions to the young man were to just jump in and go ahead—he could swim all right. This the boy proceeded to do. When the father, returning, came in sight over the hill, he saw the older boy almost splitting his sides laughing and the other on a log coughing up water, wiping his eyes and as mad as a hornet.

"Father," said the older boy, "you'll have to whip Sam."

"What for?" asked the father.

"He said you were the biggest liar in Montgomery county." The boy went to the bottom on the first lick.—Clarksville (Tenn.) Leaf Chronicle.

Won't Always Work.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," he quoted.

"If you intend to act upon that theory throughout life," she returned, "let us hope that you never will have occasion to visit an insane asylum for any purpose."—Chicago Post.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVIII. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1898. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 52.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6..0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

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EAMES & CARTER,
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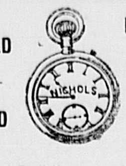
GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.



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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
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☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

CHEAPER THAN DIRT
and as cheap as common soap.
ROYAL BOQUET SOAP
A fine toilet soap, handsomely put up, three cakes in a box.
25c.
Nice enough for a Xmas present.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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PLUMBER,
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☞ Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
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JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EARTH BOUND.

Seek who will for starry love,
Mysteries of the milky way,
O'er the secret spectrum pose,
Gathered from the distant ray.
Heedless I
Of the sky;
Give me what the grasses say
Whispering down the summer day.

Search who lists the unfathomed deep
Far below the laughing waves,
Wistful what the ages keep
Safely hid on ocean caves.
Naught I care
What they bear;
Tell me what the bubbles hymn,
Dancing on the billow's brim.

Turn who longs the dusty scroll,
Record of a vanished age,
Seek what fired the hero's soul,
Nerved his arm or dulled his rage.
What I prize
Never lies;
Give me but the faithful chart
Of my comrade's loving heart.

—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

THE CORNET PLAYER.

"Don Basilio, play us a tune on the cornet, and we will dance. It is cool here under the trees."

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio, play something."

"Bring him the cornet Joaquin is practicing with."

"It is not a very good one, but you'll play for us, will you not, Don Basilio?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I don't know how."

"He doesn't know how! Did you ever see such a hypocrite?"

"Come, come, Don Basilio. Why, we know you've been leader of a military band"—

"And that nobody could play the cornet like yourself"—

"And that you have a pension from the government"—

"Well, yes, it's the truth. I have been a musician in my time, and the cornet was the instrument I played. But it is also true that years ago I gave my cornet away to a poor player in need of one and since that time have not so much as hummed a tune."

"What a pity!"

"Oh, but this afternoon you must play for us."

"Remember it is my birthday, grandpapa."

"And here is the cornet at last."

"Now let's have a pretty tune."

"A waltz!"

"No, a polka!"

"No, no; a fandango, a fandango—our national dance."

"Don't bother me, children. Have I not said that I cannot play?"

"But why can't you?"

"Because I've forgotten the way, and because, moreover, I have vowed never to learn again."

"To whom did you make this vow, father?"

"To myself, to a dead friend and to your poor mother, my daughter."

All the bright, childish faces grew sad upon hearing these words.

"Oh, if you only knew at what cost I learned to play the cornet!" continued the old man.

"The story! The story!" exclaimed the children. "Tell us the story."

"Well, yes," said Don Basilio, "it is really a story worth telling. Listen, and you shall judge for yourselves whether I can or cannot play for you today."

And seating himself under a tree, surrounded by the wondering children, he told them the story of how he learned to play the cornet. Let us listen to Don Basilio:

* * * * * *

It is now 17 years ago that our beloved Spain was shaken by civil war. Carlos and Isabel disputed the crown, and our countrymen, divided in two factions, shed their blood in fratricidal conflict.

I had in those days a friend named Ramon Gomez, cavalry lieutenant in the same battalion, one of the best hearted fellows I have ever known. We were educated together; together we left college; together had we passed many happy days, and together we were ready to die for liberty. Oh, I can truly say that he was more attached to the liberal cause than any of us, and his loyalty was never questioned. Yet, even so, a certain injustice committed by our chief, one of those abuses of authority that wreck the most honorable career, made the cavalry lieutenant desert the ranks of his fellow soldiers, the friend leave his friend, the liberal abandon his cause for that of a hated faction, the subordinate desire to kill his superior officer.

Neither my warnings nor my entreaties availed to dissuade him from this rash step. It was a thing decided. He would change the helmet for the cap, despising as he did the rebels and their cause.

At that time we found ourselves in the principality of ——, three miles from the enemy. It was the night in which Ramon was to desert—a cheerless evening, cold and wet, on the eve of a battle. At midnight Ramon entered my tent. I was asleep.

"Basilio," he whispered in my ear.

"Who's there?" I asked, waking with a start.

"It is I. Goodby."

"You are going already?"

"Yes. Goodby." And he grasped my hand. "Listen," he continued. "If tomorrow there is a great battle, as is the rumor, and we come face to face in it"—

"I know, I know," I interrupted. "We are friends."

"Good. We clasp hands and fight afterward. I shall die tomorrow surely, but not until I have fought my way to the side of the lieutenant colonel. As for you, Basilio, do not expose yourself. Glory is but a vapor."

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate
Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

"And life?"

"Well said. Make yourself a commandant. The pay is not ethereal—that is, not till one has smoked it away. Ah, but all that has now ended for me."

"What melancholy thoughts!" I cried, not without a sinking at the heart. "Tomorrow we shall survive the battle."

"Well, if this be so, let us now appoint a meeting place."

"Where?"

"In the hermitage of St. Nicholas at 1 o'clock tomorrow night. He who is not there by that time shall be given up for dead by the other. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Well, then, goodby."

"Goodby."

We embraced affectionately and parted, Ramon disappearing under shelter of the darkness.

* * * * * *

As we had expected, the rebels attacked us the following day. The action was a bloody one and lasted from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until nightfall. About 5 o'clock my battalion was roughly set upon by a party of Alaveses led by Ramon. He then wore the uniform and decorations of a commandant and on his head was the white cap of the Carlists. I ordered my company to fire upon Ramon's forces. He retaliated, and soon our battalions were engaged in a hand to hand struggle. We were victorious and Ramon was forced to retreat with the scattered remnants of his band, not, however, before he had slain with his own hand our lieutenant colonel, who opposed a desperate but vain resistance to the fury of his antagonist.

Toward sunset the fortunes of war turned against us and part of my unfortunate company was, with myself, cut off from the main body and forced to surrender. I was taken prisoner to the little village of ——, which the Carlists then occupied, and as the war was without quarter on their side I expected to be immediately put to death.

While confined, disheartened and weary, in the village jail I heard the hour of 1 ring out, the time for my meeting with Ramon. I asked for my friend and was told, "He is a hero—killed a lieutenant colonel with his own hand—but he must undoubtedly have perished in the last hours of the battle."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because he has not yet come back to camp and those he commanded can give no account of him."

Oh, what I suffered that night! But one hope remained to comfort me—that Ramon was still awaiting me at the hermitage and for this reason had not returned. "How troubled he will be when he finds I do not come!" I said to myself. "He will believe me dead, and, indeed, am I very far from being so? My last hour cannot now be far distant." At daybreak a chaplain entered the prison. My companions in misery were sleeping.

"Death?" I exclaimed upon seeing the priest.

"Yes," he replied softly.

"Now?" I asked.

"No; within three hours."

A few minutes later my fellow prisoners had awakened. Sobs, cries and blasphemies filled the prison.

Every man about to die usually has one idea that is ever present in his thoughts and to which he clings. So it was with me, and weakness, fever, or madness, I know not which, filled my mind with thoughts of my friend—of Ramon living, of Ramon dead, of Ramon waiting for me in the hermitage, of Ramon waiting for me in heaven—and so powerfully had these ideas taken possession of my mind that I thought of nothing else during those hours of agony.

They took off my captain's uniform and wrapped me in an old soldier's cloak, placing upon my head the Carlist cap. Thus I marched to my death with my 19 companions in misery. One only had been pardoned, and this because he was a musician. The Carlists at that time spared the lives of all musicians on account of there being a great scarcity of them in their battalions.

"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Did you save yourself by that?" exclaimed his hearers with one breath.

"No, my children," responded the veteran. "I then knew nothing of music."

Well, the execution squad drew up in line and we were placed facing it. I was No. 11 in the row—that is to say, I should be the eleventh to die. Then I thought of my wife and my child—of you and your poor mother, my daughter!

The firing began. Those awful death volleys maddened me. As my eyes were bandaged I could not see my companions fall one by one. I wished to count the discharges so as to be able to prepare myself for the last moment, but at the third or fourth volley I lost count. Oh, the echo of those shots will reverberate in my heart and brain forever as they rang out that fatal day! At one moment they were a thousand leagues away; the next, their thunder seemed to peal within my very ear. And the volley continued.

"Now!" I thought. The sharp report followed, and I was still alive.

"This will be it!" I said, and then I felt myself seized by the shoulder and dragged out of the ranks, while voices sounded in my ears. I fell unconscious to the ground, the last thought that passed through my mind being that I had been shot and was dying.

Afterward it seemed to me that I was lying stretched on my prison cot. I had raised myself and looked around me, trying to pierce the darkness with my eyes. A shadow more obscure than the others appeared to detach itself and bend over me. It had the outline of a man. My lips murmured mechanically the name of him who had been so much in my thoughts.

"Ramon!"

"What is it?" replied the shadow.

I shuddered. "My God!" I exclaimed. "Can I be in the other world?"

"No," replied the same voice.

"Ramon, you still live?"

"Yes."

"And I"—

"Also."

"Where am I? This is not the hermitage of St. Nicholas and I still a prisoner, or has it all been a dream?"

"No, Basilio, you have not been dreaming. Listen:

"As you know, yesterday I killed the lieutenant colonel in fair fight. Afterward, mad with the excitement of the battle, I went on fighting desperately until the close of the action. Then, as the moon rose, I thought of you and of our appointment, and directed my steps to the old hermitage, with the intention of awaiting you there. It was about 10 o'clock when I arrived; so, as the hour agreed upon was 1, I lay down to sleep. At the stroke of 1, I awoke with a start to find myself alone. Two, three, four, the hours rang out, and still you did not come. Without doubt, I said to myself, he is dead, and with a heavy heart I set out at daybreak for the rebel camp. All had given me up for lost, so I was received with joy and the general showered distinction upon me.

"Afterward I learned that some prisoners were to be executed that morning. A presentiment filled my mind. 'Can Basilio be among them?' I thought. I ran toward the place of execution. The soldiers of the firing squad had already taken their position. I heard the report of the rifles as they rang out in volleys on the still morning air. At length I reached the scene and threw my eyes rapidly along the line of victims, but can see nothing. Anguish blinds me; fear unnerves me. At length I distinguish you but two places removed from that of death! What is to be done? I go mad, give a shout, break through the line of soldiers, and rush to your side, and, flinging my arms around you, exclaim hoarsely:

"'This one, no! This one, no, my general!'

"The general who was in charge of the execution and who knew me so favorably by my behavior in the previous day's battle asked curiously:

"'Why? Is he a musician?'

"That word was for me what it would be for a man born blind to suddenly see the sun in all its splendor. The light of hope fell on my eyes and dazzled them.

"'Musician!' I cried. 'Yes, yes, my general. A musician, a great musician!'

"'What instrument does he play?' inquired the general.

"'The—the—er—that is—why, of course, the cornet! He plays the cornet!'

"'Are we in need of a cornet player?' said he, turning to the leader of the band. Five seconds, five eternities, before the answer came:

"'Yes, general; one is needed.'

"'Well, then,' continued the general, 'remove that man from the ranks and let the executions proceed at once.'

"Then I caught you in my arms and brought you here."

Scarcely had Ramon ceased speaking when I arose, trembling, and between laughter and tears embraced him, saying:

"I owe my life to you."

"Hardly that," replied Ramon.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Can you play the cornet?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you do not owe me your life; rather it is that I have compromised my own safety without securing yours."

I felt my heart grow cold within me.

"And music, he continued, "do you know anything of that?"

"Very little. You will remember what they taught us in college."

"Little, indeed, or, better said, nothing," replied Ramon. "You will die, without the slightest doubt, and I also as a traitor. Just think of it! In 15 days the band to which you belong is to be organized."

"Fifteen days!"

"Neither more nor less. And as you will not be able to take your place in it (for God will not work a miracle) we shall both be shot."

"To put you to death!" I cried. "You, for my sake; for me, whom you have risked your life to save! Ah, heaven will not permit it. Within 15 days I shall learn to play the cornet!"

Ramon burst into a laugh.

What more shall I say, my children? In 15 days—oh, power of the human will—in 15 days, with their 15 nights—for I slept no more than nature compelled in half a month—in 15 days I had learned to play the cornet.

What days those were! Ramon and I left camp early each morning and passed hours with a musician who came from a neighboring village to teach me.

Escape! I can read this thought in your eyes. Ah, nothing more impossible. I was a prisoner. They never relaxed their vigilance, and Ramon did not wish to escape without me.

It seems to me now as if in all that time I could neither eat nor sleep nor think of aught save my cornet. I was insane, and music was my monomania.

I was resolved to learn, and I did. And if I had been dumb I should have spoken; and paralytic, I should have walked; and blind, should have seen—because I willed it.

Oh, the will answers for all. Resolution is power. Children, learn this great truth—to will is to achieve.

I saved thus my life and that of my friend. But I went mad, and my madness was the art I had learned. It might be said that in three years the cornet never left my hand. Do re mi-fa-sol-la-si—behold my world during that time.

But Ramon did not abandon me. Together we emigrated to France, and there I continued my playing. The cornet was myself—it seemed to ring in my mouth. The people, the notabilities in the art, all gathered to hear me. It was a wonder, a marvel. The cornet seemed to yield to my fingers; it became elastic; it moaned; it wept; it cried aloud; it imitated the birds, the wild beasts, the human sob—

Thus passed two years more. At the end of that time Ramon died. Gazing upon my friend's dead body, I recovered my reason, and when, then in my right mind, I one day took up the cornet and tried to play, I found to my astonishment that the power had left me.

Will you now ask me to play a tune for your dance?—From the Spanish in Chicago Tribune.

An Excellent Vegetable.

Young bamboo sticks make an excellent vegetable, particularly with the sauce generally given with asparagus.—Washington Post.

THE SHORE LARK.

A Lover of Birds Calls It the Skylark of America.

We all have read in prose and verse of the skylark of western Europe; how many of us know that we have a skylark of our own?

In summer I never see him. In Massachusetts he is merely a resident from October to April, and is not a skylark at all, going to Labrador to sing and breed. As a winter visitor he is found as far south as Washington. In western New York he comes in February, breeds in early spring and goes in November, breeding also in Minnesota. Whether he is found in all the region thus outlined I do not know; very likely his range to the northwest is still greater.

Should I lose my calendar, I should know by the appearance of the lark that the date was Feb. 15; the mercury may be at zero, but that is none of his business. Other winter birds—as the arctic sparrow and yellow bird, the latter disguised as a female—seek deep ravines, where, amid thick brushwood and tall weeds, they are protected from cold and storm, but the shore lark betakes himself to high, open fields, less perhaps to enjoy the keen north wind than to find earth from which the gales have swept away the snow, exposing the seeds he is after.

In June and earlier the shore lark becomes a skylark. The old world lark is said to climb a spiral stair with his nest at its foot; ours goes drifting through the sky, keeping at about the same height from the ground, going up and coming down a little, turning in all directions in a mazy dance as he flutters slowly along, going a mile perhaps before, sailing down in a long slant, he comes back to earth, but not back to his nest, so far as I know. Even now his song does not cease—mounting a stone, he goes right on. The English lark is lost to sight sometimes, and ours is often hard to see; you will listen and look some little time before you get your eye on him. Soon after midsummer he ceases to sing.

He is nocturnal in winter; if you wish to know whether he is to be found in your fields, go out in a calm snowstorm in the evening when no sound is heard but the soft crush of the snowflakes and listen. A soft snowfall makes him as jubilant as a gentle spring rain does a flock of robins, and you will, if he is present, soon hear his "Chee-che-ch-ch-ch-ch-chee!" the notes fairly tumbling over each other in the middle. As a skylark he sings it constantly over and over, but now he waits long enough for a comrade to repeat it.

The hermit thrush would not think this melody at all, but if I like the general character of a bird I like his attempts to sing, and I greatly like and esteem the shore lark. And I suspect that the old world lark owes more to his domestic disposition and the sum of his qualities than to his ability as a songster. Our lark walks like a crow and is no more likely to light in a tree than is a goose; a fence or a wall is the only substitute for the earth or a stone. His back is the tint of road dust, he is white beneath, a large black crescent, with its horns pointing upward, is on his breast and a smaller one on each side of his head. The ear coverts make a pair of sharp and slender "horns," not very conspicuous, however.—Vick's Magazine.

Warned by Rats.

A very important element in the spread of plague in houses and localities are rats and other animals. It has been found that rats, mice, snakes, beetles, bugs, flies, dogs and jackals are infected during an epidemic. It is significant that the purely herbiverous animals—horses, oxen, sheep, goats and rabbits—are exempt. Rats die in large numbers, and generally this phenomenon is observed in advance of the appearance of the plague among human beings. The cause of their infection is still a subject of discussion. The soil becomes infected, and a very common belief in oriental countries is that the rat contracts the disease from miasmatic emanations from the soil, but this has never been scientifically demonstrated and is probably incorrect. The fact that mortality among rats precedes an outbreak of plague among human beings is explained by Lowson by the fact that rats have their snouts about an inch above the floors of houses and are more liable to inspire plague infected dust than are human beings.—United States Surgeon General Walter Wyman in North American Review.

Bold and Sleepy.

The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon," says the author of "Adventures In Mexico," "for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow."

One night, says Mr. Buxton, when encamped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snowstorm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and, turning toward the fire, which was burning bright, what was my astonishment to see a large gray wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him and then closed my eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze.

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Whaling In the Faroes.

Whaling is the Faroe man's national sport. The whale that he hunts is not the great whalebone whale, but a smaller toothed kind, called in English the pilot whale, from its habit of swimming about in large schools, each of which follows a leader. In the Faroes it is called the grind or gate whale, because the old Norsemen used to trap the schools in inclosures provided with gates, which could be shut and so prevent escape. Nowadays when the grinds are sighted great excitement prevails throughout the islands, for the news spreads with extraordinary rapidity.

All the little boys go about shouting, "Grindqval, grindqval!" at the pitch of their voices, and boats set off from every village to join in the hunt. When the whales are reached, a consultation is held, and some suitable bay is decided on for the kill; then the boats, getting between them and the open sea, commence to drive them gradually toward the goal. In every boat one man stands upright, holding a lance, with which he pricks the backs of the grind, and all the oarsmen help to terrify them with their shouts.

As the bay is neared the prey is pressed harder and harder, the shouts rise louder and louder, and the lancers prod faster and faster, until at last it is reached. All along the beach the women and children watch in silence; even a dog's bark may now cause the whales to turn and break through the line of their pursuers. Then the leader, mad with terror and pain, makes a rush for the shore and is stranded.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Chesterfield's Shrewdness.

Lord R., who had many good qualities and even learning, had a strong desire of being thought skillful in physic and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible and wished on a certain occasion to have his vote, went to him one morning and, after having conversed on indifferent matters, complained of a headache and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of bleeding was thrown out. "I have no objection, and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me with trying your lancet upon me?" said the tactful and politic Chesterfield. After the operation he said, "By the way, do you go to the house today?"

"I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question to be debated," answered the impromptu physician. "Which side will you be on?"

Lord Chesterfield, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment. He took him to the house and got him to vote as he pleased. He afterward said that few of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

A Mystery of Indo-China.

The great mystery about Indo-China and one which must ever be insoluble is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilization of that strange country. The mighty walls of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely settled jungles, remain as the memorial of a great empire which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple or what tyrant hounded on his myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures.

Angkor-Wat one of the most astonishing monuments in the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise. Only a highly civilized and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat, a very different race from the Anamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.—Singapore Free Press.

The Untrained Politician.

On his return from his last visit to America Cobden received at Liverpool a message from Lord Palmerston, offering him a seat in the cabinet, writes Grant Duff in "Notes From a Diary." Consulting with his friends at Manchester, he decided to decline.

On arriving in London, he went to Cambridge House, and, finding the prime minister sitting alone at breakfast, said to him, "Lord Palmerston, before we come to business I ought to say that I consider your having made the proposal you have made to a man who has been attacking you so steadily for so many years, a proof of great magnanimity; but don't you think that it would be really better that I should first change my principles and then go into your cabinet than that I should first go into your cabinet and then change my principles?" Lord Palmerston struck his hand violently upon the table and exclaimed, "Confound it, Mr. Cobden, what did you go into public life for?"

About Catarrh.

It is caused by a cold or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Its symptoms are pain in the head, discharge from the nose, ringing noises in the ears. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies and enriches the blood, soothes and rebuilds the tissues and relieves all the disagreeable sensations.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1898.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, Republican delegates met at Republican Headquarters in this city to place in nomination candidates for Mayor, Aldermen-at-Large, and other officers.

Hon. John M. Harlow was President of the convention, and Mr. Harry A. T. Dow, Secretary. The full delegation were present.

After the organization Capt. E. F. Wyer, in a fine eulogistic speech, nominated Mr. Benjamin Hinckley for Mayor. The moment Capt. Wyer's motion was put and a rising vote called for every single delegate was on his feet and all up for Hinckley. The vote was a great and well deserved honor to Mr. Hinckley, and something that rarely happens in a political convention.

Mr. Hinckley gracefully and evidently with deep feeling declined the honor and in a speech highly complimentary to the merits of Mr. Henry M. Aldrich moved the nomination of that gentleman. That was done and the convention proceeded to place candidates for the other positions in nomination.

The proceedings were characterized by the utmost harmony and good will. The following are the Republican candidates:

For Mayor, Henry M. Aldrich.

For Member of Board of Public Works, Francis M. Pushee.

For Aldermen-at-Large, Benjamin H. Nichols, Edmund C. Cottle, Joseph F. deLoriea, B. Frank Kimball, Frank C. Nichols, David W. Brown, Timothy Calnan, George F. Hosmer.

Members of School Committee, Robert Chalmers, George F. Bean, Josiah P. Bixby.

ALDRICH FOR MAYOR.

The Republicans did a good stroke of work last Tuesday evening when they nominated Mr. Henry M. Aldrich for Mayor. We do not see how they could have made a more judicious choice, or one that would take better with the voters.

Mr. Aldrich is no politician, nor has he ever been mixed up in local political matters in this city, but has always kept aloof from the strifes and wrangles that annually characterize our elections. He will have no friends to reward or enemies to punish.

Mr. Aldrich is a good practical business man, and therefore will give the city a good practical business administration. That is what is needed. He is quiet and unassuming, intelligent, and perfectly honest, and we will venture to say that no man ever heard a word or lisp against his character. His ideas concerning the way our public business should be conducted are correct, and we predict that he will give the city a clean, honest administration.

That Mr. Aldrich will be elected hardly admits of a doubt. He will have the support of the solid business men and advocates of good government in both parties, and they will elect him.

SPAIN GIVES IN.

At the meeting of the Peace Commissioners last Monday Senor Rios, President of the Spanish Board, announced the consent of his government to the American demands and would be ready to sign the papers at their next meeting. Spain yields everything exacted by this country and accepts $20,000,000 in payment for the permanent improvements she has made in the Philippines. Thus the agony is over.

There were but few people who doubted that Spain would at last come to it and give up her colonial possessions to the United States and gladly take what money she could get, but her decision could just as well have been announced a month or more ago as on Nov. 28.

The Commission will now go to work and finish up the details of the business which will take a month at least President McKinley does not expect to be able to submit the treaty to the Senate much before the middle of January, when no doubt it will be ratified by a large majority.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER PORTLAND.

Contrary to the positive orders of the Company's Manager, Captain Blachard started with his steamer, the Portland, from Boston for Portland at 7 o'clock Saturday evening and was wrecked near Highland Light on Cape Cod at 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon. Every soul on board was lost. It was the most terrible marine tragedy that has happened on the Massachusetts coast for many years. Reports put the loss of life from 150 to 170. Many of the passengers were Portland people, others were of Boston and elsewhere. Capt. Blanchard lived at Portland.

It was the worst storm ever known in this country in November. The shores are strewn with wreckage of vessels from Provincetown to Cape Ann. Why Capt. Blanchard should have ventured out in such a terrific gale, especially against orders, is a mystery and will always remain one. When the sad news of the destruction of the Portland and the loss of her whole passenger list and crew was made known there was sorrow and mourning in many New England families.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

No business man, taxpayer, or friend of good local government, can conjure up an excuse, or a shadow of one, for not voting the municipal ticket put into the field by the Republicans, much less for voting against it, for it is a sound one from Henry M. Aldrich to the foot. No unprejudiced person will undertake to say that the personnel of the ticket is not far above the average in intelligence, respectability, and integrity.

A better banner-bearer than Mr. Henry M. Aldrich could not have been selected. He comes as near to being a non-partisan candidate as it is possible to get, and besides, he is a man who will shed honor on the Mayor's Chair. There is not a poor or shaky piece of timber among the candidates for Aldermen-at-large, not one; and as for the School Board and Board of Public Works they are simply firstclass selections.

Vote the Whole Ticket!

WARD ALDERMEN.

The seven candidates nominated by the Republicans at the caucuses last Friday evening for Ward Aldermen are equal to any in ability and honest purpose that could have been chosen. There is not a single second-class man among them. They are representative citizens and influential Republicans, in whose hands the city's business will be safe.

Permit us to repeat their names:—Ward 1, Fred J. Brown; 2, Charles R. Rosenquist; 3, John W. Fox; 4, William L. Murdock; 5, James R. Wood; 6, Arthur U. Dickson; 7, Patrick W. Daly.

These names stand for a better and cleaner administration of public affairs. They are intelligent and honest and ought to be elected to a man.

A FINE COMPLIMENT.

When a vote was called for to nominate a candidate for Mayor at the Republican convention Tuesday evening every delegate voted for Mr. Benjamin Hinckley. It was not a perfunctory proceeding, nor done by way of compliment, but an honest expression of the first choice of the convention. As indicating the high esteem in which Mr. Hinckley is held by the people of Woburn the unanimous and enthusiastic vote given him for Mayor by the Republicans was a compliment of which any man might well feel proud.

MR. WOOD.

If there is a candidate on the whole list of proposed Ward Aldermen who deserves a unanimous election it is Mr. James R. Wood of Ward 5. Search the city all over as carefully as you please and a better man for the office cannot be found. He has real business qualifications, in addition to which he is honest and fearless. He would prove an influential and valuable member of the City Council. It is to be hoped that the voters of Ward 5 will have the good sense to elect him.

☞ The JOURNAL was bitterly assailed last Saturday for what the assailants were pleased to call its assaults on Ald. W. F. Davis, independent candidate for Mayor. There was no reason for the attacks. Not an unkind or unfriendly word was said about Mr. Davis in last week's JOURNAL. The editorial pencil was employed almost solely in expressing the Editor's sentiments respecting the duty of the Republicans in the matter of a candidate for Mayor. It had nothing then and has nothing now to say against Mr. Davis, except that he is a rank Democrat and radical opponent of the Republican Party. We esteem him personally no less on that account. We felt constrained to state how Mr. Davis had voted at certain elections. He does not deny it, if we are correctly informed. Why should the JOURNAL be assailed for simply stating these facts? Mr. Davis had a right to vote as he pleased; and we had a right to state how he voted, so long as it was not done "with malice aforethought." The fact is, there was not a line in last Friday's JOURNAL that Mr. Davis or his friends could reasonably take exceptions to.

☞ One would think that the Boston *Herald* and *Transcript* would feel just a little bit discouraged at times over their ill success in fighting "imperialism." To us it looks as though they were gnawing a file, which is hardly ever a satisfactory occupation for the gnawers. President McKinley and the statesmen of the country appear to pay but little heed to them and their warnings, but are pressing on in the path of duty, preparing to meet the questions and conditions growing out of the War and the acquisition of new territory as they present themselves for settlement. We do not believe that the papers mentioned will be able to prevent a ratification of the treaty by the Senate, or come anywhere near it.

— The Mechanics Fair closes tomorrow night. It has been wonderfully successfully from start to finish, the daily attendance exceeding that of any former Fair held by the Old Mechanic Association. This week the Managers have been presenting souvenirs to visitors, and from this afternoon to the close tomorrow night will be a grand time to attend. Everything will be kept intact until the drop of the curtain at 10 p. m. Saturday, and all the exhibits and entertainments will be the same that the people have been enjoying the last two months.

☞ Spain had to swallow the pill. It was a bitter one, perhaps more so because it might have been avoided. If on the start Spain had given up Cuba, which was all the United States asked for or expected, she would have saved her other colonial possessions, her navy, her money, and nearly all her pride. But this she did not choose to do, and to-day she is a used up nation, or rather, little better than an apology for one.

☞ It is safe to say that the nomination of James H. Kelley for Mayor at the Democratic convention last Tuesday night was a grave offence against the sentiments and choice of the better portion of the Democratic Party of this city. Had the wishes of that element been heeded Mr. Henry M. Aldrich would have been nominated, but the convention was in irresponsible hands and Kelley won. Mr. Aldrich will get the votes of the conservative Democrats at the polls, all the same.

☞ What could Mr. G. F. Bean do? He refused point blank to allow his name to be used in the Republican convention for the School Board and yet the convention went right ahead and nominated him by a practically unanimous vote. He did all he could to keep out of it, but as he has been made a candidate, although against his will, he yields to superior force and will make the run. It will be a successful one.

☞ Dr. Robert Chalmers was a wise selection for the School Board by the Republicans. Their choice could not well have fallen on a better man for the position. He is cool headed, well educated, of good judgment, and takes a deep interest in the public schools. He will be elected.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Carpets and Upholstery FOR Residences, Churches, Hotels, Steamers, etc., etc.

Our stock is by far the largest in Boston, and includes many *private patterns* obtainable *nowhere else.* Our prices are always at the bottom of the market.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO., 658 Washington St., Boston. (Opposite Boylston St.)

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Gillette's Guessing Contest.

Prize: Opal Ring.

Number entered store in the month of November as per record kept daily 3746

Nearly 100 registered.

LILLIAN DRISCOLL, 26 Bow St., guessed and is the nearest. 3397

Henry A. Walsh guessed 4100.
Eva Langill guessed 3313.

OSBORN GILLETTE,
Manufacturing Jeweler,
379 Main St., Woburn.

PULLED OUT.

Mr. George Buchanan and Mr. Charlie A. Jones have withdraw from the Democratic ticket. They are gentlemen and hadn't the stomach to train with Jim Kelley. Several others will withdraw.

☞ Several noses were put out of joint by the Mayoralty conventions that have been held this week. Their owners wanted to be nominated and some of them cherished high hopes of being safely landed at the conventions. But alas!

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

☞ Another excellent nomination by the Republicans was Dr. J. P. Bixby for re-election to the School Board. He has served one term with credit to himself and profit to our schools and deserves a unanimous vote at the polls on Dec. 13. He is a good man for the office.

☞ We have it on unimpeachable authority that our city finances are in desperate straits. All sorts of shifts and turns have been made to keep them afloat, notwithstanding which the conditions are deplorable. An investigation would alarm the taxpayer beyond measure.

☞ To those who are looking and hoping for radical changes and reforms in the conduct of our public schools next year the nomination of Hon. Geo. F. Bean for re-election to a seat on the School Board at the Republican convention last Tuesday evening was intensely gratifying.

☞ Candid minded men cannot but regard the nomination of James H. Kelley for Mayor by the Democrats as a huge joke. Were it not for the evil effects of such a nomination on the reputation of our city it would be in order to greet his candidacy with a unanimous guffaw.

☞ Including the passengers and crew of the Portland, 163 in number, the loss of life from Cape Cod to Cape Ann in the terrible storm of Sunday foots up to 375. A fearful record!

☞ It is thought that Mr. Davis, in the interest of good government will withdraw. That was the news last night.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

G. Place—For Sale.
McClure—Magazine.
C. W. Clark—Mort. Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
W. B. Snow—P. O. Proposals.
F. A. & J. R. Flint—To Let.

— Christmas three weeks from next Sunday.

— Towanda Club will give a ball on Jan. 13.

— Read the notice "Sleighs for sale" in this paper.

— The High School will give a concert in February.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— That Voters Rally at the Auditorium next Sunday evening is going to be a rouser.

— The Voters Rally at the Auditorium next Sunday evening will open at 7 o'clock sharp.

— The Woburn Brass Band have rented the third story of the Alvah Buckman Block.

— Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, Jr., spent Thanksgiving at Madam's former home in York State.

— The big snowstorm put a good deal of money into pockets that needed it. And everybody was glad.

— Woburn lost a few chimneys and here and there a tree in the great storm, but nothing more. We were lucky.

— Gillette will show fine lines of gold and silver Christmas goods. His intention is to outdo himself this year.

— City election takes place one week from next Tuesday. "Are you ready for the vote?" If not, make haste and get ready.

— Aberjona Colony of Pilgrim Fathers of this city visited Mary Chelton Colony of Lawrence last Wednesday evening.

— Dealers in holiday goods are getting in their stocks of goods for presents. The store windows will soon appear in in gay attire.

— John McGee, our former policeman, has been in town this week. He is as fat and fair as ever and weighs about 240 pounds.

— The Alphine Male Quartet will sing at the great Voters Rally at the Auditorium next sunday evening. Stick a pin right there.

— Mr. Charles E. Smith, the painter, has put the dwelling on Bennett street recently bought by him of Mr. Martin J. Walsh into fine shape.

— An officer took Charles Hendricks, the alleged bigamist, back to Barre, Vt., early this week. He was wanted there to stand trial on the charge.

— A good way to find out how many boys and shovels there are in town is to have a big snowstorm. It is surprising where they all come from.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Supt. Emerson gave the schools a holiday last Monday. The "no school" bell rang out good and strong at 8.15, and the children were happy.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker of "The F. F. Walker Dairy," Burlington, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a 9 3-4 pound son on Thanksgiving morning.

— Last Monday Miss Marie C. Conway was looking around for the owner of a fine little black dog with a red ribbon on his neck that hadcome to her as an estray. The dog was evidently somebody's pet.

— The boys made slathers of mon y with their shovels last Monday. They were as thick as blackberries.

— The Boston papers failed to reach this port last Sunday. The teams got to Boston all right but the snow embargo kept them there and prevented their return.

— Any person wanting to rent a firstclass residence in the central part of the city will do well to call on Mr. Abijah Thompson at Hammond's clothing store.

— It was pleasant to see the sleigl s out on Monday but many pedestrians would have felt safer had the horses worn bells. The sleighers had good times, all the same.

— The trains started out all right on Monday morning after the storm but got very much tangled up in tle afternoon and were out of tune and time until the last one arrived at midnight.

— Relief Corps 84 will give a great minstrel show on Dec. 21, at the Auditorium. The managers are preparing to make it the amusement event of the season. The ladies of R. C. 84 can be trusted to do the affair up brown.

— Of course the nomination of Kelley by the Democrats for Mayor was not meant to be a serious matter; his election was not expected; but the b'hoys wanted a little fun so they set him up to be knocked down on Dec. 13.

— Rev. Dr. Scudder didn't exchange pulpits with Rev. Mr. Clancey of West Medford last Sunday quite as much as was expected. Sometimes

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends rough,
Hew them how we may."

— The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist Church will have a supper in the vestry of their church, Thursday, Dec. 8, at 6.30 P. M. The Cheerful Helpers will have a sale and entertainment in the evening. 15 cents pays for all.

— Particular attention of our readers is called to the prospectus of McClure's Magazine in this issue of the JOURNAL. It need not be stated that it is the leading periodical of the kind in this country and stands at the head of the procession, for it is a fact well known to all magazine readers.

— S. B. Goddard & Son of Woburn and Boston are doing a heavy insurance business this fall. They represent a large number of the best domestic and foreign offices and do everything on the square. Miss M. Louise Bacon continues to wield the ready pen at the Woburn office of the firm.

— Mr. William T. Kendall was far from satisfied with the distribution of Saturday night's snow, indeed he was quite wrought up over it. The snow was not laid on suent enough to please him. Great heaps of it in one place and bare ground in another was not doing the business at all according to his notions, nor as he would have done it.

— Mrs. Jennings is making due preparations for Christmas and the holidays. Her store will soon wear a galaday appearance, for it is her intention to fill it with modern and beautiful goods for Christmas presents. This week will witness some of the early arrivals thus enabling purchasers to take time by the forelock and secure their presents.

— Mr. Charles W. Hill, salesman at G. R. Gage & Co's store saved Mrs. Esther M. Colombe of Lexington st. from a serious accident, if nothing worse, last Saturday. Mrs. Colombe undertook to board a moving train when she slipped and but for the prompt action of Mr. Hill would have no doubt been dragged under the train, with what results no one can tell.

— Mr. W. B. Snow, Postoffice Inspector at Boston, advertises in this issue of the JOURNAL for proposals for suitable premises for a postoffice in this city, the lease of the present one being within a few months of its expiration. The Department will take a lease for 5 or 10 years as may be agreed on. We call particular attention of owners of buildings to Mr. Snow's advertisement.

— The first lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, by H. C. Hovey, D. D., whose subject is "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and back as far as the banks of the Volga," the same to be richly illustrated by stereopticon views of scenes met with on the journey. It will be something new in this latitude, for we do not recollect of any lecture on Russia being given here, and therefore not only novel but entertaining and instructive. The managers have laid out a fine literary and pictorial programme for the Course.

The People Believe

What They Read About Hood's Sarsaparilla

Their Faith in This Medicine is Grounded on Merit

They Know It Absolutely Cures When Other Medicines Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alteratives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

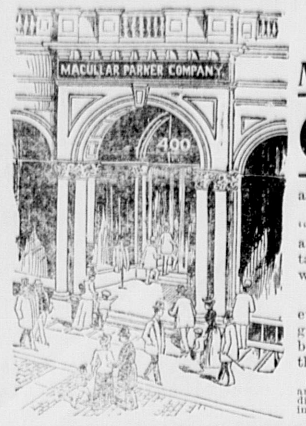
"My little girl was afflicted with eczema and suffered for seven years. She was attended by physicians and tried many different kinds of medicine without relief. After taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla she was cured." MRS. EMMA FRANKLIN, Honeoye, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

In this Building



is manufactured as high a grade of Men's and Boys' Clothing as it is possible to put together. In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St. — BOSTON. — 400 Washington St.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portraits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three days before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.

— Mr. Simeon Weymouth, formerly for many years a respected Woburn citizen but now of Saco, Maine, visited this city last week and enjoyed a pleasant reunion with his hosts of friends here. He is considerable over 80 years old, a native of York county, Maine, and very smart. His faculties are wonderfully well preserved, and he talks in the same interesting way he always did.

— Mrs. E. K. Wilson is conducting an exhibition and sale of Decorated China at Wilson's store on Pleasant street, Winchester, which Woburn people would do well to attend. The work is Mrs. Wilson's own and is said to be very fine, constituting the best display of hand painted china ever seen in that town. The sale gives people a rare chance to buy handsome Christmas gifts, and should be improved.

— The local reporter of the Boston *Herald* tells a pretty story all about Artist W. H. Slater, how he went out to shoot partridges and things at North Woburn last Saturday, and getting hungry bought a pie f r 5 cents of an itinerant bakery which had a revolver, how the bakery trembled and Slater wasn't feeling real pert himself, and a sequel, and more of the same sort. A search for the peth of the story proved unavailing.

— The address by Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City at the Men's Supper next Thursday evening will be worth hearing. He has the reputation of being an able man and interesting speaker. His subject is to be "Parish Houses," etc., a branch of church work, of comparatively recent origin, in which Rev. Mr. Scudder is engaged. He is a leader in it, and therefore may confidently be expected to give the people at the Men's Supper an address of more than ordinary merit and importance.

— Mr. Gorden Parker, the druggist, besides many other holiday goods, shows a fine line of toilet soaps which our people will do well to take a look at. His "Royal Bouquet" is a perfectly pure, highly and sweetly perfumed, soap which cannot but capture the fancy of the ladies and please anyone who delights in such things, as almost everybody does. The cakes are put up in fine lavender paper, printed in gold, and are as handsome as anything can be. The price of the "Royal Bouquet" is only 25 cents. See advertisement.

— The boiling spring found by the Electric Light people at their new plant, while it does not prove it, goes some way towards sustaining the theory of a good many observers that our city water supply comes from springs at the foot of Horn Pond instead of from the Pond itself, as contended by some others. The discovery goes to show that springs abound in the near neighborhood of our pumping station, and it is also true that the adjacent hills are full of them. Proof and arguments are largely in favor of the theory.

— The Star Course, which has been wonderfully successful both in a literary and financial sence, will close on next Wednesday evening, Dec. 7, with "Ben Hur," by Rev. Mr. Packrrd, by request. This lecture gave immense satisfaction when delivered in last year's course by Mr. Packard and the call for its repetition this year was too strong to be resisted. It is highly meritorious literary production, and we have no doubt but that the capacity of the Methodist church will be severely tested next Wednesday evening. The whole Course has been a prime educator as well as a real pleasure to the community. Rev. Mr. Packard is a lecturer of exceptional ability and a lover of the work. He is highly educated, thoroughly cultivated, and a fine descriptive writer.

— The Men's Supper that everybody has been talking about for a fortnight past is to come off in great style in the lectureroom of First church next Thursday evening, Dec. 8, with President Lounsbury in the Chair. Besides the very best music that can be scared up in this neck of timber there are to be some grand speeches which everyone will want to hear. One of them will be by Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City, a leading light in the Institutional church (this may not be the name) work; and another by a prominent State official. Probably President Lounsbury and Rev. Dr. Scudder will be heard from too. The supper is to be cooked entirely by men and will be good. True, some women have suspicions of the cooking of male amateurs; so some men look with fear and trembling on the culinary achievements of boardingschool graduates; but everything will be all right at the men's supper next Thursday evening, else the cooks themselves are greatly in error in their calculations.

— The city campaign is on in good shape. May the best man win.

— Hagerty, P. M., is redhot after another carrier, and he'll get him.

— Cars are running regularly in the Lynn & Boston—East Middlesex.

— Good for chapped hands. These $1.50 Mens Silk Lined Mocha Gloves at Hammond & Son's.

— Burbank W. R. C. No. 84 will hold a Whist Party Friday Evening, Dec. 9th, in G. A. R. Hall, Post 33; admission ten cents.

— Dr. Estabrook extracts teeth without pain, fills teeth without pain, inserts teeth without pain, guarantees superior quality, artistic finish.

— John A. Hartshorn, the livery man, did a big trick of driving last Sunday in landing Thomas J. Feeney of the *Herald* in Boston. Few men would have undertaken such a job.

— A reliable person who wishes a safe family horse for use this winter, can have one for his keeping by applying by letter to H., JOURNAL Office.

— Cars on the N. W. St. Railway line resumed trips last Wednesday evening. Supt. Brackett and his men worked like trojans to clear the tracks. The cars run no farther than Winchester at present.

— The following is the programme for the Men's Supper on Dec. 8: Social in church from 6 to 7; Supper in vestry at 7 prompt; Entertainment at 8; postprandial exercises; Orchestra will play during supper hour; solo singing by Miss Tricartin and Miss Gertrude Nickerson.

— Mr. Brooks, the popular Main street druggist, is opening a handsome stock of gift goods for the holidays, to an examination of which he cordially invites the public. He has always carried a fine Christmas and New Year stock, but intends to go a little ahead of former years in variety and beauty of goods.

— At the request, officially made, of the Board of Directors of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund, the splendid gift of Leonard Thompson, Esq., that esteemed gentleman, after considerable hesitation and reluctance, finally consented to sit to Mr. Albert Thompson for his portrait in oil. (By the way, Woburn has good reason to congratulate herself that she numbers among her inhabitants two such eminent painters as Benjamin Champney and Albert Thompson, both of whom occupy enviable places in their profession.) The wish that prompted the request of the Board was to secure a valuable and appropriate memento of the generous and public spirited donor of funds that will enable the people of Woburn to enjoy an annual course of firstclass lectures, free to them, for all coming time. A portrait in oil by a master was considered the best form into which to put such reminder, and the artist was ordered to go on with the work. Last Wednesday, in company with Mr. L. Waldo Thompson, we were permitted a view of the portrait at Albert Thompson's studio on Main street. We coincided fully in the opinion of the son of the original that the likeness was exact in every feature, and an accurate delineation of a fine head and face. The work, so far as our limited knowledge of art allowed us to judge, was of the highest quality. Artist Thompson considers it the best production in portrait painting that he has ever done, and that it is fine no expert critic would be likely to deny. It is enough to say that the likeness and its execution meet the requirements of art, and cannot but prove a gratification to the Directors and a pleasure to the public.

— The city highwaymen, at the head of whom is Mr. Thomas Moore, with Supt. French a close second, are entitled to credit for the promptness with which they cleared the sidewalks after the great storm and gave people a chance to get out doors.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Tomorrow the Mechanics Fair in Boston will adjourn sine die.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Lessons Given in Classes if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Josephine Lang,
Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR
(Spring Wheat.)
$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK,
DENTIST,
D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO, Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps*, the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.

There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

BOYS' REEFERS

With Ulster Collars.

All Boys have taken to these on sight, and a very sensible take it was too, for they can run and play as hard as they choose with the certainty that their necks and ears are fully protected.

A serviceable Frieze or Chinchilla at

$5.00.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Ladies' Dress Skirts
Made in the right way and the latest styles.

Ladies' Petticoats
in plain colors or the fancy stripes; these are garments that are justly said to be the best in the market, and our prices are very satisfactory to our patrons.

Fur Collarettes.
A line that for medium priced goods is equal to Boston prices.

Ostrich Feather Boas.
We are showing an assortment which we would like to have you look over.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

McClure's Magazine

$1.00 A YEAR - - - 10c A COPY

FOR 1899

Among the special features are

A NEW SERIAL BY RUDYARD KIPLING
THE LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN,
By Miss Ida M. Tarbell.
THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE WAR, BY CAPT. MAHAN.
A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S LIFE—REAL EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES.

Contributions by the highest authorities on new developments in
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Embracing articles descriptive of A Plunge in the Diving Torpedo Boat. Submarine Navigation. The Kite in Modern Warfare. Telegraphing without Wires. The Marvels of the Sea. Unsolved Problems of Astronomy. Life in the Deepest Mines. What Peary is Doing in the Arctic. The Telectroscope—Pictures by Telegraph.

SPLENDID SHORT STORIES
They will come from such writers as:

Rudyard Kipling, William Allen White, Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, Shan F. Bullock, Robert Barr, John A. Hill, Cutcliffe Hyne, Morgan Robertson, Clinton Ross, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, Sarah Barnwell Elliott, E. Nesbit, Ellen Glasgow

We shall publish a number of very striking stories by new writers, and also a number of those short, crisp, dramatic episodes from real life which our readers have come to know as a special feature of McCLURE'S.

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY
200 East 25th Street
NEW YORK CITY — NEW YORK

Winslow, Rand & Watson,
High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only; Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Another Big Snowstorm.

Last winter's great snowstorm set in on Monday noon, Jan. 31, and cleared away on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 1. It was the hugest in dimensions that had visited this section since 1867. Full three feet of snow fell on a level, and the whole country was completely blockaded. Not a train arrived at or departed from the station in this city until about 6 o'clock Tuesday evening.

At 9 o'clock last Saturday evening, Nov. 26, snow began to fall and by midnight the storm had increased to a veritable blizzard. The wind blew a hurricane. When the people awoke Sunday morning and looked out of their windows they saw the town buried in snow, with huge drifts everywhere, the "beautiful" still falling at a rapid pace, and the wind blowing a full gale. The prospect was not inspiring. Evidently there was too much of a good thing; it banished from the minds of men and women all thoughts of church-going that day.

Would the bells ring for Sunday services? If any listened for them expectantly they were disappointed, for not a peal issued from a single belfry, no smoke curled up from the chimneys of the sanctuaries, and few worshippers dared face the angry storm to seek the church.

No trains came or went during the day. That alone made things seem queer. Just before 4 a. m., Sunday, the Lawrence freight came down, 20 minutes late, and when it reached Fowle street it became stalled, and remained there all day. The men managed to cut it in two and leave a passageway from Main street to Fowle street. The engine went ahead and got stuck before it reached Winchester. In the evening Station Agent Junkins and Engineer Chase and their men set to and worked until after midnight and finally succeeded in moving the train. Snow plows and shovels were busy all along the line all night, and with the best of results, for early Monday morning the train service was restored to its normal condition, and everything was lovely.

The electric cars on all the lines either did not leave their houses or were stalled on the irons along the routes. Milk routes were abandoned and babies had to go hungry.

About 15 to 18 inches of snow fell, but in places it was 6 feet deep while in others there was none.

It was considered the hardest snowstorm ever experienced here in the month of November.

A Big Railroad.

The total equipment of the Boston & Maine railroad is said to consist of 665 locomotives; 1,210 passengers, baggage, mail, and express cars; 11,945 frieght cars, 255 caboose cars; 216 tool and road cars and 67 snow plows. The road has just ordered of the Manchester Locomotive Works six big ten-wheel engines for freight service.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Caucuses.

At the Republican Ward Caucuses held last Friday evening, Nov. 25, the following selections were made: Ward 1—Alderman, Fred J. Brown; delegates, Edward D. Hayden, Benjamin Hinckley, Alva S. Wood, Joseph F. Deloriea, Elwyn G. Preston, Arthur C. Wyer, Rufus C. Hayward, Charles H. Johnson.

Ward 2—Alderman, Charles R. Rosenquist; delegates, Luke W. Fowle, Edward F. Johnson, George E. Fowle, Charles M. Strout, Edmund C. Cottle, Herbert S. Riley, James M. Kimball, George A. Blaisdell, Charles R. Rosenquist.

Ward 3—Alderman, John W. Fox; delegates, Griffin Place, Charles H. Harrington, Alfred H. Holland, Nathan W. Frye Jr. Fort Staples, Francis A. Partridge, John C. Nichols, Alonzo L. Perham.

Ward 4—Alderman, William L. Murdock; delegates, Edward E. Thompson, John M. Harlow, John R. Carter, Charles A. Burdett, John M. Portal, Horace N. Conn, W. Frank W. Fowle, Henry Smith, William E. Blodgett, Harry A. T. Dow.

Ward 5—Alderman, James R. Wood; delegates, George F. Hosmer, Fred W. Shattuck.

Ward 6—Alderman, Arthur U. Dickson; delegates, Edward J. Marston, B. Frank Kimball, William W. Hill, Percy W. Linscott, Samuel H. Patten, Leander W. Hall, Moses W. True.

Ward 7—Alderman, Patrick W. Daley; delegates, Francis M. Pushee, David W. Brown.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night and with two bottles has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00 every bottle guaranteed.

Democratic Candidates.

Below is given a list of the candidates nominated by the Democrats to fill the city offices. A comparison of them with the Republican ticket is respectfully solicited.

For Mayor—Alderman James H. Kelley.

For Aldermen at Large—Timothy Calnan, Patrick William O'Connell, Charlie A. Jones, Hugh McHugh, William R. Bartlett, Frank F. Dodge, Edward S. Cassidy, Thomas Caulfield.

Members of the School Committee—William F. Kenney, Peter A. Caulfield, George Buchanan. For member of Board of Public Works, Michael J. Kennedy.

Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker are happy over the birth of a 10-pound son born to them on Thanksgiving morning. Congratulations, Fred.

The most satisfactory Place to procure

Holiday Gifts

—IS AT—

Brooks's Drug Store

We have taken pains to provide an assortment of articles appropriate as presents for a gentleman or lady, boy or girl.

Rumford and the Flowers.

Benjamin Thompson, born in the old well-marked country home in North Woburn, lived a life varied and interesting as a story book. A sadness reached through his whole life, which in early days his ambition and vivacity overcame, but at last settled over him in later years, and made the lonely old man long for home, the home of his infancy. His father dying when Benjamin was very young, his mothers property was clearly defined. Among other things she was to have a share of the west garden. This I have pondered over, working as I have, this long summer past, in the same earth she perhaps turned with her own hands so long ago. It may have been that little Benjamin sitting here on this west doorstone under the shade of the ash-tree, eating his bread and milk lunch from a pewter porringer, first formed his ideas of the outer world.

No other house then obscured the light and the orchard trees, with here and there an elm, long since gone by, stretched into the setting sun.

He learned the hard life a New England woman lived, a woman strong in virtures, earnest in religion and work; intolerant of folly. Here the child learned her precepts and her love of nature, grew, and passed beyond her.

Apprenticed as he was to physician and merchant he learned of them, but would not accept their occupation, nor would he be a farmer, although loving what the soil produced.

What he must be was a perplexing problem to those who sought his welfare. He must be at the head of his occupation not dominated by any other man. He would associate with men to help, advise, command or teach, then leave them to commune with his own mind. His thought kept reaching out as he grew taller and his horizon broader. Harvards lectures, showed greater field yet, and the fellowship of a congenial mind gave a friendship that lasted till death.

Though friend and neighbor united in persecution of one who had done them no harm, Baldwin remained the true friend ever and gave courage and help in dangerous days. The malice of older men who looked with jealous eye when this boy of nineteen was appointed Major over them was the torch that lighted again and again the fires of opposition to this young man till a great wave of flame drove him away from this land he loved and tried to serve.

Where could he go but to that other English speaking land where he became what he had before been falsely called, a Tory. But he did not spend his life in revenging himself as he had the opportunity. Believing in "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord," he began a new work in helping mankind. Ellis writes of his success in London and of the men he helped on to fame, but does not fail to tell of the little window garden in Brompton Row and of the little kitchen. These are the things of which I like to hear, and show the undercurrent of home love through all the successes of his public life. He tells us too, of the English Gardens of Munich, where opportunity was broad, and dangerous marshes became a landscape of health and beauty. He tells us of the quiet home in Paris and the garden where his "beautiful lilies" grew, but he only hints of the house in the old home begun by Baldwin in the hope that his boyhood friend would yet come back to breathe New England air, a justified man—the house beautiful, completed only in this day. He does not tell of the half dozen Linden trees brought over from England to Baldwin by sailing vessel, perhaps placed on board by Thompson himself. The trees still stand in their beauty, six monuments of a hope deferred, but standing yet, strong and vigorous, where the cars pass each other on Elm street, the Main street of old. I have heard the comment of strangers upon their beauty, and watched their eyes kindle with interest at their story. Sometime in our land too, another monument will be raised to the name of Rumford, but now the only monument to his memory is the old home, his birthplace. It is a fitting thing that the grounds around it are assuming the form of a garden and that the old fashioned flowers are being carefully tended there.

We hope to make a Botanical Garden, helpful and inspiring to the children who are being educated beside it. Hundreds of plants were given away this summer and fall to those who promised to cherish them.

I believe this is following Rumford's wish in a humble way, and this is what I propose to continue. Some plants of historic value have already been collected, and should you know of the way to reach others, you can in this way help to build a living monument to the memory of

Benjamin
Count Rumford.
MARIAN THOMPSON HOSMER,
Rumford Home, North Woburn.

All Go to See Them.

The Sella Collection of photographs on exhibition at the Public Library is attracting considerable attention. It was loaned by the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston and is a fine representation of Alpine and Caucasian views, giving a good impression of the sublime scenery, the grandeur of the mountains, the cataracts, and the glens.

Vitorio Sella the artist, was born in Northern Italy, and from a boy was a lover of the mountains. At the age of twenty he began to make annual photographic excursions among the Alps, and a winter passage over the summit of the Matterhorn made him famous as a mountain climber, and enabled him to procure many different views of this great and grand monarch of hills. It has an altitude of fourteen thousand eight hundred twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. The part which is above the height of eleven thousand feet is almost inaccessibly steep, and is represented as an obelisk of naked rock.

Those of our friends who were fortunate, and secured tickets for the Burbeen Lecture Course, will do well to see this collection as an introduction to the lecture on "The Matterhorn" to be given by Miss Peck on Feb. 14.

E. F. P.

Save Your Money.

A new size bottle of that old reliable family remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, is now on the market. It contains over three times as much as the old 35 cent style, which is a great saving to families and others who use this valuable family medicine; and who does not? The large bottle costs but fifty cents. Ask your dealer in medicine to show you the new size. Insist on having it. He can get it of us or any wholesale dealer. Save your money by getting more for it. The superior quality of this old Anodyne has never changed in the last four score years. It is sold by all dealers in medicine.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

How It Was Done.

Spain having yielded to the demands of the United States in all things pertaining to her colonial possessions, given up the Philippines with the rest, and agreed to sign the Peace conditions, it is worth while to trace the progress of the negotiations of the Peace Commissioners at Paris. These are the steps:

The peace negotiations began in the French Foreign Office, on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, on Oct. 1, and have been continued with at least two joint meetings of the Commissioners every week since then. The American Commission consists of ex-Secretary of State William R. Day of Ohio, Chairman; Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, Senator William P. Frye of Maine, Senator George Gray of Delaware and Whitelaw Reid of New York. The Spanish Commissioners are Senor Montero Rios, Chairman; General Correo and Senores Abarzuza, Villarrutia and Garnica.

The first decisive point in the settlement was not reached until Oct. 27, when the Spanish Commissioners finally became convinced that the United States would not withdraw from its determination not to assume or guarantee the so-called Cuban debt, and agreed to delinquish sovereignty over and claim to Cuba, without either terms or conditions. On the same day all differences regarding the cession of Porto Rico and the island of Guam, in the Ladrones, under the terms of the peace protocol, were also arranged.

The disposition of the Philippines was then taken up by the Commissioners, and on Oct. 31 the American Commissioners notified their Spanish colleagues of the purpose of the United States to take the entire group, and to assume such portion only of the debt charged to the islands as has been spent for the benefit of them or their inhabitants. Nearly four weeks have been devoted to haggling over this point, the Spanish Commissioners making their first stand on the assumption that the protocol did not provide for questioning Spanish sovereignty in the Islands.

On Nov. 4 Spain flatly refused to consider the American demand for the surrender of the Philippines. On Nov. 21, however, the American Commissioners reiterated their demands and gave the Spanish Envoys until today to decide.

They have submitted to the inevitable and have accepted our terms.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters, and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering with this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by Parker, Druggist.

St. Charles C. T. A. Society.

The St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society was organized in 1871 by Rev. Fr. McClure, then curate of St. Charles Parish in this city, and has ever since been an active and influential factor in the temperance cause here. Its first home after a few weeks in the basement of the church was in Allen's Block where it remained some time and then moved to St. John's Hall near the church. From thence it went to upper Lyceum Hall; thence to Kelley Hall on Broad street, and from there, quite a number of years ago, to its present quarters adjoining the JOURNAL building. In 1896 it had its Silver Wedding, or 25th anniversary, which was one of the notable events of that year.

The present membership of the Society is about 200, and comprises as fine a body of young men as there is in the city. The present officers are: President, Thomas H. Dolan; V. P., Redmond E. Walsh; Treasurer, Dr. John F. Caulfield; Fin. Sec., Charles E. Halladay; Rec. Sec., Robert J. Byrne; Trustees, Thomas H. Dolan, Michael Maguire, Edward Moran.

The Society will move into the rooms in Savings Bank Block lately occupied by the Y. M. C. A. on Jan. 1, 1899, where it will have fine commodious quarters. Mr. Charles E. Smith, a member, is fitting them up in elegant style as to paint and paper. In these the musical instruments, library, etc., will find a permanent home.

A Great Catch For Woburn.

Ohio, mother of Presidents, is mother of many other good things. Now and then she produces a true orator. Such a man is Dr. E. O. Taylor. But he is more than this. For many years Dr. Taylor has made a thorough study of the alcoholic question. He is now an authority upon it. But authorities are usually dull. They know so much that they cannot talk so that others shall understand. Dr. Taylor has cultivated the art of interesting the people. So successful has he been that today no one in the United States can approach him on his special themes. He has elaborated 5 or 6 addresses which are simply unsurpassed. Two of these he will deliver in Woburn Sunday, Dec. 4. Then he must hurry on to Nebraska. He is thus kept busy all over the United States. The first address entitled "Citizenship in the light of Christ and Paul" will be delivered in the First church at the regular 10.30 a. m. service. The second, "Modern Science vs The Liquor Traffic," will be given in the Auditorium at 7 p. m. This will be a Voters' Rally. This lecture will be illustrated. Those who have heard it describe it as one of the greatest and most powerful addresses ever given. Singing by male quartet.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says: "A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.'" He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Women and the Boston Herald.

It is neither strange nor remarkable that women like The Boston *Sunday Herald*. For years that paper has catered to the tastes of the women of New England in a manner that has earned their approbation. Each succeeding Sunday marks an advance in the quantity and quality of its features and a woman who is not a reader of The Boston *Sunday Herald* can scarcely count herself thoroughly posted in the news and gossip of woman's world. The issue of Dec. 4 will surpass all previous efforts in this direction.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

WINCHESTER.

Fred Ham is dangerously ill. He does not improve.

A large addition is to be made to the McKay building.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Society will give a grand party in costume at Town Hall on Friday evening, Jan 6, 1899.

Mrs. E. K. Wilson, wife of the esteemed Editor of the *Star*, opened an exhibition and sale of Decorated China last Tuesday, Nov. 29, at Wilson's store on Pleasant street, which will close early next week. An examination of the work is enough to convince one that Mrs. Wilson is an artist, for in design and finish it is of the very best quality. She has given much time to the study of this branch of art; she also possesses a fine taste for it; is painstaking; and the product of her brush is first class. The sale affords our people a rare opportunity to purchase beautiful holiday presents at reasonable prices.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Treasures of the Snow." Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "Helpers and Hinderers." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Naming the Wonderous Child." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Subject: "Profitable Work."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M. address by Dr. E. O. Taylor, Ohio's great orator. Subject: "Citizenship in the Light of Christ and Paul." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., no Service. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 23, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, William H. Rice and Mary A. McIntire, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 29, Michael Hayes, aged 56 years.

In this city, Nov. 29, Mary Sutherland, aged 51 years.

At Chicago, Illinois, Nov. 30, 1898, Horace Lincoln Bailey, formerly of Winchester, Mass., aged 34 years, 11 months, 19 days.

LADIES

Kakas Bros.
For FURS
34-36 Bedford Street, BOSTON.

A Christmas Present Will Give Satisfaction Because Furs are Fashionable.

A Large Variety of Collarettes, Muffs and Cluster Scarfs
$5.00 to $50.00
WRITE FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

PROPOSALS FOR Postoffice Premises

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF POST OFFICE INSPECTORS,
BOSTON DIVISION,
BOSTON, MASS.

Proposals will be received until noon of the thirty-first day of December, 1898, for suitable premises to be occupied as a post office at Woburn, for a term of five or ten years. The owner will be required to partition the premises in such manner as may be decided necessary by the department, and furnish such a complete outfit of fixtures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of the office; with lock boxes of improved pattern. The proposal is to include heat, light and water during such term.

Blank forms of proposals may be obtained of Postmaster T. F. Hagerty, or
W. B. SNOW,
P. O. Inspector, Boston.

Plumbing — Tin Roofing

BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
—OR—
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping — Furnaces

Family Cow For Sale.

Or will exchange for Horse and Carriage
Address 71 Wyman St.
E. C. COLMAN.

House To Let.

For small family, 93 Pleasant street, city.
Apply to F. A. & J. R. FLINT.

Sleighs For Sale.

1 SINGLE and 1 2-SEATED SLEIGH for sale at fair price. Apply to
GRIFFIN PLACE,
or Gilman F. Jones at Central Stables.
Dec. 1, 1898.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH,
20 Court St.

...FREE... Public Lectures

—IN THE—

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President*; Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President*; William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer*; Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors*; Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees*; Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 6. H. C. Hovey, D.D. Subject: "Experiences from Moscow to Siberia, and back as far as the banks of Volga." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the
AUDITORIUM.
Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 17, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote, will be held on

TUESDAY, the 13th day of December, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Armory, entrance Prospect Street.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1899?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Dennis Doherty of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward E. Thompson, dated June 1, 1880, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1543, Page 191, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1898,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Grove street, at land of Bernard McConologue, 2d; from thence the line runs nearly northerly by said Grove street sixty feet to land of Michael Maguire; thence turning the line runs nearly easterly by land of said Maguire one hundred feet to land of Andrew Grantfield; thence turning the line runs nearly southerly by land of said Grantfield sixty feet to land of said McConologue; thence turning the line runs westerly by land of said McConologue one hundred feet, to the point of beginning, being lot numbered twenty-two on plan of lots made by Cyrus Thompson for Bacon & Colegate, May 15, 1857.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and to tax titles; one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

CAROLINE A. GAGE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, Nov. 30, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in execution of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Howard M. Horton of Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Chester W. Clark, of said Wilmington, dated December 4th, 1895, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District, in book 271, page 424, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the first described lot of the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1898, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described therein as follows, to wit: Two certain pieces or parcels of real estate, situated in said Wilmington and described as follows: The first of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southeasterly side of Church street, and bounded, beginning at a point on said Church street distant in a northeasterly direction along said Church street from land of E. C. Aldrich one hundred and fifty feet; thence southeasterly at right angles with said street one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence northeasterly on a line parallel with said street, sixty feet; thence northwesterly on a line parallel with the first line above described, one hundred and twenty-five feet to said street; thence southwesterly along said street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet. The second of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southwesterly side of a private way leading from Church street, called Adams street, and bounded, beginning at a point on Adams street, one hundred and twenty-five feet southeasterly from Church street; thence southwesterly parallel with Church street, one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence turning and running southeasterly, sixty feet; thence northeasterly one hundred and twenty-five feet to Adams street; thence northwesterly by Adams street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon. Terms of sale, $200 cash down at the time and place of sale; and the balance in ten days thereafter on delivery of the deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT

But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and DON'T get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset is a wonder. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Winter Styles and New Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Robert A. Cranford, Junior, to Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated July 12th, 1897, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2585, Page 17, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, the 22d day of December, 1898,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, being lot numbered 12 as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliot, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, and bounded:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road, 100 feet; thence running easterly by lot numbered 13 on said plan, 100 feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles, 50 feet; thence turning and running westerly by lot numbered 11 on said plan, 100 feet, to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street, 50 feet to the point of beginning, containing 5000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO-OPERATIVE BANK
(By John S. F. Huddleston, its President, and Albert E. Duffill, its Treasurer), present holder of said Mortgage.
Boston, November 23d, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet T. Brown, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Alice G. Preston, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of December, A.D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

STAR
Lecture Course!

Popular, Instructive, Entertaining, delivered by Rev. I. H. Packard. Six Lectures, superbly illustrated by the stereopticon, in the

M. E. Church, Main St., Woburn

SUBJECTS and DATES:

DEC. 7. Ben Hur (by general request.)

The managers of the above Course take pleasure in offering this splendid programme covering a wide range and filled with varied and thrilling interest for the unprecedented sum of Fifty Cents. Single admission 15c. Reserved Seats 50c. extra.

Tickets now on sale at the apothecary store of F. P. Brooks and the dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser.

Tenement To Let.

Convenient and centrally located. Apply to
J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

To Let.

MY HOUSE on the corner of Court street and Church Avenue. Key next door.
Apply to ABIJAH THOMPSON,
at Hammond & Sen's Clothing Store.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money. We think our line of TEAS will assist you to do so.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street — WOBURN

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HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

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E. J. Gregory & Co
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C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positively cure
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of price 35 and 65 cents. Address McNabb & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.
JOSEPH LINNELL,
Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.
406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-3.

WASHING CAR LINEN.

THE SYSTEM WHICH IS USED AT THE PULLMAN WORKS.

A Monster Laundry In Which 1,500 Gallons of Soap, Made on the Premises, Are Used Every Day on 45,000 Pieces of Linen.

Big laundries are commonplace enough, but a laundry which can substantiate its claim to being the largest in the world, which uses a ton of soap a day and yet washes none of the public's linen, would seem to be an anomaly. Such a laundry is the one at Pullman, Ills., maintained by the Pullman Palace Car company for the washing and ironing of the thousands of sheets, pillowcases and similar furnishings in daily use on its sleeping cars throughout the country.

The building is a handsome brick and stone structure of two stories.

To this building comes every morning by express soiled linen in carload lots. These are delivered at the east end of the building in square canvas bags of uniform size, and each is carefully labeled and numbered. The work of packing and billing the contents of these bags has been done at six different depots in the city, where an accurate record of each day's receipts and disbursements is kept. When the bags are opened at Pullman the pieces are recounted and piled in a promiscuous heap upon the floor. No effort is made to return to a car the exact supplies received from it, save in number and kinds. A piece of linen on a Pullman car is never used a second time until it has been returned from the laundry. Thus the week's occupant of a sleeping car gets fresh sheets and pillowslips each night.

Twelve immense brass hydraulic washers await the piles which have found temporary resting place upon the laundry floor. These piles are wheeled to the washers in roller baskets and consigned to their care. These washers are 7 feet long and 3 feet in diameter, and consist of large cylindrical shaped tubs standing on their sides, with openings at the tops. Inside of each tub is a perforated brass cylinder. It is through an opening in these cylinders the linen is placed, the shell holding 200 sheets and a proportionate amount of smaller articles. After the admission of hot water and a certain amount of soap the cylinders are set to revolving and reversing automatically. Pipes carry cold and hot water to each washer and the hot water is always kept at 212 degrees. In twenty minutes the washing is completed and the rinsing, first in hot and afterward in cold water, and the addition of the requisite amount of bluing conclude the process. Each machine can wash 400 sheets per hour, and 45,000 pieces of linen a day is the average amount handled.

The "wringing" of the linen is performed by ten hydraulic extractors. These are metallic circular tubs about 3 feet in diameter and 15 inches deep. Within each is a perforated copper basket into which the linen is packed. These baskets are circular in shape and revolve 1,500 times a minute for 10 or 15 minutes, throwing off the water by centrifugal force until the contents are nearly dry. When sufficiently dried the pieces, which are packed in almost solid masses, are taken out by men and placed in machines called tumblers.

These machines are merely revolving wooden cylinders, with interior arrangements for shaking out the mass consigned to them. In a few moments the pieces are all separated. Girls then empty the tumblers and smooth out the pieces preparatory to consigning them to the mangles or ironing machines.

There are eight of the largest size duplex mangles for car linen. Each consists of a hollow metallic cylinder 100 inches long and 24 inches in diameter. There are also five felt covered rollers coming in contact with each cylinder for the purpose of feeding the pieces smoothly and absorbing the remaining moisture. After passing through these machines, the ironing portions of which are kept at 400 degrees by means of steam, the linen emerges beautifully ironed and finished on both sides. Girls operate the machines. They also fold, sort and tie the various articles preparatory to the counting and packing.

The packing is done in bundles consisting of ten sheets or 25 pillowslips, or an approximate number of napkins, towels and the like. These bundles are placed in canvas boxes. Each box holds 200 sheets or 1,000 of the smaller pieces. The boxes are then sealed and loaded into cars at the west end of the building. These cars go to the city by express and the goods are delivered to the various stations by express as they may be required.

The number of employees needed to carry on the work upon the first floor of the laundry are 100 woven and one-fifth of that number of men. The latter are used in the heavier operations, the girls, white capped and white aproned, attending to the lighter duties of the place.

The second floor is devoted to starch work, such as coats and caps of waiters on the dining cars. Here ironing and polishing machines of lesser sort are found. About 50 operatives are here engaged.

The soap question is an all important one at the Pullman laundry. Fifteen hundred gallons of soft or diluted soap are used daily. It is all made on the premises and amounts to a ton gross weight of the washing compound. These figures to be appreciated should be estimated from the amounts used for washing purposes in the ordinary household; but few people, even in Pullman, are aware of the magnitude of the company's laundry. Beyond the fact that it gives employment to a large number of young women and a lesser number of men but little interest exists in its daily output.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Shooting.

In "Famous British Warships" Mr. Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean, he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips. 'Hello, Codrington!' he exclaimed in blind ignorance of all contemporary history. 'I thought I hadn't seen you for some time. Had any shooting lately?' 'Why, yes,' replied the admiral. 'I've had some rather remarkable shooting.' And with this he went his way."

Poisoned Arrows.

The poisoned arrows in use among some native tribes of the upper Amazon derive their venom from having been dipped in the poison sacks of venomous serpents.

ANIMAL SCAVENGERS.

MAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE'S SANITARY BRIGADE.

An English Writer's Plea For a Better Appreciation of the Birds and Beasts That Help to Keep the Earth Free From Pestilence and Plague.

We human beings are odd in our attitude toward the animal world, in our likes and dislikes of the creatures of our own class and other classes of animals. We seem to base our feelings on no logical ground of reciprocity, of good will, of gratitude or the reverse, but rather on some almost inexplicable whim. Certain creatures are without reason given a bad name, and no proof of service rendered will ever reinstate them. Others are popular favorites and may steal grain and make life hideous with their discordant cries. The entire snake tribe, for example, is anathema with all right minded folk, though if they were asked the reason of their prejudice they would, with a pitiful and superior shrug, be driven back in all probability on the ridiculous translation of Holy Writ, which, however deep in its charm, cannot be relied upon in matters zoological.

It is a fact that, though few would credit it, a gentleman charged not long ago in an evening paper with needless persecution of our common, harmless snake quoted in his defense some ancient injunction about bruising the creature's head in retaliation for an apocryphal bruising of his own heel. As a matter of truth and not Scripture, serpents do not bruise our heel, but are only too glad to glide away from it. I understand that in the breeding season there are certain Indian snakes that resent uninvited witnesses of their nuptial ceremonies and go the length of chasing them off the premises. This may or may not be the case, but I have tramped after kangaroo through miles of tall grass simply infested (as proved by periodic fires) with snakes, venomous and otherwise, without coming in contact with one, although gaiters to the knee were de rigueur on such occasions in case of accident.

The vituperation, however, reserved for the reptile is not more forcible than that meted out to the whole unpaid company of nature's scavengers, and it is to this very remarkable ingratitude that it seems time to draw attention. It cannot, it is true, be claimed for these useful servants that they possess beauty or charm of manner, but there are folks who are ornamental, others merely useful, and the earth would not be pleasant without either. It would not, for instance, be correct to assert that the gentlemen who, under the auspices of the sanitary board, impel gentle streams of water down the classic and verdant slopes that lead from Covent Garden to the Strand are among the most picturesque individuals in that neighborhood, but it would be equally futile to deny their place in the scheme of the creation.

Death is ever busy to render this earth an unclean abode. This, apparent even in these latitudes, has a very much more serious aspect in tropical lands, where the burning caress of a pitiless sun brings decay close on the steps of death, and the corpse but an hour old is already at work poisoning the surrounding air and spreading the germs of disease. To frustrate this baleful work nature has enlisted an efficient army of scavengers, drawn from all classes, and commissioned to keep pure the earth and cleanse it of all that is foul. It might be expected that a rational generation would not be slow to recognize the value of such officials and would give them at least protection and consideration.

Yet it is actually a fact that, so far from according these invaluable creatures the same kindly forbearance that is given unstintingly to thousands of small fowl, more picturesque perhaps, but certainly more harmful, we have not, most of us, a good word to say for any one serving in the scavenging brigade, and the encomiast who should plead their cause, individually or as a class, would run the risk of being voted eccentric. The very names of the creatures call up all the worst epithets applicable to the brute world. Vultures are repulsive; hyenas, for all the world as if they subscribed to the national church, are called sacrilegious because they rifle graves; for sharks no term is strong enough, and the honest sailor who occasionally contrives to haul one of these ocean scavengers aboard metes out to it treatment that would be worthier of the Grand Turk of tradition.

Nature, not being a European power, keeps her forces in readiness where they are needed, in consequence of which the scavengers muster in strength in hot countries. Vultures wander but rarely to these parts, and such sharks as occur are with few exceptions but minnows of their race. Yet we have even in these islands humbler purifiers at work, tadpoles and burying beetles and others suitable to the comparatively easy work that falls to them.

One of these days, when natural history is taught in a rational manner in our schools, when the rising generation learns to appreciate the living world around instead of banging pianos and splashing pigments, we shall have a recantation of the modern zoological faith and a better appreciation of the beasts and birds. We shall find nothing to shudder at in the meal of the vulture, but we may, on the contrary, even learn to protect that remarkable bird and its fellow scavengers as among the worthiest of earth's children. To the last the vulture is active in its allotted mission, and when at length it falls no living beast or bird or insect will touch its body, and it must crumble quietly to dust, a lasting—somewhat too lasting, as those know who have camped near an undiscovered dead vulture for some days—monument to the usefulness of the great scavenging army of which it once was so active a member.—F. G. Afealo in Saturday Review.

Alexander the Great.

No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon. He leveled the terrace upon which European history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet. Alexander checked this eastward march at the Sutlej, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the outmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.—Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler in Century.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. Madge Babcock, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

"To comfort tender and irritated skin," says Miss E. A. Johnson, trained nurse, "use

Comfort Powder

She uses it for her patients, highly recommending it to all for nursery, sickroom, or toilet. It is far superior to the old time talcum powders.

IN OLD SAFETY BOXES.

Deposit Company's Regular Examination of Forgotten Boxes.

We have already opened up 50 boxes which are ten years overdue. The letters sent by our attorney to the holders of these boxes brought but five answers. One man whose box was found to be empty returned his key and sent a check for $20, the full amount of the back rent. When it is remembered that many a safe deposit drawer contains several thousand dollars, it is reasonable to suppose that any man who has a particle of the gambling instinct about him would jump at the chance of paying $500 for the sum total of the valuables to be found in 50 delinquent boxes. He would consider that his chance of finding at least one box well packed with currency was excellent, this line of reasoning being based upon the knowledge that persons who rent boxes are inclined to be secretive, and that any sudden fatal illness is likely to take them to the grave without leaving behind them any clew to their hoarded treasures.

Speaking from our own experience, the man who risked $500 in a gamble of this kind would be sadly disappointed. In the 50 opened boxes the only articles of value which we have found were $10 in old half dollar pieces, eight tickets in a European lottery and a cheap gold plated watch. There is no premium on the silver half dollars, the most recent of which bears the date of 1834 and the earliest that of 1822. We will probably realize $24 from the redemption of the lottery coupons. Each of these tickets is nearly a foot square and is stamped with a huge red cross. The amount of rent due on this box is $47.50. I doubt if the watch will bring us more than $8, or less than one-third the unpaid rent on the box in which it has reposed for five years. From this accounting it may be seen that our reprisals amount to practically nothing.

But there is one thing which we are almost certain to find in every box. This is an insurance policy of some kind. As a general rule these are life insurance policies upon which only one or two premiums have been paid.

The process of opening boxes is exciting—full of large hopes and larger disappointments. From one drawer, on which the unpaid rent amounted to $57.50, we took out a big fat pocketbook. It was one of those long, bulky affairs used by people who do not like to fold a greenback or a bank bill and consequently have a receptacle large enough to hold paper currency when spread out at full length. As soon as we saw this we felt certain it contained a nice sum in paper currency. The vault keeper opened it eagerly and laid bare the most complete collection of coal bills that I ever saw. In another pocketbook of similar construction we found not so much as a single scrap of paper.

There is nothing like the prying open of these boxes to reveal the fact that men cherish the sentiments and associations of their youth with a persistence and fidelity which they would doubtless conceal from their nearest friends. Here is a neat little package of old love letters, written in a fine feminine hand. It is carefully sealed with wax and has been laid away in this vault for ten years. It is against my sense of principle to read them, and I have simply looked into the package sufficiently to learn the general character of its contents. Along with these letters we found a Rock Island time table and a chattel mortgage covering the household furniture of the box renter.

But the most romantic treasure which we have yet unearthed is a dainty ball slipper. On its sole, close to the heel, is written, in an old fashioned round hand, the name "Helen." If that slipper could only speak, what a story it could tell!

Many married women rent boxes without the knowledge of their husbands and observe the utmost secrecy in their visits to the vaults.

The keeper of a safe deposit vault occupies a very responsible position. He knows every one of his patrons, and they generally share their troubles and confidences with him. Very few stations in life afford better opportunity for the study of human nature than that occupied by the vault custodian.

The patronage of safe deposit vaults is much larger during periods of financial unrest and panic than in times of prosperity, and a bank failure is always sure to increase the demand for boxes.—Chicago Post.

Expert Car Jumpers.

"I haven't much hair on my head," said Superintendent Mansfield of the Indianapolis and Vincennes, "but what little I have was up in the air like porcupine quills this afternoon. Several of us were coming down the Union tracks as No. 20, the fast train on the Indianapolis division, was pulling out.

"At Delaware street three tramps were standing. By the time the train reached that point it was going at a lively rate. Each of the tramps selected a coach, and as the train rushed by caught the iron rod that extends under the side of the car and swung beneath the train in front of the trucks. Like acrobats, they turned over the rod and rested their feet on the brake beams, and as the train rolled on settled down for a ride. A single mistake, a slip of the hand or the failure to place their feet on the brake beam, meant for them a horrible death. I was so frightened at their recklessness that I fairly lost my breath. Experienced railroad man that I am, I would not have attempted such a feat for $1,000,000."

"That was a common trick," said Frank Lewis, formerly with the Union Pacific Railway company. "I have had a good deal of experience with tramps, and there are few of them but risk their lives daily on the cars. The old time tramps used to walk over the country. Up to date tramps ride. I have taken them out from beneath the pilot of the engine. I have hauled them from the brake beams of passenger cars, and a favorite hiding place for them is at the top of the vestibule. On top of the cars is a pleasant place during the summer, but in winter they try to make themselves as comfortable as possible. It is seldom that you hear of a tramp being killed by the cars unless in a wreck. To become an expert car jumper is one of the first requisites of a tramp of the first class."—Indianapolis News.

Fire and Air.

The intimate relation between fire and air was early recognized, seeing that experience soon taught that air was necessary for fire. The experiment of burning a candle in a closed vessel, now so familiar to every schoolboy, is a very old one, and the influence of a blast of air on a furnace had been probably noticed from a very remote period. By some it was affirmed to be the food of fire, while by others the same belief was embodied in the phrase, "Air nourishes fire." Again it was long ago observed that niter, a substance well known to the chemical philosophers of the past, could produce intense ignition. It was hence inferred that, since niter possessed this property, it necessarily followed that the two substances resembled each other in composition. According to Robert Boyle, the air contained "volatile niter," while Lord Bacon held that air contained a "volatile, crude and windy spirit," and thunder and lightning were supposed to be due to the presence of minute particles of this niter diffused through the air.

The important bearing of such observations is due to the fact that oxygen gas, which is one of the chief constituents of air and the one to which it owes its power of supporting combustion, also forms the largest elementary constituent of niter and is likewise the source of the power possessed by that body of supporting combustion.

The action of heat on metals in causing them to lose their metallic luster had also not escaped notice, and Cardan, a philosopher who lived during the sixteenth century, in noticing the increase in weight that lead undergoes when heated in air, attributed it to the gas in the air which feeds flame and which rekindles a body presenting an ignited point.—Scottish Review.

The Dear Boy.

A newspaper man sat in the study of the pastor of a swell Fifth avenue church one Sunday night awaiting the appearance of the clergyman. The parson's 10-year-old son strolled in. He was a very smart young gentleman indeed. His collar and cravat were a trifle horsy. His left hand was worn in his trousers pocket in approved fashion. There was a suggestion of blase interest on his face as he scanned the visitor.

"Repotah, I believe?" he said at length.

"Yes," said the newspaper man meekly.

"Fawthaw rarely sees repotahs on a Sunday. Youah business with him is—aw—urgent, I presume."

"Very," answered the newspaper man.

Then there was another silence, the gaze of the youngster making the visitor feel somehow that reporters are a very inferior lot indeed.

"You were at the horse show?" ventured the visitor.

"Yes," admitted the lad, with a suspicion of a yawn. "Fouah or five times. Got awfully tired of it, though."

"And," said the newspaper man affably, "I suppose you were interested in the ponies?"

"I am not at all interested in ponies," he replied, and his tone was a distinct check to further familiarity. "The huntahs were a pretty decent lot, as huntahs go. And the four-in-hands showed fairly. But—aw—horses are but horses aftah all, and one sees too many of them, you know. Good evening."

And a crushed newspaper man was sitting alone.—New York Journal.

One Peddler Silenced.

One of our druggists says that in the medicine business almost everybody wants to sell and not to buy. For instance, a man came into the store one day and attached a machine like a coffee mill to the counter and began to turn the crank.

"What's that?" asked the druggist, *neo* actor.

"A machine to take the seeds out of raisins that I'd like to sell you."

"Will it put them back again?"

The peddler gave a pitying look at Mr. Lennox and marched out without another word.—Hartford Post.

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NEAR POST OFFICE.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

MAKE HENS LAY

like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail.

If you can't get it send to us. Ask first

One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of Best Poultry Paper sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it possesses very great virtue for many family ills? There is not a remedy in use today which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It will cure asthma, abscesses, burns, bruises, bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, all forms of sore throat, la grippe, mumps, muscular soreness,

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

THE IRISH WAKE.

It Is a Kindly and Human Custom In Intention.

The old Irish custom of "waking" the dead has given rise to much misrepresentation of the Irish character, and yet in its intention it is a kindly and human custom. To those who do not understand the Irish nature, or the impulses which move it, the drinking, smoking and conversation which take place at "wakes" appear incongruous and repulsive. To the Irish people, on the other hand, there is something very cold, unfeeling and repellent in the English custom of leaving the corpse shut up in a room, all alone, deserted, as it were, by the family. In Ireland we keep close company with our dead to the very last moment.

"Waking" means "watching." We watch affectionately by the body of a dead relative or friend until the time arrives to depart for the burial ground. The body is laid on the bed, covered with a white sheet, leaving exposed the head and the hands crossed reverently on the breast. The walls about the bed are covered with sheets, on which are often hung branches of flowers and laurel leaves. Seven lighted candles stand on a table near the bed. The room is frequently sprinkled with holy water to keep off the evil spirits who may be hovering around, and on the corpse is a large plate of salt, which is believed to be hygienically efficacious for the watchers.

The Irish people are gregarious in their instincts. They never like to be alone, and this feeling for companionship is strongest when death has visited them closely. A family deprived of a member by death seeks consolation from the neighbors, and the neighbors, ever quick in sympathy, in joy or in sorrow, crowd in to cheer up the spirits of the bereaved, to distract their thoughts from their sad loss. First entering the room where the corpse lies they kneel and say a prayer. But the manifestation of sorrow is confined to the chamber of death. Outside, in the wide kitchen, the neighbors assemble, and snuff, pipes and tobacco, whisky and stout are supplied to them.

There are "wakes" at which stories are told, forfeits are played and a little drollery indulged in, but, as a rule, while every effort is made by the watchers to blunt the edge of sorrow, perfect decorum is preserved, and not an unseemly word is spoken. I have been at many "wakes," and certainly I have never heard a song sung, though it is often said—of course by those who do not know—that singing is a common practice at these assemblies. Moreover, there is a motive—founded upon superstition, it is true—for checking the manifestations of grief in the presence of the dead. In some parts of Ireland it is believed that the soul of a departed person is made restless by the tears and regrets of surviving friends and relatives, and that, unable to get to heaven, it hovers about the earth until the sorrow for its departure is appeased. Mourners may, therefore, be seen at "wakes" struggling to repress their sobs and tears. "Don't be cryin that way, asthore, or you'll keep him from his rest," was a remonstrance I heard kindly addressed to a young widow who was weeping bitterly over the remains of her husband.—London Telegraph.

Cruelty to Jockeys.

The British Medical Journal has turned its powerful pen against the abuse of jockey making and has pointed out the damage done to many constitutions by "wasting" for races. Few novelists have placed upon record the life of the stable boy who aspires to become a jockey or have dealt adequately with the privations, dangers and temptations of his career. George Moore deals briefly with the matter in his powerful novel, "Esther Waters," but very much remains to be said. The British Medical Journal sums up the matter when it points out that very few men are born jockeys—that is, have small build, strong nerve and no tendency to run to fat. The lad who can ride well and use his brain as well as his body may and often does make weight just as his career with all its valuable chances is opening to him. Then to fit himself for the saddle his sufferings are almost incredible.

A Peculiar Discovery.

A little surprise awaited two women who recently met in the office of a Chicago lawyer. They had never seen each other before, but ere they left the office the discovery was made that each had called to begin proceedings to obtain a divorce from the same man.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 4.

Text of the Lesson, II Kings xxii, 8-20. Memory Verse, 19—Golden Text, Ps. cxix, 2—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

8. "I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord." By comparing II Chron. xxxiv, 14, it looks as if it might have been an original copy of the law. Josiah was the last good king of Judah, and he reigned 31 years. In the thirteenth year of his reign Jeremiah began to prophesy and continued a prophet of the Lord for 40 years (Jer. i, 2, 3). It is written of Josiah in II Kings xxiii, 25, that there was no king either before or after him who like him turned to the Lord with all his heart and soul and might. Hezekiah excelled all others in his trust in the Lord (II Kings xviii, 5). Josiah began to reign at the age of 8 years. When he was 16, he began to seek God. When he was 20, he began to cleanse the land of idols. When he was 26, he repaired and cleansed the temple, and kept the greatest passover that had been kept since the days of Samuel (II Chron. xxxiv, 3, 8; xxxv, 18, 19). It was while they were working at the temple that they found this book of the law.

9. Shaphan the scribe reported to the king that the money which had been gathered in the house of the Lord had been delivered to the overseers of the work, and it is said that they were so faithful that no reckoning was made with them of the money (verses 4-7). We do not read of any lack of funds for the work, for the blessing of Elshaddai (the mighty God who is all sufficient) was upon His faithful people.

10, 11. Shaphan told the king of the book that had been found, and read it to him, and when he heard it he rent his clothes. Josiah was possessed of a poor and contrite spirit and trembled at God's word (Isa. lxvi, 2; lvii, 15). It is written in Ez. ix, 4, "Then were assembled every one that trembled at the words of the God of Israel because of the transgression." Many are indifferent to the word of God and never read it or hear it read. Many who read it do not give heed to it. Many, even of those who are supposed to be preachers of the word, dishonor it by doubting it and questioning it, while but few comparatively tremble at it like Josiah.

12, 13. "Go ye, inquire of the Lord for me and for the people, and for all Judah, concerning the words of this book that is found." The priest and scribe and others were thus commissioned by the king. It may have been such passages as Deut. xxviii, 15-37; Lev. xxvi, 14-46, that so stirred Josiah, but whatever portions specially affected him he evidently believed what many professing Christians do not today believe, that there is such a thing as the wrath of God and that it is a very serious matter not to believe and obey the words of the Lord. To set one's heart upon and observe to do the words of the law was said to be their life, but if one would not hearken God had said that He would require it of him (Deut. xxxii, 46, 47; xviii, 19). A common form of unbelief now is that God is too good to punish any one and that there is no place of fire and brimstone either for the devil or his followers.

14. "They went to Huldah the prophetess who dwelt in Jerusalem, and they communed with her." So there were at other times a Deborah and an Anna who knew the Lord better than others (Judg. iv, 4; Luke ii, 36). God has His hidden ones to whom He reveals Himself and whom He uses to instruct others when His time comes. It may be a Joseph in a prison, or a Daniel who has been crowded out by a younger and more progressive party, an Elijah at some cherith, or a Stephen or a Philip ready for any manner of service. Wherever you are be sure that you are learning to know God, for in due time He will call you.

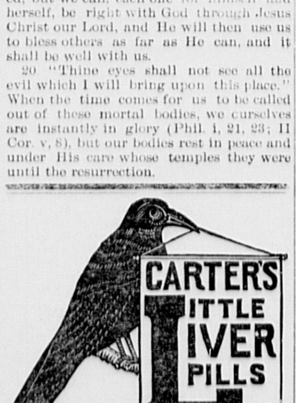
15. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Tell the man that sent you to me." She had no words of her own for them, no opinions or suggestions, no words of peaceful flattery, but only a faithful message from the Lord, regardless of what they might think of it or of her. When God has a messenger whom He can use, He always gives a message. He said to Moses, "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say."

16. "Behold I will bring evil upon this place—all the words of the book which the king of Judah hath read." Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, for hath He said and shall He not do it? Or hath He spoken and shall He not make it good? (Jer. li, 29; Num. xxiii, 19.) All that God purposes to do is as good as done, for He is able to carry out all His plans; there is nothing too hard or wonderful for Him. He cannot err, neither can He fail nor be discouraged. He did not fail to lay upon His dear Son all our sins. He will not fail to let His wrath fall upon all who despise His Son and His love.

17. "My wrath shall be kindled against this place and shall not be quenched." This because they forsook God and worshiped the works of their own hands. They forsook the fountain of living water and made themselves cisterns which could hold no water (Jer. ii, 13). We think it strange that Israel could possibly turn from the living God to worship idols of wood and stone. Yet in the so called service of God among us there is a great turning from the simple worship of God in spirit and truth to that which is possibly worse than the idols of Israel.

18, 19. "Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou heardest what I spake." Although wrath would surely fall upon the nation, yet upon Josiah and such as humbled themselves before God there would be mercy. At one time the Lord said that though Noah, Daniel and Job were in the city, they would deliver but their own souls by their righteousness. Again He said that, though Moses and Samuel stood before Him, His mind could not be toward Israel (Ezek. xiv, 14; Jer. xv, 1). There came a time when all that certain righteous ones could do was to sigh and cry because of the sins which they loathed, but could not prevent. On them God set His mark of approval (Ezek. ix, 4). We cannot rectify the wrong things that are all about us, we cannot bring righteousness everywhere to be manifested, but we can, each one for himself and herself, be right with God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and He will then use us to bless others as far as He can, and it shall be well with us.

20. "Thine eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place." When the time comes for us to be called out of these mortal bodies, we ourselves are instantly in glory (Phil. i, 21, 23; II Cor. v, 8), but our bodies rest in peace and under His care whose temples they were until the resurrection.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Horrors of Rheumatism.

A woman's account of torture which lasted three years; of her struggles against the dreadful disease, and the good fortune that crowned her efforts.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victims upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable.

Sufferers from the worst types of this terrible disease will supply the missing horrors in the following story from real life.

Those who writhe under milder forms of rheumatism will be able to imagine the feelings of the tortured victim.

The only justification for making public such heart-rending details is the fact that the lesson taught will be helpful to others, pointing the way to renewed life and health to every sufferer from rheumatism.

The story is told by a woman. Her name is Mrs. Caleb Fenly; she lives in St. Paul, Ind.

This is her account:

"I am a farmer's wife. I believe my frequent exposure to the weather caused my terrible attack of rheumatism. Damp weather always aggravated it.

"My limbs would begin to swell at the ankle joints.

"This swelling would begin in the night, at times. I would awake in agony.

"Daylight would find my limbs purple in color, swollen to twice their natural size, and so racked with pain I could not bear to touch them.

"My right arm and both legs were so drawn as to be almost useless.

"My skin became dry and yellow.

"At times my limbs would pain as though millions of needles were pricking them.

"Again they would be numb and I could not feel a needle thrust into my flesh.

"I was confined to the house three years, unable to walk nearly half the time.

"After those three slow years of agony, during which I spent probably $2,000 for treatment and tried a dozen doctors, I gave up hope of any release from pain, but death.

"I was cured, completely cured, by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They alone caused my recovery.

"The first dose gave me appetite.

"After the second dose I slept soundly, the first time within a year.

"I sent for a dozen boxes. By the time I had taken the contents of eleven boxes I felt entirely well.

"The doctor said I was cured. He was greatly impressed, and since then he has prescribed Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for many of his patients."

Mrs. Fenly, together with her husband, made affidavit to the exact truth of the foregoing account before Notary P. N. Thomas.

The cure of the severest cases of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has occurred in every state in the Union, and its power in ordinary cases is proportionately greater.

These marvelous vegetable pills go directly to the seat of the trouble. They build up a new cellular structure in the diseased parts by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health-giving chemical forces in the blood.

They are for sale by druggists everywhere; for 50 cents a single box or $2.50 for half a dozen.

CHINESE JUSTICE.

It Is Meted Out With a Vigor That Shocks Europeans.

One night we halted at a place called Hungay, which in the stern, stiff language of "The Universal Gazetteer" may be said to be a small town in the Yunnan province of China; population about 5,000; products, fleas and other small deer. We were making a hurried escape from the wretched place when Lowe suddenly missed his camera. Five minutes before starting it was strapped on the machine, but now it was gone. A swift run was made to the inn. Had the landlord seen it? No, he had not, and besides he didn't want to be disturbed, for he was eating rice. Had anybody seen the camera? Not a soul.

There was nothing for it but a visit to the mandarin at the yamen. He was a kindly young fellow of about our own age. He listened quietly while the loss was explained, and when he understood there had been thieving he turned the color of paper with rage. A troop of soldiery was dispatched to the inn with orders to arrest everybody.

There is a Chinese proverb about the advisability of the dead keeping out of hell and the living out of yamens. Landlord, cook, sweeper, stable cleaner and all the hangers on were, however, marched to the yamen in chains, and every one was trembling with fright. There was much confused jabbering. In the end one of the men was marched away, but in ten minutes he was brought back with the camera. His countenance proclaimed him an arrant rogue, and when the mandarin saw that the leather case had been cut open with a knife and was informed that three photographic appliances were still missing his rage was unbounded. Putting on his magisterial robes, he sentenced the thief to be thrashed. He held up one hand as an inquiry if 50 strokes would be sufficient punishment. Plenty, intimated the foreigner. Down was the man pitched on his face, the legs tied, the flesh bared and heavy fell the blows.

"Well," said Lowe, "as I've been put to considerable inconvenience over this rascal, I think I'll take a snap shot of his thrashing." And one was taken. The beating went on and on, the ruffian screamed and blood was running from the wounds on his limbs.

"Hasn't he had the 50 yet?" was asked.

"Fifty! Why his punishment is 500 strokes, and he has not had 400 yet."

A plea was put forward for mercy, but the mandarin, with his lips tight, would not listen. It was no good telling him that the quality of mercy was not strained, or that it droppeth like the dew from heaven or that it became the monarch better than his crown. He was paid to punish offenders, and he was going to punish them. However, it was soon all over, and the wretch lay on the ground groaning, writhing and bleeding.

Then in marched the soldiery with five other men heavily manacled. The prisoners fell on their knees and put their foreheads on the ground. The mandarin heckled the lot like a Parisian judge. He fixed on one as the ringleader of the robbery. If 500 stripes was the punishment of an accomplice, what must be the chastisement of the thief in chief? Torture was reserved for him.

He was made to sit on his haunches. His wrists were tied tightly in front of his knees, and a pole was stuck between his arms and his legs and then rested on two tables, so that the culprit swung head downward. Strong twine was slip knotted about each big toe, and two of the soldiers pulled apart. This necessarily brought a tremendous strain on the roped wrists. They blackened immediately.

The agony must have been excruciating, for the man screamed. He began curling and twisting, but a soldier went forward and put his foot on the thief's dragging pigtail and so kept his head down. The victim foamed at the mouth, and whenever he was on the point of losing consciousness he was raised up by the cue to give him breathing space, swung head downward again, and the twine about his toes tugged. It was in vain for the foreigner to appeal that the barbarous torture should cease. There was nothing for it but to forsake the sickening and revolting spectacle.—Travel.

Men Who Use Cosmetics.

"It is a curious fact," said a Canal street druggist, "that men spend more money than women for cosmetics and toilet preparations. Sounds queer, I know, but it's true. You see, the finer articles in that line are imported and are rather expensive. They are beyond the purse of most women, but the average man, if anything of a beau, will think nothing of spending several dollars for scented creams, violet waters, shaving powders, lip salve, lash pencils and other things in the same line. The best customer is the ladies' man who is well turned middle age. An old boy of that sort will buy wrinkle eradicators, hair restoratives and crayon combs to keep his mustache dark until you can't rest. Yes, we sell twice as much 'make up' to men as we do to women, joke writers to the contrary notwithstanding."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ask your **Druggist** for a generous **10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.**

ELY'S Cream Balm

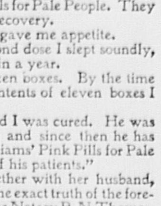
contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once.

It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passage.

Allays Inflammation.

CATARRH



COLD IN HEAD

Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full Size 50c. Trial Size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(Formerly with Thomas Morris.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices.

ELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton and Funeral Director,

Sexton o Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery.

214 Main St., Woburn

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

The Mosquito.

Baron de la Tour estimates that the mosquito vibrates its wings 50 times a second. This inconceivably rapid motion is said to be due to the fact that the muscles moving the wings are very curiously arranged in groups or clusters, and while one set is in motion another is at rest.

A Sight.

"Did Sardonix encourage you to offer your picture?" asked the artist's friend.

"Yes. He intimated that it ought to be exhibited."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was a sight."—Washington Star.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 31, 1896.

Messrs Ely Bros:—The Balm reached me safely and in so short a time the effect is surprising. My son says the *first* application gave decided relief. I have a shelf filled with "*Catarrh Cures*." To-morrow the stove shall receive them and Ely's Cream Balm will reign supreme. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman.

Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50 cents. Trial size 10 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Library Box 316 1Jan98

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. $2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

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2104

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 15, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 6.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15, 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

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Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

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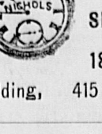
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

CHEAPER THAN DIRT
and as cheap as common soap.
ROYAL BOQUET SOAP
A fine toilet soap, handsomely put up, three cakes in a box.
25c.
Nice enough for a Xmas present.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Caluan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
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Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
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Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

A TOAST.

To the crystal of desire,
To the wheel of mystic birth,
Child of the mine and fire—
Drink, riders of the earth!

To the hum of the whirring wire
In the rush of the air disturbed;
To the pur of the spurning tire
And the speed of the steed uncurbed;
To the stroke of the corded muscle
And the rise of the warming thigh;
To the life and drop of the hills we top
And the woodlands rolling by.

To the deep exhilaration,
To the brawn and the touch that guides,
To the freedom of creation—
The world is his who rides;
To the spindrift mists of morning,
To noon of the golden light,
To the tints that fade and the mystic shade,
To the moon and the mottled night.

To the air, to the winds that buffet
And the will to which they bend;
To life and the way we rough it,
To the roads that never end,
To the vilest and the velvet,
To the wind flung leaves we toss,
To the birds that race at a breathing place
And the bird that darts across.

To a joy beyond dimensions,
To a pleasure never old,
To the prince of all inventions,
To the steel worth more than gold.
We, heirs of an age of science,
With leaping life shall ride
From the purple dawn of manhood on
To the ebbing eventide.

A toast to the child of fire,
To the wheel of mystic birth,
To the end of all desire—
Drink, riders of the earth!

—Francis James Macbeath in Harper's Magazine.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

On the 24th of July, 1848, the first day of the battle of Custoza, 60 soldiers belonging to one of our regiments of infantry, ordered to garrison a lonely house on a height near by, were suddenly attacked by two companies of Austrians, who, assaulting them on several sides, scarcely gave them time to take refuge within the house, and hastily barricaded the door, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The door being well secured, our soldiers hastened to the windows on the ground floor as well as to those on the upper floor and opened a deadly fire on the besiegers, who replied vigorously as they slowly approached in the form of a semicircle.

The 60 Italian soldiers were commanded by two subaltern officers and by a tall, silent, grim old captain with white hair and whiskers.

With them was a little Sardinian drummer, a boy scarcely more than 14 years old, but who did not look even 12, with his dark, olive skin and black, deep set eyes that flashed fire.

From a room on the upper story the captain directed the defense, every order sounding like a pistol shot, his iron countenance showing not the slightest emotion.

The little drummer, pale, but with his feet firmly planted on the table, and holding fast to the walls, stretched out his head and neck to look from the window, and saw through the smoke the Austrians steadily advancing over the fields.

The house was near the top of a very steep hillside, so that but one small, high window in the upper story looked out over the crest. The Austrians did not threaten that side, nor was there anybody on the hilltop. The fire was directed against the front and the two sides.

The firing was infernal—a close, heavy hailstorm of balls rained upon the walls and through the broken roof, tearing out the ceiling, shattering the beams, doors, furniture, filling the air with fragments, plastering and clouds of lime and dust, utensils and broken glass whizzing, clattering over their heads, rebounding from the walls with a noise and clash that made the hair stand on end.

Now and then a soldier stationed at the windows fell inward and was pushed one side. Others staggered from room to room, stanching their wounds with their hands. In the kitchen lay one soldier, pierced through the forehead. The enemy was closing in. At last the captain, until then impassible, began to show signs of uneasiness, and hurriedly left the room, followed by a sergeant. In a few moments the sergeant came rushing back and called the drummer, telling him to follow. The boy raced up the stairs after him and entered a dilapidated garret, in which he saw the captain with pencil and paper in hand leaning on the window sill, and lying on the ground at his feet was a rope belonging to the well.

The captain folded the paper, and, fixing on the boy those cold, gray eyes before which every soldier trembled, said abruptly:

"Drummer!"

The little drummer's hand went up to his cap.

The captain said:

"Thou art brave."

The boy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, captain," he answered.

"Look down yonder," said the captain, taking him to the window, "on the ground, near the house of Villafranca, where those bayonets glisten. There is our regiment motionless. Take this paper, grasp this rope, let yourself down from the window, cross the hill like lightning, rush through the fields, reach our men and give this paper to the first officer you see. Take off your belt and knapsack."

The drummer took off his belt and knapsack and hid the paper in his breast pocket. The sergeant threw out the rope. Holding fast one end, the captain helped the boy jump through the window, his back toward the fields.

"Be careful," said he. "The salvation of this detachment depends on thy valor and thy legs."

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

"Trust me, captain," said the drummer, sliding down.

"Crouch low when you drop," again said the captain, taking hold of the rope too.

"Have no fear."

"God speed thee!"

In a few moments the boy was on the ground, the sergeant drew up the rope and disappeared, while the captain hastened to the little window and saw the drummer racing down the hill. He now hoped he would escape unseen, but five or six little clouds of dust rising from the ground warned him that the boy had been discovered by the Austrians, who were firing down from the top of the hill. Those little clouds were the earth torn up by the balls, but the drummer continued running at full speed. After awhile the captain exclaimed in consternation, "Dead!" But scarcely was the word out of his mouth when he saw the little drummer rise.

"Ah, it was but a fall!" said he, and breathed again.

The drummer again ran on, but he limped.

"He has sprained his foot," said the captain.

A little cloud of dust rose here and there around the boy, but always farther from him.

He was beyond their reach. The captain uttered a cry of triumph, but his eyes followed him tremblingly, for it was a question of minutes. If he did not soon reach the regiment with the note asking for immediate succor, all his soldiers would be killed, or he would be obliged to surrender and become a prisoner of war with them.

The boy ran for awhile rapidly, then he stopped to limp; again he ran on, but every few minutes he stopped to limp.

"Perhaps a ball has bruised his foot," thought the captain, and he tremblingly noted all his movements, and in his excitement he talked to the drummer as if he could hear him. Every moment his eyes measured the distance between the boy and the bayonets that glistened below on the plain in the midst of the golden wheatfields.

Meantime he heard the whistling and the crash of the balls in the rooms below, the voice of command, the shouts of rage of the officers and sergeants, the sharp cries of the wounded and the noise of broken furniture and crumbling plaster.

"Courage! Valor!" he cried, his eyes following the drummer in the distance. "Forward! Run! Malediction! He stops! Ah, he is up again! Forward!"

An officer, out of breath, comes to tell him that the enemy, without ceasing the fire, wave a white handkerchief, demanding their surrender.

"Let no one answer!" shouts the captain, without taking his eyes from the boy, who was now in the valley, but who no longer ran and who seemed hopeless of reaching the regiment.

"Forward! Run!" cried the captain, with teeth and fists clinched. "Bleed to death, die, unfortunate boy, but reach your destination!" Then he uttered a horrible oath. "Ah, the infamous idler has sat down!"

In fact, up to that moment the boy's head, that could be seen above the wheat, now disappeared as if he had fallen. After a moment his head was again seen. Then he was lost behind the wheatfield, and the captain saw him no more.

Then he hastened down. The balls rained. The rooms were full of wounded, some of whom rolled over like drunken men, catching at the furniture. The walls and floors were covered with blood. Dead bodies lay across the threshold. The lieutenant's arm was broken by a ball. Smoke and powder filled the rooms.

"Courage!" shouted the captain. "Stand to your post! Succor is coming! Courage a little longer!"

The Austrians had approached closer. Their disfigured faces could be seen through the smoke. Through the crash of balls could be heard the savage cries insulting them, demanding their surrender and threatening to cut their throats. A soldier, terrified, withdrew from the window, and the sergeants again pushed him forward.

The fire of the besieged slacked. Discouragement showed on every face. Resistance was no longer possible. The moment came when the Austrians redoubled their efforts, and a voice thundered, at first in German, then in Italian:

"Surrender!"

"No!" shouted the captain from a window. The fire became more deadly, more furious on both sides. Other soldiers fell. There was more than one window without defenders. The fatal moment was imminent. The captain's voice died away in his throat as he exclaimed:

"They do not come! They do not come!"

And he ran furiously from side to side, brandishing his saber convulsively, ready to die. Then a sergeant, rushing down from the garret, shouted with stentorian voice:

"They come!"

"Ah, they come!" joyfully shouted the captain.

On hearing that cry all—the well, the wounded, sergeants and officers—crowded to the windows and again the fierceness of the defense was redoubled. In a short while there were noticed among the enemy a species of vacillation and a beginning of disorder. Suddenly the captain gathered a few soldiers together on the lower floor to resist with fixed bayonets the impetuous attack on the outside. Then he went up stairs. Scarcely had he mounted when he heard the sound of hurried footsteps, accompanied by a formidable "Hurrah!" and the pointed hats of the Italian carbineers appeared through the smoke, a squadron at double quick. A brilliant flash of swords whirled through the air above their heads, their shoulders, their backs. Then out charged the little detachment, with fixed bayonets, led by the captain. The enemy wavered, rallied, and at last began to retreat. The field was evacuated, the house was saved, and shortly after two battalions of Italian infantry and two cannon occupied the height.

The captain and the surviving soldiers were incorporated with their regiment, fought again, and the captain was slightly wounded in the hand by a spent ball during the last bayonet charge. The victory on that day was won by the Italians.

But the following day the battle continued. The Italians were conquered in spite of their heroic resistance by superior numbers, and on the morning of the 26th they were in full retreat toward the Mincio.

The captain, though wounded, marched at the head of his company, weary and silent, arriving at sunset at Goito on the Mincio. He immediately sought his lieutenant, who, with his arm broken, had been picked up by the ambulance, and who must have arrived before he did. They pointed out to him a church in which the field hospital had been installed. He went there. The church was filled with the wounded lying in two rows of cots and mattresses laid on the floor. Two physicians and several practitioners were busily coming and going, and nothing was heard but groans and stifled cries.

Scarcely had the captain entered when he stopped and glanced around in search of his subordinate.

At that moment he heard near by his named called faintly:

"Captain!"

He turned. It was the little drummer. He was stretched upon a wooden cot, covered up to the neck with a coarse old red and white check window curtain, his arms lying outside, pale and thin, but with his eyes burning like two coals of fire.

"What! Is it thou?" asked the captain in a surprised, abrupt manner. "Bravo! Thou has fulfilled thy duty!"

"I did all that was possible," replied the drummer.

"Art thou wounded?" asked the captain, glancing around at the beds in search of his lieutenant.

"What could you expect?" replied the boy, who was eager to speak of the honor of being wounded for the first time; otherwise he would not have dared to open his lips before his captain. "I ran as long as I could with my head down, but, though I crouched, the Austrians saw me immediately. I would have arrived 20 minutes earlier had they not wounded me. Fortunately I met a captain of the general's staff, to whom I gave the note, but it was with great effort I got along after that wound. I was dying with thirst. I was afraid I could not arrive in time. I cried with rage, thinking that every minute's delay sent one of ours to the other world, but at last I did all I could. I am content. But look, captain, and excuse me—you are bleeding!"

In fact from the palm of the badly bandaged hand the blood was flowing.

"Do you wish me to tighten the bandage, captain? Let me have it for a moment."

The captain gave him his left hand and stretched out his right hand to help tie the knot, but scarcely had the little fellow risen from the pillow when he turned pale and had to lie back again.

"Enough, enough!" said the captain, looking at him and withdrawing his bandaged hand, which the drummer wished to retain. "Take care of yourself instead of thinking of others, for slight wounds, if neglected, may have grave consequences."

The little drummer shook his head.

"But thou," said the captain, looking attentively at him, "thou must have lost much blood to be so weak."

"Lost much blood?" repeated the boy, smiling. "Something more than blood. Look!" and he threw down the coverlet. The captain recoiled in horror.

The boy had but one leg—the left leg had been amputated above the knee. The stump was wrapped in bloody cloths.

Just then a small, fat army physician in shirt sleeves passed.

"Ah, captain!" said he rapidly, pointing out the little drummer. "There is an unfortunate case. That leg could have been easily saved had he not forced it so much; caused inflammation. It was necessary to amputate it. But he is brave, I assure you. He shed not a tear nor uttered a plaint. I was proud while operating to think he was an Italian boy, my word of honor. Faith, he comes of good stock!"

And he went on his way.

The captain wrinkled his bushy white eyebrows and looked fixedly at the little drummer, while covering him up with the coverlet. Then slowly, almost unconsciously, yet still looking at him, his hand went to his kepi, which he took off.

"Captain!" exclaimed the astonished boy. "What, captain, for me?"

Then that rough soldier, who had never spoken a gentle word to an inferior, replied in a soft and exceedingly affectionate voice:

"I am but a captain. Thou art a hero."

Then he threw his arms about the little drummer and kissed him with all his heart.—From the Italian For Short Stories.

English Election Bribes.

Parliamentary candidates will find something to interest them in the recent publication of the historical manuscripts commission. Among the Ailesbury papers we read that at Marlborough in 1712 the Duke of Somerset offered an elector for his vote, on behalf of a nominee, a pension of £20 per annum for life and to make him porter of Sion House. To another he offered a pension of £40, with a post worth another £40 a year, and to others he gave sums of money varying from £20 even up to £250. Again he promised to educate the son of a burgess and present him to a good living as soon as he was old enough. Strange to say, the duke's candidate was unsuccessful. He was a Whig, and it is suggested that the Tories must have been more liberal.—London Mail.

A Nonconductor.

Manager of Trolley Line—I think we can take you. What is your name?

Applicant—Glass.

Manager of Trolley Line—Good day, sir. You can never be a conductor.—Brooklyn Life.

TEARS OF THE GREAT

NOTED MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WEPT IN PUBLIC.

Victoria's Emotion When Told That It Was Her Destiny to Wear a Crown—The Three Times In Rossini's Life When He "Played the Woman."

Many of the great people who have written their names large in the history of their time have been known to shed tears. The majority, however, wept for others' woes, but smiled upon their own.

Queen Victoria wept when informed that it was her destiny to wear a crown and rule a vast empire. The incident was seized upon by Mrs. Browning for one of her most beautiful poems, "She Wept to Wear a Crown," and her majesty has ever since been a warm admirer of the writings of this poet. Sixty years later, at her jubilee, the queen sobbed before thousands of her subjects. Another notable occasion was at the funeral of Prince Henry of Battenberg. As the burial service was being recited Britain's monarch was seen to be crying piteously.

One will never forget the universal lamentation aroused by the death of the Duke of Clarence. When the end came, the Princess of Wales, who had throughout her son's illness watched him with the greatest devotion, utterly collapsed and cried for some time as though her heart would break. A few days later, as the funeral procession left Sandringham for the railway station, followed on foot by the Prince of Wales, it was impossible to hide his grief, and the heir apparent was forced to find relief in copious tears. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has also been seen to cry in public. In April, 1896, while the marriage ceremony of his daughter was in progress his royal highness was observed to be weeping.

Mr. Gladstone during the delivery of one of his great orations concerning the Bulgarian atrocities was so carried away by his feelings that tears coursed down his cheeks, and the flow of his eloquence was arrested for a few minutes so that he might recover his composure. The Grand Old Man's great rival, Lord Salisbury, too, has been known to "play the woman." The tragic death of the Earl of Iddesleigh will not easily fade from one's memory. When Lord Salisbury knew that his old friend the earl had expired after ascending the stairs at the foreign office, he was so overcome that for a time he sobbed bitterly.

Thirty years ago the Earl of Halsbury, then plain Mr. Hardinge Giffard, was defending ex-Governor Eyre concerning the massacres that had occurred in Jamaica. Having depicted Eyre protecting the people from outrages, Mr. Giffard asked passionately whether for so doing his client was to be done to death by persecution. "Good God," he exclaimed, "is this justice?" and wound up his apostrophe by bursting into tears. Then the court adjourned for luncheon!

When the lord chief justice was known to fame as Sir Charles Russell, he on many occasions by the stirring force of his eloquence made judges weep and bathed juries in salt tears. He has himself, too, more than once been so enthusiastic in his client's behalf that the floodgates of his eyes have been opened. At the historic trial known as the Parnell commission so moved was he during the delivery of his great speech in defense of Mr. Parnell that he wept for some moments, while many of the onlookers had damp eyelids.

Professor Herkomer, R. A., tells in one of his lectures that his well known picture, "Chelsea Pensioners In Church," was painted against the advice of all his firends, but he completed it and sent it to the Royal academy. What expectation, what anxieties and fears, were in that act! How he waited! Two letters, respectively by Leighton and Richmond, R. A., brought news that the judges on seeing the work clapped their hands. Herkomer at the time was at a sickbed, and as he read he fell on his knees and wept.

When that brave man, Dr. Jameson, realized at the battle which put the climax to his famous raid that he had failed in his mission and was compelled to surrender, he burst into tears and cried for some time like a child. But it was not through fear for his own safety, but owing to the thought that his failure might place his countrymen in jeopardy.

Rossini, on being asked how he liked Paganini's playing, said he had only wept three times in his life—first, on the failure of his earliest opera; secondly, when in a boat with some friends a turkey stuffed with truffles, which had been provided for their dinner, fell overboard and was lost; thirdly, on hearing for the first time Paganini's divine performance on his beloved violin.

Lord Eldon when attorney general was in the habit of closing his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and by God's help I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the solicitor general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford!" said a bystander to Horne Tooke. "What on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

From the examples given it may be concluded that it is not always unmanly to weep. Indeed, as Henry Ward Beecher said, tears are often the telescope by which we see far into heaven.—London Mail.

To Remove Shine.

A tailor says that the shine or gloss which comes on cloths after wearing is due either to the fabric wearing away or the nap becoming hardened and glossy from an accumulation of dust. In the first case its removal is very difficult. Hard scrubbing with a stiff brush dipped in hot water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added and pressing by the steaming process may, however, somewhat improve the appearance of the garment. If the shine comes from dust, it can be removed by brisk sponging with clear tepid water softened by a little ammonia. Afterward, with a piece of linen or silk laid over it, the cloth is pressed while damp.

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Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE FABLED ROC.

Marco Polo Tells What He Heard of the Monster Bird.

"The True Story of Marco Polo," as told in St. Nicholas by Noah Brooks, contains many stories about fabulous monsters, among which is the following account of the famous roc:

You must know that this island lies so far south that ships cannot go farther south or visit other islands in that direction, except this one and that other of which we have to tell you, called Zanzibar. This is because the sea current runs so strong toward the south that the ships which should attempt it never would get back again. Indeed, the ships of Malabar which visit this island of Madagascar, and that other of Zanzibar, arrive thither with marvelous speed, for, great as the distance is, they accomplish it in 20 days, while the return voyage takes them more than 3 months. This is because of the strong current running south, which continues with such singular force and in the same direction at all seasons.

'Tis said that in those other islands to the south, which the ships are unable to visit because this strong current prevents their return, is found the bird gryphon, which appears there at certain seasons. The description given of it is, however, entirely different from what our stories and pictures make it, for persons who had been there and had seen it told Messer Marco Polo that it was for all the world like an eagle, but one indeed of enormous size, so big, in fact, that its wings covered an extent of 30 paces, and its quills were 12 paces long and thick in proportion. And it is so strong that it will seize an elephant in its talons and carry him high into the air and drop him so that he is smashed to pieces. Having so killed him, the bird gryphon swoops down upon him and eats him at leisure.

The people of those isles call the bird roc, and it has no other name. So I wot not if this be the real gryphon or if there be another manner of bird as great. But this I can tell you for certain—that they are not half lion and half bird, as our stories do relate, but enormous as they be they are fashioned just like an eagle.

The great khan sent to those parts to inquire about these curious matters, and the story was told by those who went thither. He also sent to procure the release of an envoy of his who had been dispatched thither and had been detained, so both of those envoys had many wonderful things to tell the great khan about those strange islands and about the birds I have mentioned. They brought, as I heard, to the great khan a feather of the said roc which was stated to measure 90 spans, while the quill part was 2 palms in circumference, a marvelous object. The great khan was delighted with it and gave great presents to those who brought it. They also brought two boar's tusks, which weighed more than 14 pounds apiece, and you may gather how big the boar must have been that had teeth like that. They related indeed that there were some of these boars as big as a great buffalo. There are also numbers of giraffes and wild asses, and, in fact, a marvelous number of wild beasts of strange aspect.

His Idea of Luxury.

In the reign of King George II, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last 20 years of his life in two lottery tickets, which, proving blanks, made him decide to leave this troublous world. In his private box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the £5,000 prize, which his mistress kept as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she's been cross and coy, I'll use her for a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer with toast, nutmeg and sugar in it; then I will sleep till 10; after I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by 1. I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About 5 in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch. At 10 a hot supper of two dishes. If I'm in good humor and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me—to bed at 12."

Has Never Returned.

"I was a great sufferer from catarrh, and spent nearly a hundred dollars for medicine without benefit. After the use of the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was better and I kept on with the medicine until it accomplished a complete cure." M. A. Abbey, Victor Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25c.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1898.

THE ELECTION.

A full vote is always more satisfactory to the masses than a small one. Only weak candidates feel the other way.

Our city election takes place next Tuesday, Dec. 13. The prospect for a large poll is good. The candidates and their friends have been diligent and active which means that the supporters of each will be out in force. This is as it should be.

It looks as though Mr. Henry M. Aldrich has the inside track for Mayor by a large majority. His friends should be no less determined on that account, but put in their work just as though his election was in doubt.

Before going to the polls to deposite their ballots it is the duty of every voter to examine well the tickets in the field and compare their merits. In the case of our coming election a decided difference will be observed between the Aldermanic tickets in the Wards and at Large. Likewise in School Committee and Board of Public Works. The Republican candidates are very much superior to the Democratic ones in all desirable qualifications. This is patent to all.

Let every voter go to the polls and vote.

SMALL POTATOES.

The men in this city, claiming to be respectable, who are running their legs off to circulate the report that Mr. Aldrich is the candidate of the liquor element for Mayor are engaged in a contemptable business. They know that when they say that Mr. Aldrich is the candidate of the liquor sellers they state an absolute falsehood and cannot justify their conduct on the plea of ignorance.

Mr. Aldrich is the candidate of no clique or class. He is the nominee of the Republican Party, endorsed by many intelligent Democrats, and worthy of the votes of all those whose wish is to have a better city government. He is not an officeseeker and will therefore have no disposition to cater to the demands of the evil element.

The idea of holding Mr. Davis up as a temperance man, as some of the harebrained advocates of his election are doing, is simply absurd. We never heard of his making any pretensions to being a temperance man until this campaign opened. His overzealous advocates who are offering him as the embodiment of all the temperance virtues are making themselves rediculous in the eyes of the public, for he is well known here, and they cannot make people believe he is what he is not.

Mr. Aldrich can be relied on to see to it that the liquor laws and all others shall be duly enforced.

A RULE.

It is a rule in all political parties that when a man attends a caucus or convention and participates in the same he is bound by the action of those bodies whether he likes it or not. Self-respecting members observe the rule, as they are in honor bound to do, and it is only a partisan of questionable loyalty who would disregard it. Without such a rule what would be the use of holding party caucusses and conventions?

A few men in this city who attended the Republican caucusses and convention for the nomination of candidates for city offices are doing their best to defeat the Republican nominees, and it occurs to us to ask them if they regard such a course by them as an honest one? When they took part in the convention they, by implication, and according to the rule, pledged their word to support by voice and vote the candidates therein nominated. They are not doing so, and we would like to be told on what ground they justify their opposition to the Republican Party.

We had flattered ourself that there was still left some little honor in politics, but we have doubts.

SCHOOL BOARD TICKET.

In the hustle and bustle for Mayor the importance of the School Board ticket should not be overlooked. It is of as much account as the choice of Mayor or Aldermen, and many people think it more so.

Dr. Bixby, Mr. Bean and Dr. Chalmers are the leading candidates, and better ones it would be difficult to find. The first two named are present members of the Board, and Dr. Chalmers has the qualifications for a first-rate Committeeman.

Don't fail to vote for these gentlemen next Tuesday.

NEW VOLUME.

This week THE WOBURN JOURNAL starts out on its 49th volume hale and hearty. It has been sailing along under several skippers a good many years, the present one having served to the best of his ability ever since August 1, 1880. His has been the longest term at the JOURNAL helm, and he looks back over it with few regrets and much satisfaction. He has no promises to make for the future, except to do his level best to make the JOURNAL, as it always has been, one of the leading, best and most influential newspapers in Middlesex county.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President McKinley delivered his Message to Congress last Monday. It was a very long one and discussed the War, the steps that led to it, present condition of newly acquired territory, finances, and many other things, but was silent on the subject of expansion. Congress had expected he would give his views on the future treatment of the Philippines, etc., but were disappointed.

CONGRESS.

The closing session of the 55th Congress opened at the Capitol at noon last Monday. To avoid an extra session it is said the appropriation bills will be pushed hard this session, which expires on March 4. After these bills will doubtless come the Peace Treaty.

A TURNOVER.

Last year the city of Brockton voted for license by 20 majority. After six months trial it voted against license last Tuesday by 2,132 majority.

NO PLEDGES.

When Mr. Aldrich was invited to appear before a regularly constituted Democratic committee for the purpose of being chatechised on certain points he informed the committee that he had no pledges or promises to make, except that he would use his best endeavor, if elected, to give the city a good business administration. That was sound talk.

THE WOMEN.

The women voters of this city need no urging to come out and help elect Bean, Bixby and Chalmers to the School Board next Tuesday, for they are deeply interested in the question, and women, unlike a good many men, do their duty. It is expected that they will cast a large vote this year.

☞ Kelley did not increase the number of his supporters when he refused to carry out the agreement made with a conference committee of his party on the night of their convention. He probably never intended to carry it out. He may feel at the polls the bad effects of such shabby treatment of old and respectable Democrats.

☞ One of the best nominations made by the Republicans was Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist for Alderman in Ward 2, for if there is a sterling man in the city he is one. He is not only intelligent and successful in business but perfectly upright, firm in the maintenance of honest principles, and is trusted by everybody. He ought to and no doubt will be elected next Tuesday.

☞ The election of Mr. James R. Wood, candidate for Alderman in Ward 5, would be a great gratification to every friend of good government in this city. Mr. George F. Hosmer, another firstclass Ward 5 man, candidate for Alderman at Large, is sure of being elected, and if the voters in that Ward would only strip to the work and pull Mr. Wood through in good shape, as now seems probably, they would do a splendid thing for themselves and for the city.

☞ We received the report on Saturday afternoon of Kelley's withdrawal from the Mayoralty contest with many grains of salt. We had not given him credit for being so wise as the report indicated. It was a matter of no particular consequence one way or the other; the result will be the same; he will be elected to stay at home.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Cit. League—Davis.
City—Auditor's Notice.
City—List of Candidates.
C. W. Smith—Merchandise.
In. C. Club—Sale of Tickets.
F. Nat. Bank—Annual Meeting.
Boston Journal—New Departure.
George S. Littlefield—Mort. Sale.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint has a good comfortable house to let on reasonable terms.

— There was a large attendance on the Men's Supper last evening. It was a success.

— December 28 is the date fixed by the Innitou Canoe Club for their Minstrel Show.

— Moore & Parker have the "Old Farmers Almanac" for sale in all its pristine glory.

— Fancy Silk embroidered Suspenders are an acceptable gift to be found at Hammond's.

— The F. F. Walker Dairy of Burlington will please accept our thanks for kind favors.

— Mrs. Lewis of Bennett street, the piano teacher, is favored with a good patronage this season.

— Relief Corps 84 will give a Minstrel Show on Dec. 21. They promise the best one ever given in Woburn.

— The Woburn Brass Band will give their next grand assembly at the Auditorium on Thursday, Dec. 22.

— The City Council have passed the order to purchase the Kelley lot for the new schoolhouse over the Mayor's veto.

— The Kelly party are going to have a rally next Monday night. It won't save Kelly; "that hoss's eyes is sot."

— Towanda Club have fixed on next Tuesday evening, Dec. 13, for their great ball. It is to be held in Lyceum Hall.

— Messrs. Aldrich and Davis, candidates for Mayor, were seen pleasantly hobnobbing together last Saturday morning.

— The rain Sunday afternoon and night settled the snow wonderfully. It was a warm one and did the business in good style.

Our new Neckwear for Christmas is daily arriving. Prices $ 25 .50 1.00. See the new up to date ideas. Hammond & Son.

— A dozen 4-ply linen Collars of latest styles for $1.50. What better Christmas remembrance? Hammond & Son sell them.

— Hope Circle will hold a Whist Party in O. F. Hall, Dow's Block, Wednesday evening, Dec. 13. Admission ten cents.

— It will pay one to give 30 or 40 minutes to an inspection of Mrs. Jennings's holiday stock. The presents are all there, and nice.

— A reliable person who wishes a safe family horse for use this winter, can have one for his keeping by applying by letter to H., JOURNAL Office.

— Ladies, keep your eye on Durward's Market along about Christmas time. We mean, if you want something good for the Christmas dinner.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, by Mrs. Adaliza B. Chaffee on "The New Library of Congress," illustrated.

— Bishop Lawrence made a professional visit to Trinity church last Tuesday evening. A conference in relation to the welfare of the church was held and a profitable season enjoyed.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

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Boston Dry Goods and Jewelry Stores

cannot compete with our store this year. We are selling a Silver Baking Dish for $2.50 that you have seen sold for $5.00 in Boston. Cut glass Salts and Pepper with sterling silvertops for 15c. Sterling silver Shoe Buttoners, 5-inch tongue, for 25c. Sterling silver Manacure Scissors, 69c.

Ladies' Long Chains.
We are selling the best 14k gold filled chains, warranted 20 years, with solid gold slide, from $3.00 to $6.00.

Gent's or Ladies' Solid Gold Cuff Buttons.
Over 200 patterns. A nice Christmas present. From $2.75 to $6.50.

Gent's Diamond Pin.
A Gentleman's Diamond Scarf Pin. Not a large stone, but a neat little pin; can be used for a Stick Pin for lady or Scarf Pin for gentlemen. A Solid Gold Diamond Pin for $3.00.

Ladies' or Gent's Gold Headed Umbrellas.
Pure Silk; as good value as can be found. From $2.00 up.

Ladies' Watches.
We have Ladies' Gold Filled Watches. Good value for $8.50. We can give a Ladies' 14k Gold Filled, warranted 20 years, for $13.96. A solid gold, full jewelled, for $19.00.

$3.00 Gold Glasses.
Mother would like a nice pair of glasses for Christmas. We have them in 14k solid gold filled; the same quality has been sold in this town for $6.00.

Gentlemen's Watches.
A wife wishing to make her husband a Christmas present of a nice Silver Watch at $12.00, or a 14k gold filled, warranted 20 years, at $18.00. We will guarantee to exchange or refund the money if the husband is not satisfied.

Do not buy of young inexperienced jewelers, they can be deceived in buying goods, and in selling deceive you unintentionally. Every piece of goods we sell our reputation is at stake, and we give the best guarantee on our goods that can be given, to replace any article not proving satisfactory with new goods. No one can do more.

OSBORN GILLETTE,

Manufacturing Jeweler,

379 Main St., Woburn.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— Ladies Umbrellas, all styles of handles, at prices from $1 to $5. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. Gordon Parker's is a handy corner to stop and look at Christmas goods. It will pay anybody to do it. Then step in and inquire for prices.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— A sewer main is being put in on Church ave. from Main st. to the railroad. Pipe was laid from near the railroad to Bennett st. a year or two ago.

— A good place to buy things suitable for holiday presents is at the store of George T. Connor. He has a very nice stock of gift goods, which will be sold at fair prices.

— Hanson & Co., the jewelers, are square up to date on the holiday goods question. They show rich and beautiful gold and silver wares, and other lines equally attractive.

— Mr. Alfred Willoughby of Newton was in this city, his former home, last Monday. He informed us that his wife was dangerously ill, but the doctors hoped for her recovery.

— Two cousins of Mrs. Strout, mother of Mr. C. M. Strout, Mrs. Cornelia N. Mitchell and Miss. Hoyt, of North Easton, Mass., were lost on the Portland in the great storm.

— Deacon Hiram Whitford was on the street last Monday, which was an agreeable surprise, for it was feared he would not recover from the late severe attack of illness which he suffered.

— At the Boston Branch the "spices yield a rich perfume;" the nuts, raisins, confectionery, and things, entice the beholder; and nothing else necessary to top off a Christmas dinner is lacking in the store.

— A novelty for a Christmas gift consists of an Umbrella-Cane. The Cane is of moderate size and light in weight. In 30 seconds it can be transformed into an umbrella. Price $5.00. Hammond & Son sell them.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. Grafton Murdock were the guests of Mr. George H. Gilbert at Sunnyside, Winchester, a few evenings ago. After tea they attended the grand concert at Minister Suter's of Epipheny church.

— Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen has been 17 years a bookkeeper for Mr. Thomas Salmon. His predecessor was Thomas H. Hill who served in the same capacity 12 years. Mr. Salmon must be a pretty good man to get along with.

— The Charitable Society of the Unitarian church cleared over $200 at their sale and supper last week. It would be money in the city's pocket if the ladies who managed the supper and sale could be induced to take the office of Finance Committee in our City Council.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, believing it the best way, has opened out for inspection and sale a large share of his holiday wares which gives people a chance to buy before the rush comes.

— Mr. Joseph Johnson, a Veteran of the Civil War, and one of the men that everybody likes, is seriously ill at his home on Pleasant street. Members of the G. A. R. are nursing and giving him every attention. He will be 80 years old next May.

— Conductor Richard Carton says his 5.55 train down last Monday morning was held up at College Hill by a landslide caused by the rain during the night. One track was buried and the other had to be used to accommodate the travel for some little time.

— At the annual meeting of the Congregational Sunday Superintendents held in Berkley Temple, Boston, last Monday evening, Mr. B. F Kimball, Superintendent of the North church Sunday School, was elected one of the Membership Committee of three.

— The WOBURN JOURNAL thinks it is going to be nip and tuck on the license question in that city. It will probably be nip, and frequent at that. —*Lynn Daily Item.* Mebby, but we hope it is not going to be quite so bad as that.

— Last Saturday we received from Mr. A. C. Floyd of the Treasury Department at Washington an invoice of Pub. Docs. including a Statement of the National Debt, etc., for which we were grateful. Ours is such a head for figures!

— Dr. D. F. Murphy has been very sick at his home on Pleasant street and is still quite ill. Nervous prostration, the effects of overwork, is the trouble. Dr. Frank W. Graves is his attending physician. Dr. S. W. Kelley was called in consultation on the case one day last week.

— A man viewing the scene in front of the postoffice Monday morning said he had never seen a rain take the snow off so fast as the one on Sunday night. If he had noticed the men and teams that had been at work there on the drifts we can't say what his thoughts might have been.

— We learn from the Chicago *Tribune* of Dec. 4 that the Knights Templars of Chicago give a Charity Ball this evening for the benefit of the Illinois Masonic Orphans Home and that our friend and former fellow citizen, Sir Edward F. Bryant of Pullman, is Chairman of the Committee on Invitations.

— Our highly esteemed friend, Mrs. M. E. Putney, writes us on Nov. 29, that a cold rain had prevailed almost all the time since her arrival at Putney, Georgia, her home, from Woburn. There are 3,000 soldiers in camp 8 miles from Putney whose remarks concerning the weather are more forceable than polite. They can't see where the "Sunny South" comes in. The "South" is all right, but the "sunny" isn't in it for the least little bit.

— Mr. Alexander Ellis has been quite ill at his home on Winn street of late.

— Special bargains in ladies Umbrellas at $1 35 worth $2 & 2 50 Hammond & Son.

— Burbank Circle will hold a Whist Party in G. A. R. Hall, Post 33, Tuesday evening, Dec. 13. Admission ten cents.

— Anniversary sale of underwear for 10 days, beginning Saturday, Dec. 10, at Chester R. Smith's Underwear Department.

— The W. C. T. U. will meet on Monday next, Dec. 12, at the residence of Mrs. Nancy Thompson. By order of the Secretary.

— Mr. P. G. Hanson of Cambridge street is enjoying better health than for two years past. He has lots of friends who are glad of it.

— Prior can always be relied on for a full supply of holiday goods, and it seems as though he has more than ever this year. His store is literally packed with goods bought especially for Christmas presents, and as for variety it is pretty near endless. It is a fact too that Santa Claus has made arrangements with Prior to have his Christmas headquarters at his store.

— FIRES.—The alarm from box 26 at 8.15 last Friday evening was for a fire in a room over Oliver Sevrens market on Main Street North Woburn. On Sunday morning at 5.05 box 54 was rung in for a fire that consumed a barn used as a heel factory, owned and occupied by S. D. Ward on Porter Street, and partially burning the barn of John O'Brien next to it.

— Rev. Mr. Packard's "Ben Hur," the closing lecture in the Star Course, was received with great applause last Wednesday evening. A houseful of people warmly greeted the popular lecturer and although "Ben Hur" was given by him as the final production of last year's series it was listened to with profound attention from beginning to end. The story was richly illustrated by over 100 beautiful pictures which greatly enhanced its value and pleasure. The Course has been a decided success, as Rev. T. Berton Smith, its business manager, will gladly inform all enquirers.

— Dr. E. O. Taylor, the great Ohio temperance champion, failed to meet his engagement at the First church last Sunday morning, but was on hand for the evening lecture at the Auditorium, where about 400 people assembled to hear him. During the evening the rain poured and wind blew a gale else probable the attendance would have been much larger. His lecture was an able one but hardly of the popular kind, or of a character to bring out voters. It was highly scientific and to anyone who could comprehend it interesting. Dr. Taylor is said to be the ablest exfounder of his view of the temperance question in America.

— Mrs. Ella K. Wilson's exhibition and sale of Decorated China closed at Wilson's store in Winchester Wednesday. The opening was necessarily postponed on account of the great storm, but was soon under full headway. The exhibition has been well attended and sales satisfactory. The exhibit filled an entire window of the store and consisted of a great variety of vessels and treatment, all very handsome. Mrs. Wilson is a genuine artist in china painting. She displays excellent taste in the selection of subjects and wields the brush of a master. It is probable that she will continue to practice the art as a regular vocation.

— When it was asked at the close of the morning services at First church last Sunday where the money was coming from to defray the expenses incurred in behalf of no license it was suggested that it be raised by contribution. Another suggestion was made that the plate be passed then and there. Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, approved of both and generously showed the courage of his convictions by handing out a crisp 5-dollar bill in aid of the cause. In every good word and work Mr. Gilbert is one of the most free-handed gentlemen in the two towns. He is big hearted and a supporter of all practical schemes for upholding the right and the promotion of virtue and pure morals. It is good for a community or church to have such men in it as Mr. Gilbert.

— The stocks of Copeland & Bowser's Christmas gift goods are on exhibition at their store and are attracting attention from the public. They comprise a great variety of beautiful things, selected expressly for the holidays, but consist chiefly of elegant Japanese, Chinese, Austrian and American glass and other wares, all of the latest styles and patterns. Some of the handsomest vases in shape and ornamentation that have ever been offered for sale in Woburn may now be examined at Copeland & Bowser's. The Austrian glass vases are simply exquisite and appropriate for holiday presents. There is a fine collection of Wedgewood ware that everybody of taste loves, and nests of art pottery, and the larger glass and pottery vases charm the eye and gratify ones love for the beautiful. On the counters and shelves by the side of these delightful wares are bowls, jars, plates, unique patterns of cups and saucers, and innumerable other splendid holiday goods, all of which need only to be seen to be admired.

— The Ladies' Society of the First Baptist Church gave a supper in the vestry of their church Thursday evening. About 150 were in attendance and a delicious supper was served. The "Cheerful Helpers," a society composed of young misses, had a sale of fancy articles, home-made candy, etc., which was well patronized. A bright little entertainment was also given by them in the evening.

— The Woburn Police Association will give their annual ball on Friday evening, Dec. 30.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Permanently Cures

Scrofula,
which is one of the worst afflictions of the human race, and comes from impure blood.

Eczema,
a most offensive and uncomfortable affection of the skin, also due to impure blood.

Salt Rheum,
a torment to the flesh, a disfigurement to the body, and a drain on the system, also due to vitiated blood.

Pimples,
which so disfigure the skin, and make the human face divine anything but a thing of beauty, but which are Nature's advertisement of foul blood.

Catarrh,
which very often comes from a chronic affection of the circulation, is a constant offense to one's self and all his friends.

Rheumatism,
which all authorities now attribute to various acidities in the blood, which this great blood purifier of the age, Hood's Sarsaparilla, corrects.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

In this Building

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys' Clothing

as it is possible to put together.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,

400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portaits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three dsys before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.

For Woburn Journal.

About License.

The sentiment of Massachusetts against the saloon has been so pronounced that in the past few years over 80 per cent of the towns and over 40 per cent of the cities of the Commonwealth are on the side of no-license.

On the eve of the approaching municipal elections, the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society appeals to our citizens who are conscious of the corrupting and destructive power of the saloon in its relation to our social, municipal and religious life, not only to cast their votes against licensing the dram shops, but earnestly and effectively to seek to develop public sentiment against them.

The force and influence of the liquor traffic are powerful and persistent, thoroughly organized, and it behooves the friends of temperance to omit no effort to prevent any public endorsement of an evil so aggressive and dangerous.—SEC. M. T. A. S.

Mr. Aldrich's Letter of Acceptance.

WOBURN, December 3, 1898.
HON. JOHN M. HARLOW, Chairman,
MR. H. A. T. DOW, Secretary,
Republican Mayoralty Convention
Woburn, Mass.

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of yours of 29th ulto. informing me that, at the convention of the Republican delegates held on that date, I was nominated as a candidate for the office of Mayor of the City of Woburn. I accept the nomination, and in doing so assure you that I fully appreciate the confidence and compliment implied by the action of the convention.

Very respectfully yours,
HENRY M. ALDRICH.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

Boston has gone wild over William Gillette's latest comedy success "Because She Loved Him So" which still continues the reigning attraction at the Boston Museum. It is unquestionably the great laughing success of the season, and such a merry piece has not been seen on the Boston stage in a long time. The company is one of the strongest that has ever been brought together for a piece of this sort, and if the production had been a New York one Charles Froham could not have lavished more money upon it. He might well call it an "all star" cast, for the comedians and commediennes all are stars.

Good Common Sense.

Is it possible that the people of Woburn are to be talked into scattering their votes at the coming Municipal Election among different candidates so as to enable a few wirepulling politicians to control the City Government another year? We have all seen it done year after year. Is it to be done again this year? Have not the taxpayers any interest in Municipal affairs?

The Republican Party have shown that they care nothing for party lines in town affairs. They have stepped outside the Party and nominated a man for Mayor simply to have a good straightforward man at the helm next year. No pledges from him were asked for. His character in this town is known and known to be good. He is a man that would have no wish of his own except to give Woburn a good, honest and honorable city government. There are people in town professedly Republicans who will use all the influence they have and make trades to defeat Mr. Aldrich. Why? Because they cannot handle him for their own scheming ends. Most of the people know the men that would wish him defeated. Is it possible that there are those who want a respectable administration and will use their utmost efforts to defeat that end? Stop and think before you vote against Mr. Aldrich and you will see that you are kicking over your own pail of milk in the interests of schemers that want to be head and front of the City Government for their own personal ends, and think if they do not say it aloud, "The Public be —."

A new broom sweeps clean; let us have one.

VOTER.

Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's Royalty Chop

CHOICEST BLENDED

For[illegible] Oolong Tea.

This br[illegible] Tea has been on the market for over t[illegible]ars. The uniform quality has been [illegible]ined, and many people will have no ot[illegible]ind. Try one package and you will [illegible]onvinced that we have a superior ar[illegible]e for the price.

[illegible]OR SALE BY

FITZ & S[illegible]ANLEY, Woburn, Mass

☞ As[illegible] for Royalty Tea.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look, if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look, if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Parker's Drug Store. 50 cents per bottle.

It Leads All Papers.

Since its change in form and enlargement to 48 pages, The Boston *Sunday Journal* has had a phenomenal growth and made many friends.

The photographic supplement has become famous for its beautiful half tone pictures of leading features of the day, and The New England Home Magazine, which is given free to every reader of the *Sunday Journal*, is a treasure in itself.

Next Sunday the *Journal's* illustrated supplement will have photographs of the steamer Portland and many of its victims. Also photographic views of the great storm, particularly about Beachmont and Sandwich.

The special features of The New England Home Magazine will be a Christmas story by Octave Thannet, photographs of "The Most Beautiful Woman, Who Is She?" And the famous children's pictures, which alone have been received with so great pleasure by both old and young.

The family who misses the Boston *Sunday Journal* every Sunday misses the best of all New England Sunday newspapers.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says: "A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.'" He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Josephine Lang,

Piano-Forte Instruction,

Elementary Harmony included.
Private or Class Lessons.

413 Main St., Woburn.

Refers by permission to B. J. Lang, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

LESSONS IN VOICE BUILDING.

Purity and Quality of Tone developed and Natural Voice Produced.
A limited number of pupils.
☞ TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN LYNCH,
20 Court St.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction

— IN —

Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:

87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.

C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR

(Spring Wheat.)

$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK, DENTIST,

D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO, Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps*, the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.

There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

YOUR BEST MAN

would advise you to buy his Christmas remembrance at our store. We have the most useful gifts to be found. Here are a few suggestions as to what articles are always acceptable to mankind:

NECKTIES.

And this means Puffs, Tecks, Fours-in-Hands, Imperials, Ascots, Band-fours, String Ties, and Button-on-fours.

Suspenders in boxes and otherwise.
Gloves lined and unlined.
Shirts white and fancy.
Nightshirts.
Underwear.
Collars and Cuffs.
Handkerchiefs
Shields for use with Full Dress Shirts.
Silk Mufflers.
Cardigan Jackets.
Sweaters.
Wristers.
Umbrellas.
Dress Suit Cases.
Bags.
Etc., Etc.

It will be a pleasure to help you in your selections.

HAMMOND & SON.

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,

WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.

Ladies' Dress Skirts
Made in the right way and the latest styles.

Ladies' Petticoats
in plain colors or the fancy stripes; these are garments that are justly said to be the best in the market, and our prices are very satisfactory to our patrons.

Fur Collarettes.
A line that for medium priced goods is equal to Boston prices.

Ostrich Feather Boas.
We are showing an assortment which we would like to have you look over.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

Facts for the Voters to Digest !

Mr. WILLIAM F. DAVIS

The Citizen's Candidate for Mayor, was born in Woburn 49 years ago this month. He was educated in our public schools, and has grown to manhood in this community. His daily life as a citizen is an open book.

For 28 years he has been connected with the widely-known New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Boston, this long term of service, and his steady promotion from one responsible post to another, bearing tribute to his ability, faithfulness and integrity.

For two years—in 1891 and 1893—he served as Alderman from Ward 1, and, in December of last year, he was elected Alderman-at-large, receiving the grand total of 1,329 votes, carrying five wards out of seven.

During his official life he has served upon important committees, such as: Finance, Fire Department, Public Property, Sewerage, Police and Licenses, Street Lights, Water, Claims, Enrolled Ordinances and Elections, and for two years has been President of the Board. This varied and extended service places him in close touch with municipal needs. Every vote of his during his official life has been on the side of good government.

Mr. Davis stands for fairness and equality, for economical administration, for all needed improvements possible within our means, for fathful discharge of duty on the part of every official, for open and aboveboard legislation, and, above all, for the promotion of the best interests, social, industrial and residential, of his native city, which he loves and believes in.

No effort was made by his supporters to capture a party nomination, but his friends, without regard to party, believing in his upright character, his faithful public service, his manly independence, his freedom from trade and dicker, and his refusal to accept office at the price of a single pledge, have tendered the nomination to him, and ask you to rally at the polls, Dec. 13, in his support, and by his election secure for Woburn a Mayor who shall wear no man's collar but his own.

VOTE EARLY, AND SEE THAT YOUR NEIGHBOR DOES THE SAME.

VOTE FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT BY PLACING X AGAINST THE LINE

FOR MAYOR,

WILLIAM F. DAVIS, Citizen's.

Per order Executive Committee,

CITIZEN'S MUNICIPAL LEAGUE.

Following are names gathered from the many who have willingly and eagerly signed the Davis Nomination Papers:—

E C Cottle	M H Cotton	Forest Hooper	A D Williams
B Frank Kimball	Chester R Smith	Peter Carlson	Frank W Greydon
Joseph H Parker	Joseph H Buck	Rev I H Packard	D H Eaton
R F Goddard	C T Duncan	Rev T Berton Smith	Wm E Church
Alvah Buckman	L L Dorr	Levi W Cooper	Harry P Davis
C E Chase, M D	H S Dickinson	James Given	George R Ferguson
W W Case	A V Haynes	S A Tufts	J Winn Brown
E F Trull	C W Fitz	E A Tufts	Nathaniel Simonds
F P Richardson	Caleb Jaquith	Jacob M Ellis	F E Cottle
A S Hayward	E J Belcher	Parker L Converse	H W Munn
Wm R Putnam	F W Stanley	W F Estabrooks	I R Bancroft
Hubbard Copeland	Wm A Hyde	J K Murdock	Charles Munn
M C Felch	Frank Goddard	A T Hubbard	W W Crosby
F H Burdett	Chas L Grammer	J F Larkin	W F Cummings
James Skinner	F D Whitcomb	Rev J L Fowle	L W Hall
Leonard Thompson	Thomas Stowers	J W Stewart	H L Richardson
J F Ramsdell	A L Holdridge	M M Shaw	Wm F Cummings
E G Barker	Alex. Ellis	A B Dimick	Chase Cole
Winthrop Hammond	Josiah Leathe	J S Jaquith	Henry S Converse
A R Linscott	W J Buckman	F E Wetherell	S W Merrill
H B Clewley	John Gilcreast	B L Trull	Wm L Murdock
D H Richards	Geo A Simonds	Benj Champney	E G Clough
Chas B Bryant	A J Ansart	L B Buchanan	E A Dow
Rev H C Parker	H E Packer, M D	W C Parker	F G Richardson
A L Richardson	Wm W Hill	F Chandler Parker	W S York
C M Munroe	S B Goddard	D W Bond	F W Graves, M D
A B Heald	H G Blake, M D	A F Heald	F L Perry
Wm G Graham	Robert Duncan	James Fraser	F F Dodge
P W Linscott	B H Nichols	Rev George H Tilton	E K Porter
F W Legg	Arthur A Brooks	J P Bixby M D	N S Watson
Fred J Brown	J F Deland	Rev S Bixby	A U Dickson
A F Peck, M D	Walter Dodge	Warren Cutler	W W Cummings
Wm H Bowers	E J Marston	John A Thompson	A W Parker
Herbert B Dow	Rev D Scudder	F W Page	F S Ellard
Charles M Wright	W P Cutler	F U Perkins	D W Danforth
J E Fowle	J Q A Brackett	John W Clark	L F Bond
Chas G Lund	Edward E Parker	R B Wyman	Marshall Tidd
F P Brooks	C W Marion	F E Perkins	Charles D Adams
H A Wilcox	C W Fifield	C L Babcock	Marcus Eaton
F W Prior	Eustace Cummings	J E Osborne	H B Brackett
Wm R Cutter	L W Thompson	N J Shattuck	And nearly 400 others
F F Lowell	Ambrose Bancroft	W G Shattuck	
Abijah Thompson	W H Lewis	W H Cadwell	

Woman's Club.

The Woburn Woman's Club met Friday, Dec. 2, at 3 P. M. After the transaction of business Currant Events were pleasingly given by Mrs. C. E. Burdett-Taylor.

The program for the afternoon was arranged by the Committee on Sociology, of which Mrs. Emma C. Whitcomb, who presided during the literary exercises, is Chairman. Very able, practical, and interesting papers were read by members of the Club.

Mrs. Ruth C. Scudder presented a paper upon "Suggestions for Citizenship." Woman is a citizen and has civic duties. She should know who represents her, should be informed upon all questions that concern the well-being of the community in which she lives—the Board of Health, disposition of garbage, pure food, pure water. Women should know the laws and discuss them at the Club.

The management of our schools is of vital importance. How many women are guilty of not registering? Each child requires two thousand cubic ft. of air per hour. The women of our city should see that the schoolroom is well ventilated, well lighted, then art should be introduced.

Let the women of the Club hold roundtables for parents and teachers the object being child study.

Women should develope civic pride. Beautify the city, have good sidewalks, keep the streets clean, plant trees. Plant a tree that shall be known to future generations as the Woman's Club tree of April 1899.

The Club would do well to offer prizes to boys and girls of school age for the best essays on topics relating to civic matters for instance—What kind of man would we like our Mayor to be? Does the saloon exert a good or bad influence upon our people? How can we beautify our city? Discussion followed.

"The Ethics of Citizenship" was presented by Miss Clara S. Carter. There is no sex in citizenship. The citizen enjoys the privilege of mail, fire department, hospital, etc., in return he must pay his tax, cast his vote, and perform his industrial duty. A few conditions of true citizenship are—Intelligence (ignorance will not do in a Republic) honest earning, judicious spending, and letting others do their duty in their own way. Do not exaggerate evil. Do not meet evil with evil. Let our moral beauty equal our natural beauty. Intelligence on the part of the Woburn Woman's Club can bring about a moral change and institute in our schools a search for truth.

Mrs. DeLuce spoke of "The Noon-day Rest and its relation to Good Citizenship" especially the work in Chicago. Rest, reading matter, and comforts are provided for working girls at a cost of only twenty-five cents a month. Hot lunch is served at ten cents. Lectures on Art are given free of charge. Pictures are provided. French and German are taught. A woman physician is always in attendance no compensation is made. There are six hundred members. Boston was the first city to open a noonday rest, the Longfellow. This amounts to rescue work and the Woburn Woman's Club should do something for the growing girls of our city.

The meeting adjourned and the members enjoyed a social hour while the Hospital Committee served tea to all present.

Notice of the next meeting will be published in both Woburn and Boston papers.

A. L. W., Clerk pro. tem.

License as Economy.

"It is my honest belief that ninety per cent. of the cases of cruelty inflicted on children that are brought to the notice of our society, are the direct results of the intemperate habits of the parents" said Mr. J. B. Loring, special agent of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in his lecture last Sunday evening at the Methodist church, this city.

The lecture was a most scathing and vigorous arraignment and denouncement of the rum traffic. It was not a pleasant one to listen to for it consisted not of fanciful theory but dealt with facts, and facts that are loathsome, revolting and terrible. But a few of the 6,197 cases investigated during the last year could be presented, and these blood-curdling as they were Mr. Loring said were among the least horrible of the list.

The 300 people in the audience shuddered as they gazed on such pictures as an eight year old boy's back and head eaten raw by vermin, where the poor child had been abandoned in a filthy attic by its drunken mother; upon the babe whose besotted parent had laughed in fiendish glee, while she poured whiskey down its little throat, until it died in the awful struggles of delirium tremens; or upon that other little one whose debauched protectors (God save the mark!) placed the palms of her hands upon the red hot stove and burned the tender tongue and lips with a red hot poker; or the little fellow who on a bleak December night after a brutal beating was tied naked to the chimney of a house on North street, Boston. Thus they were thrown upon the screen view after view of dirty, emaciated, sick, bruised, knived, battered, vermin devoured little bodies, and the same terse and pitifully trite characterization of each "Caused by rum!"

In the face of these facts which should be sufficiently damning evidence to close every rum hole in the land, stalwart, tender hearted (?) men from our best families will nonchalently vote "Yes" on the license question next Tuesday morning while they flippantly remark "Oh well, it will always be sold! I'm sorry for the poor devils I'm sure! Wouldn't mind chipping in a fiver for that Society with the long name, but if the stuff is going to be sold we might as well have the license money to help out on taxes."

It may be economy to save a couple of dollars on one's taxes for a year, and fasten upon the shoulders of posterity a burden of ten dollars for the support of the incompetents produced by the curse whose bride we have pocketed.

Yes, it may be very shrewd personal economy but it is extremely poor public economy or patriotism.

Ruskin was not surely a temperance crank yet he most trenchantly assails this popular and false assumption that the well-to-do and respectable do not have to pay the bills of the shiftiess and the vicious. If any of my readers doubt this I would refer them to "The Queen of the Air," page 99, in the "Works of John Ruskin."

TEMPERANCE.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Billousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

The most satisfactory Place to procure

Holiday Gifts

—IS AT—

Brooks's Drug Store

We have taken pains to provide an assortment of articles appropriate as presents for a gentleman or lady, boy or girl.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE.
Woburn, Mass., Dec. 8, 1898.

I certify that the following is a list of all the candidates duly nominated and to be voted for by the legal voters of Woburn, Middlesex County, Mass., on Dec. 13, 1898.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.
Vote for one.

Henry M. Aldrich, Republican
101 Montvale Avenue.

William F. Davis, Nomination Paper, Citizens
11 Arlington Road.

James H. Kelley, Democratic
23 Stoddard Street.

John O'Donnell, Nomination Paper, Independent Democrat
4 Wyer's Court.

ALDERMEN AT LARGE.
Vote for eight.

David W. Brown, Republican
1 Lexington Street, Ward 7.

G. Wm. Buchanan, Republican
14 Warren Avenue, Ward 1.

Timothy Calnan, Democratic, Republican
77 Winn Street, Ward 3.

Edward F. Cassidy, Democratic
111 Montvale Avenue, Ward 2.

Edmund C. Cottle, Republican
14 Highland Street, Ward 2.

George F. Hosmer, Republican
350 Salem Street, Ward 5.

B. Frank Kimball, Republican
16 Winter Street, Ward 6.

John F. Larkin, Democratic
8 No. Warren Street, Ward 3.

Arthur G. Loring, Democratic
84 Garfield Avenue, Ward 2.

Andrew McHugh, Democratic
1 Foster Street, Ward 3.

James F. McKenna, Democratic
101 Main Street, Ward 2.

Benjamin H. Nichols, Republican
37 Warren Avenue, Ward 1.

Patrick W. O'Connor, Democratic
127 Winn Street, Ward 3.

Arthur B. Wyman, Republican
605 Main Street, Ward 4.

ALDERMEN BY WARDS.

Ward 1.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

Fred J. Brown, Republican
37 Arlington Road.

Thomas H. Dolan, Nomination Paper, Independent Democrat
10 Border Street.

Ward Two.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

Edward E. Lynch, Democratic
219 Main Street.

Charles R. Rosenquist, Republican
36 Green Street.

Ward 3.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

John W. Fox, Republican
54 Kilby Street.

Timothy E. Walsh, Democratic
33 Chestnut Street.

Ward 4.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

William L. Murdock, Republican
637 Main Street.

Joseph H. Parker, Democratic
13 Salem Street.

Ward 5.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

Augustus B. McCarthy, Democratic
30 Pine Street.

James R. Wood, Republican
372 Salem Street.

Ward 6.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

Arthur U. Dickson, Republican
16 Clinton Street.

Robert B. Wyman, Democratic
76 Pearl Street.

Ward 7.
For Alderman.
Vote for one.

Patrick Daly, Democratic, Republican
47 Bedford Street.

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.
For four years.
Vote for one.

Michael J. Kennedy, Democratic
24 Lake Avenue.

Francis M. Pushee, Republican
237 Winn Street.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE, Three Years.
Vote for three.

George F. Bean, Republican
130 Montvale Avenue.

Josiah P. Bixby, Republican
55 Elm Street.

Robert Chalmers, Republican
49 Pleasant Street.

William F. Kenney, Democratic
52 Pleasant Street.

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO,

Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors?	YES	
	NO	

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 10, 1899**, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 9, 1898.

Wilmington.

We note that one of our townsmen delivered a lecture on the 29th ult. in his native town in Vermont, and we quote the following notice of it from the *Express and Standard*, which is one of the local papers there:

"The lecture given in this village by Chester W. Clark, Esq., was one of the most interesting and instructive entertainments ever held here. It treated of Italian life and customs and the ancient history of that country, illustrated by many stereopticon views. A vivid portrayal was also made of the grandeur of the Alps and the beauties of Switzerland and the valley of the Rhine river. The lecturer spoke from personal observation and impressions obtained in his travels in Europe. His choice of language and delivery were pleasing and eloquent. Mr. Clark is a practicing lawyer in Boston and very seldom gives a lecture. He came here at the urgent solicitations of his many friends in Glover which was his native town. The entertainment was held under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps."

Your Danger Now

Is from the overworked condition of the liver and kidneys which are unable to expel impurities from the blood. This causes rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been wonderfully successful in curing this disease. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and permanently cures the aches and pains which other medicines fail to relieve. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best winter medicine because it purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood. It gives help just where help is needed. It tones the stomach, stimulates the liver, and arouses and sustains the kidneys. It wards off pneumonia, fevers, bronchitis, colds, coughs and the grip.

The Boston Herald's Big Scoop.

The newspaper sensation of the past week was the phenomenal work of The Boston *Herald* in scooping the newspaper world on the news of the loss of the steamer Portland. This beat is magnificent, and is in no way lessened in its importance by the fact that The *Herald* has a record of 50 years, in which it has maintained its right to the title of "New England's greatest newspaper." Readers of The Boston *Herald* are always certain of obtaining all the news at all times, and it seems hardly necessary to inform our readers they must read The Boston *Herald* to know what is going on. In this connection we wish to call attention of our readers to The Boston *Sunday Herald* of Dec. 11. It is the Christmas issue, and will reflect the spirit of Christmas upon every page. Place your order early.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Wilson's exhibition and sale of painted china this week was a gratifying success. She showed a whole windowful of beautifully and elegantly painted China pieces which attracted much attention. It is a good place to buy Christmas presents. She will receive orders for such work at Wilson's store, Pleasant street.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Parker who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. He now has the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1 00 Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Will and the Way." Sunday School at 12 M.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "The Dream of a Dreamer." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Making a Cipher of Jesus." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Subject: "Ye are the Light of the World."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sermon No. III of Course on Old Testament Topics. Subject: "Paul's View of Revelation." Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Fifth People's Sunday evening. Preaching by the pastor. Misess Trecartin and Nickerson, Messrs. McKay and Hayden will sing. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Rev. John W. Suter, Celebrant.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 30, by Rev. John W. Suter, George Foster and Margaret Baskin, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 3, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Fred Kyle and Margaret H. Daley, both of Woburn.

In Malden, Dec. 5, by Rev. John R. Cushing, John F. Baker of Woburn, and Cora (Northey) Larrabee of Malden.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 28, Halaire Dushaime of Canada, aged 51 years.

In this city, Dec. 3, William Doyle, aged 61 years.

In this city, Dec. 6, Josephine, daughter of Daniel and Bridget O'Connor, aged 4 years.

In this city, Dec. 6, Mary Kelley, aged 33 years, 3 months.

In this city, Dec. 7, Catherine Flaherty, aged 61 years.

In Burlington, Dec. 1, Andrew D. Dixon, aged 62 years, 9 months, 29 days.

LADIES

Kakas Bros. For FURS

34-36 Bedford Street, BOSTON.

A Christmas Present Will Give Satisfaction Because Furs are Fashionable.

A Large Variety of Collarettes, Muffs and Cluster Scarfs $5.00 to $50.00

WRITE FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

Plumbing Tin Roofing

BUY THE SOMERSET PALLAS, —OR— FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping Furnaces

Anniversary Sale

Our Underwear Department is just one year old. We shall celebrate this event by holding a

Great Mark-Down Sale —OF— Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves & Corsets. For 10 Days. Beginning Saturday, Dec. 10.

Chester R. Smith, Underwear Department. Smith's Dry Goods Store, 399 & 401 Main St., WOBURN.

Read the Boston Sunday Journal

40 Pages News. 8 Pages Illustrations. 48-Page Magazine. All for 5c.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Saturday, December 24.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Tuesday, December 27th, POSITIVELY NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ALBERT P. BARRETT,
City Auditor.

Minstrels

Innitou Canoe Club Auditorium Dec. 28, 1898

Auction Sale of Seats

Concert Hall, Savings Bank Block, Wednesday Evening, Dec. 14, at 8 o'clock.

E. PRIOR, Auctioneer.

E. PRIOR, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William H. Cummings and Anna E. Cummings, his wife, in her own right, to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated May 22, 1897, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2565, Fol. 487, and for breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, on

Monday, the second day of January, 1899,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Park street and at land formerly of Joseph R. Green; thence the line runs northeasterly on land now or formerly of said Green, one hundred and thirty and two-tenths (130.2) feet to land now or formerly of Gage; thence southeasterly on said Gage's land, one hundred and eight-tenths (100.8) feet to land now or formerly of Chase; thence westerly on said Chase's land sixty-three (63) feet to a stone bound; thence turning southeasterly five (5) feet to a stone bound; thence south of west still by land of said Chase sixty-four (64) feet to Park street; thence northwesterly by Park street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, being the premises conveyed to said Anna E. Cummings by two deeds, the first given by John Winn, dated February 28, 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1840, Fol. 461, the second by William F. Cummings, dated November 9, 1889, recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 1957, Fol. 81.

The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes or tax titles or assessments, which the purchaser is to assume and pay. A deposit of $200 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days on passing of papers.

THE WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK,
By David N. Skillings, Treasurer, Mortgagee.
Winchester, December 6, 1898.

House To Let.

For small family, 93 Pleasant street, city.
Apply to F. A. & J. R. FLINT.

Sleighs For Sale.

1 SINGLE and 1 2-SEATED SLEIGH for sale at fair price. Apply to GRIFFIN PLACE, or Gilman F. Jones at Central Stables.
Dec. 1, 1898.

...FREE...

Public Lectures

—IN THE—

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 17, 1898.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn, qualified to vote, will be held on

TUESDAY, the 13th day of December, A. D., 1898,

in the following places, namely:—

Ward One—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two—Armory, entrance Prospect Street.
Ward Three—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five—Porter Hose House, Thorn Street.
Ward Six—Vidette Hose House, Main Street.
Ward Seven—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such male citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also, for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes "Yes" or "No" in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1899?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid question, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Dennis Doherty of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward E. Thompson, dated June 1, 1880, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1543, Page 191, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1898,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Grove street, at land of Bernard McConologue, 2d; from thence the line runs nearly northerly by said Grove street sixty feet to land of Michael Maguire; thence turning the line runs nearly easterly by land of said Maguire one hundred feet to land of Andrew Grantfield; thence turning the line runs nearly southerly by land of said Grantfield sixty feet to land of said McConologue; thence turning the line runs westerly by land of said McConologue one hundred feet, to the point of beginning, being lot numbered twenty-two on plan of lots made by Cyrus Thompson for Bacon & Colegate, May 15, 1857.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and to tax titles; one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

CAROLINE A. GAGE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, Nov. 30, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in execution of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Howard M. Horton of Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Chester W. Clark, of said Wilmington, dated December 4th, 1895, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District, in book 271, page 424, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage for breach of the conditions hereof, will be sold at public auction on the first described lot of the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1898, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described therein as follows, to wit: Two certain pieces or parcels of real estate, situated in said Wilmington and described as follows: The first of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southeasterly side of Church street, and bounded, beginning at a point on said Church street distant in a northeasterly direction along said Church street from land of E. C. Aldrich one hundred and fifty feet; thence southeasterly at right angles with said street one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence northeasterly on a line parallel with said street, sixty feet; thence northwesterly on a line parallel with the first line above described, one hundred and twenty-five feet to said street; thence southwesterly along said street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet. The second of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southwesterly side of a private way leading from Church street, called Adams street, and bounded, beginning at a point on Adams street, one hundred and twenty-five feet southeasterly from Church street; thence southwesterly parallel with Church street, one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence turning and running southeasterly, sixty feet; thence northeasterly one hundred and twenty-five feet to Adams street; thence northwesterly by Adams street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon. Terms of sale, $200 cash down at the time and place of sale; and the balance in ten days thereafter on delivery of the deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased:

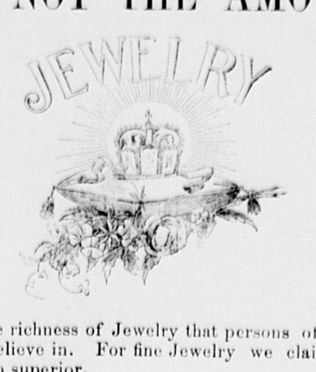
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the thirteenth day of December, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all person interested in the estate fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

IT'S NOT THE AMOUNT



But the richness of Jewelry that persons of good taste believe in. For fine Jewelry we claim we have no superior.

L. E. HANSON & CO., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 50c. up.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St. Woburn.

Winter Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Robert A. Cranford, Junior, to Merchants Co-operative Bank, dated July 12th, 1897, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (South District), Book 2585, Page 17, will be sold at public auction for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Thursday, the 22d day of December, 1898,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain parcel of land situated in Woburn in the County of Middlesex, being lot numbered 12 as shown on a plan of lots belonging to Mary P. Foster, made by C. D. Elliot, C. E., dated October 22d, 1896, recorded in Book of Plans No. 101, Page 48, and bounded:—Beginning at a point on the easterly side of Laurel street as shown on said plan, distant from the southerly side of Harvard Road, 100 feet; thence running easterly by lot numbered 13 on said plan, 100 feet; thence turning and running southerly at right angles, 50 feet; thence turning and running westerly by lot numbered 11 on said plan, 100 feet, to said Laurel street; thence turning and running northerly along the easterly side of said Laurel street, 50 feet to the point of beginning, containing 5000 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire of Kern & McLoud, Room 1115 Tremont Building, 73 Tremont Street, Boston.

$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Kern & McLoud.

MERCHANTS CO-OPERATIVE BANK
(By John S. F. Huddleston, its President, and Albert E. Duffill, its Treasurer), present holder of said Mortgage.
Boston, November 23d, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Harriet T. Brown, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate by Alice G. Preston, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh day of December, A.D., 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

PROPOSALS FOR Postoffice Premises

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF POST OFFICE INSPECTORS,
BOSTON DIVISION,
BOSTON, MASS.

Proposals will be received until noon of the thirty-first day of December, 1898, for suitable premises to be occupied as a post office at Woburn, for a term of five or ten years. The owner will be required to partition the premises in such manner as may be decided necessary by the department, and furnish such a complete outfit of fixtures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of the office; with lock boxes of improved pattern. The proposal is to include heat, light and water during such term.

Blank forms of proposals may be obtained of Postmaster T. F. Hagerty, or

W. B. SNOW,
P. O. Inspector, Boston.

Tenement To Let.

Convenient and centrally located. Apply to J. M. ELLIS or C. E. Cooper & Co.

To Let.

MY HOUSE on the corner of Court street and Church Avenue. Rent reasonable.
Apply to ABIJAH THOMPSON, at Hammond & Son's Clothing Store.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money. We think our line of TEAS will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

HARDWARE

GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford

WHEELS.

Repairing and Enameling a specialty.

421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave., BOSTON.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for
ASTHMA
Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.

JOSEPH LINNELL,

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.

406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

WONDERS OF THE SUN

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR FIERY ORB OF DAY.

Its Size, Weight and Intense Heat. Its Dazzling Light and the Substance From Which It Proceeds. The Elements Which It Contains.

The sun's diameter is 866,600 miles. This is about 109 times that of the earth, and is nearly twice that of the moon's orbit.

Its volume of bulk is 1,331,000 times that of the earth. Its weight, calculated from the strength of its pull upon the planets, is that of 327,000 earths.

The sun's mean or average distance from us, according to the latest dterminations, is 92 700,000 miles. Owing to a slight ellipticity of the earth's orbit and the fact that the sun is not exactly at its center we are 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun on the 1st of January than on the 1st of July.

Light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, requires 8¼ minutes to come to us from the sun. A railway train, speeding day and night at the rate of 60 miles an hour, would cover a distance as great in 176 years.

The amount of heat radiated by the sun every 45 minutes is equivalent to that which would be generated by the combustion of a chunk of the best anthracite coal of the size of the moon.

If a javelin of ice 45 miles thick were to be hurled at the sun by some titantic arm, with the velocity of light, and could the whole heat of the sun be concentrated upon it, the weapon would melt as fast as it advanced.

The sun is 600,000 times as bright as the full moon.

Sunlight has 146 times the intensity of calcium light and three times that of the electric arc light.

The temperature of the sun is now thought to be somewhere between 5,000 and 9,000 degrees centigrade.

This temperature is sufficiently high to vaporize all known substances, with the possible exception of carbon. For this reason it is now held to be probable that the light of the sun comes from solid or liquid particles of carbon, which float in its otherwise gaseous mass near its exterior, forming in their aggregation the dazzling, cloudlike shell known as the "photosphere."

The reason for thinking that the sun's light comes from intensely heated solid or liquid matter, though undoubtedly the great bulk of the sun's mass is gaseous, is that the "spectrum" of sunlight (formed by causing a beam of sunlight to pass through a glass prism) is "continuous"—that is, it contains all of the rainbow colors from red to violet, and such a spectrum is given only by light from a glowing solid or liquid.

The spectrum of a glowing gas consists only of a greater or less number of bright lines, the intervening spaces being dark, each gas—or metal reduced to the gaseous state—giving a spectrum peculiar to itself.

Crossing the rainbow spectrum of sunlight are to be seen thousands of fine dark lines. These lines are now known to be due to the fact that above the sun's dazzling photosphere is an atmosphere—about 5,000 miles deep—made of various gases and vapors of metals, which stop or "absorb" a part of the sun's light in passage through them.

These dark lines correspond in position and intensity with the bright lines which form the spectra of various gases and metals and are undoubtedly caused by the presence of these substances in the sun's atmosphere.

About one-half of the 70 and more "elements" known to terrestrial chemistry have been discovered by these indications to exist in the sun, and astronomers are confident that the rest of the terrestrial elements are also there, though for some reason they have not yet revealed themselves through the spectroscope.

Some years ago astronomers were puzzled at finding evidence of the existence in the sun of a substance apparently quite abundant, which could not be identified by means of its lines with any known terrestrial element. They named it helium.

Helium has lately been found to exist upon the earth as well as in the sun, in the shape of a gas which is contained, absorbed, in certain rare minerals—cleveite, broggerite and a few others. It is somewhat heavier than hydrogen, but is too light to remain in a free state in the earth's atmosphere, just as no hydrogen exists upon the earth in a free state, but only in compounds, of which water is the most important.

Among the elements which have not yet been found in the sun, though it hardly seems possible that they are not there, are oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus mercury, gold and the recently discovered gas argon.

From what is now known it is little less than certain that the material of which the sun and the earth consist is precisely the same. The two bodies differ mainly in size and temperature. In the sun nearly everything is gaseous, because of its intense heat. The earth may once have been as hot as the sun now is and have been then as luminous, but now its temperature has fallen so low that the greater part of its substance is in the solid state, and only a small part is either liquid or gaseous.

Good Manners Proclaim the Gentleman.

Good manners are a social obligation, and a young man should never make light of them nor pass them over as unworthy of notice. The extreme manners of the fop are silly and unnecessary, but the way a well bred man deports himself is always worth a young man's closest study. Good manners mean comfort for others and the recognition of little social rights, which to pass over is to degenerate. Etiquette books cannot instill good manners. One's deportment comes from within. Few men are born without an intuitive knowledge of what is wrong or right in deportment. It is simply experience that develops the quality. To be good mannered generally means to have consideration for women of every rank in life, and that is a quality which young men cannot possess too strongly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Educated Germany.

Germany is now the best educated nation of the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses, in order to add to their income by odd pence.

Impaling In Turkey.

Impaling was used as a punishment in Turkey up to 1855. The last men so executed were four Arab sheiks who had rebelled. They were impaled at the four corners of the Bagdad bridge. One of them lived for nine days.

An Indorsement.

She—What did you think of the minister's expression of the belief that the world would soon come to an end?

He—I was rather inclined to think it would before he got through his sermon.—Boston Courier.

THE MODERN ATHENS

THE STREETS ARE MADE BRILLIANT BY MARBLE HOUSES.

The Soil Is Poor, However, and the City Has Always Suffered From a Lack of Water—The Picturesque Garb of the Olden Time Is Not Now Often Seen.

Of the three mountains inclosing the plain of Athens, Mount Parnes is the highest (4,640 feet), Mount Pentelicus (3,641 feet), with its regular triangular shape, suggesting the pediment of a temple, is the most imposing, but the thyme covered, honey producing Hymettus (3,368 feet) has always been most intimately associated with Athens. It lies nearer to the city, and from almost all the streets and all the windows looking eastward can be seen its curved line marking the blue sky above, except on rare gray days, when clouds resting on its top are an infallible sign of rain. The various hues of the mountains and the smaller hills forming an inner circle around Athens, combined with the view of the sea, lend an additional effect of airiness and buoyancy to the aspect. In the long, straight streets of the new town, open from end to end, nothing impedes the view on either side.

In praising Athens we must not draw a veil over her defects. Such improvements as are indispensable to a modern city have not kept pace with her growth in extent and affluence. The stages of this progress can be seen in the structural inequalities even of contiguous dwellings. These dwellings may be chronologically divided into three categories—those of the first settlers, when all were poor, and the main necessity was at any rate to be housed; those of the thrifty citizens, who felt the want of more space and greater convenience, but had little regard for external appearance or interior comfort and considered carpets and plate glass a luxury and even chimneys of small consequence, and those of the wealthy immigrants, who gave an impulse to the building of elegant houses among all who, thanks to increasing prosperity, could afford to imiate them.

The proximity of the quarries of Hymettus and Pentelicus enables Athens to supply herself with a building material which no other city could have at equal cost. Marble, in itself an embellishment, is profusely used and loses none of its brilliancy in the dry atmosphere, whose transparency makes pleasant to the eye even the light colors spread on the stone walls, which in other latitudes would hardly be bearable. The agreeable effect thus obtained is increased by the trees in some of the streets and squares, as well as in the gardens of the better class of houses. But Athens might and would be more verdant still were it not for the lack of abundant water. This want was felt in antiquity as well. To it may partly be ascribed the epidemics recorded by ancient historians in times of war, when the number of inhabitants was increased by those of the surrounding country seeking refuge within the walls.

Antoninus Pius endowed Athens with a perfect system of waterworks. They consisted of subterranean galleries, collecting the waters of the neighboring mountains. To these old Roman aqueducts, successively discovered, repaired and utilized, Athens still owes her scanty supply of water. Projects for increasing the supply are ever talked of, but will be deferred so long as the municipal finances remain no better than the national. Meanwhile, the macadamized roads between the fine sidewalks are hardly watered. This fact and the nature of the soil, notorious for its thinness since the days of Thucydides, account for the dust, which is the greatest blemish of Athens. An English lady was heard to admire the picturesqueness of its whirling clouds, but even were that single representative of an optimistic minority on a fine day, succeeding one of rain, to see the town and the clear outline of the distant mountains through a dustless atmosphere she could not help regretting that the same effects are not artificially attainable.

On the whole, Athens will show to best advantage if visited after Constantinople and other towns in Turkey, as the standard of comparison will be fairer than that afforded by the great capitals of the west. It must not be forgotten that, if one of the most ancient, she is at the same time one of the newest among European towns, nor ought the long period of her decline ever to be lost sight of when comparing her with other towns.

The traveler who, remembering that long period of Turkish sway, counts on receiving an oriental impression from the aspect of Athens is doomed to disappointment. Even the national garb is fast disappearing. It may still be worn by a few elderly Athenians. These, and a peasant here and there selling milk or cheese, recall the day when their dress was the national one. It is, however, the uniform of certain soldiers of light infantry, who may be seen parading the streets or mounting guard at the palace, in all the white splendor of the fustanelle. The wide, blue trousers of the Ægean islanders are not less rare, nor is there much chance of seeing them at the Piræus, among the craft from the various islands moored along the quays. The uglier and cheaper product of the slopshop has replaced the picturesque drapery of the olden time. The monotony of the modern costume is broken only by the priests, with their long black robes and their peculiar hats.—D. Bikelas in Century.

The Skipping Rope Cure.

An eminent physician says that some of his patients have rid themselves of many pounds of superfluous flesh by the use of the skipping rope.

One woman who, after a serious illness which terminated in nervous prostration, found herself the possessor of 40 pounds of flesh in addition to her usual weight, asked the physician how she could safely dispose of them. She was not strong enough to ride a wheel or take long walks, and day by day she gained flesh in her enforced laziness.

"Buy a skipping rope and begin with five minutes' exercise twice a day," said the doctor. "Gradually increase the dose, think of what you are doing and of nothing else. Take the exercise slowly and without violence. Your nerves will be quieted, and when you are tired you can drop at once into a comfortable chair."

The patient tried the prescription. Awkward at first, she soon acquired skill and as much agility as was needed for her new exercise. At the end of a month the scales showed that ten of the superfluous pounds had vanished, and the next few weeks showed a still greater decrease in weight, without the least unpleasant result.

At the end of six months the skipping rope was no longer needed as a prescription, but the doctor's patient seldom lets a day go by without getting into her gymnasium suit and taking a few minutes' exercise with it.—Youth's Companion.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

SUPERSTITIONS OF MANY LANDS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

Origin of the Signing of the Cross—What a Crack Across the Loaf Means—The Oven a Sacred Object—Omens Relating to Birth, Marriage and Death.

One morning last summer, when I was spending a few days at a farmhouse in eastern Ohio, the good housewife showed that she was troubled. Naturally I inquired the cause. "Oh," she said, "I'm afraid something dreadful will happen. This morning I put a batch of bread into the oven, and all the loaves except one cracked across the top."

"What if they did?" I replied in tones of curiosity.

"Don't you know," she said, with an air of surprise, "that when bread cracks across the top it means misfortune to some one in the family? I would not have had it happen for the world."

As I left a few days after this mishap to the bread I never learned whether the sign was a true omen or not. However, the housewife had contributed to my stock of information and had given me an item of folklore that led to further investigation.

One of my German friends tells me that in many parts of his native country the housewife still believes that cracks on the top of the loaf of bread indicate the death of some one in the household, or perhaps misfortune to a dear friend, while cracks on the lower side of the bread are taken to indicate a birth.

As many of us know, our bakers mark the sign of a cross upon the dough before placing it in the oven. The reason for making this sign becomes plain when we know the origin of the custom. Almost all our superstitions about bread date back to old pagan days, though they have been greatly modified so as to conform to Christian beliefs. With the ancient Romans the baking of bread and cakes was often invested with a religious significance, especially the cakes offered to the gods and goddesses. These cakes were prepared in a particular way, and after being marked with the symbol of the deity in whose honor they were offered they were supposed to possess supernatural virtues.

The old domestic practice was modified when Christianity became triumphant, and in place of a pagan symbol the early Christian housewife not only used to make the sign of the cross when she began to knead the dough, but she marked that sign upon her loaf before placing it in the oven. Why? Simply because the sign of the cross is the recognized Christian protecting mark against the attacks of evil spirits, witches and the like. Hence bread marked with the cross is supposed to be witchproof, will bake all right, not crack across the top, etc.

Just as the Jews have passover cakes and other peoples have had specially prepared food for their religious festivals, so the Christians have cakes for certain seasons. Our hot cross buns on Good Friday are simply modern representatives of the cakes used at some old pagan festival. In days gone by the cakes and buns baked at Easter were supposed to possess great virtues. Thus it is an old belief that the observance of eating cross buns on Good Friday insures, so to speak, the house from fire for the coming year.

In truth, to study the superstitions about bread is to take a wide lesson in folklore. These superstitions relate to the kneading trough, the oven, bakers and bread. For instance, in many parts of France the arche, or kneading trough, is more than a rude kitchen utensil. It is often a pretty bit of furniture. M. Sebillot, who has collected many of the superstitions of the French folk relative to bread, quotes the story of a thief who entered the window of a house with intent to commit burglary, but refused to step on the trough still containing the dough, believing that to do so would be an impiety.

A writer in one of the recent numbers of an English magazine says that in Gottland the cross is still signed before the oven fire is lighted or the dough kneaded. This practice is very common in the country districts all over Europe. In Brittany the housewife makes the sign of the cross with the right hand while she places the left hand in the trough. After the dough is kneaded, the lid of the trough is shut, and so is the door, for if the cat should enter the room the bread would not rise. Certain charms or invocations are used to cause the bread to multiply itself. Thus the peasant housewife adjures the dough to imitate the leaven, the wheat the miller and to rise. She would be very angry if any one should sing or whistle in the room while she is making the loaf.

In some parts of Europe the bake oven is almost a sacred object. In certain places of Brittany, for example, it is dedicated with ceremonies. The wood is sprinkled with blessed water. The proper heat is attested by the melting of a bottle, and finally an egg is broken for luck. Besides there are certain days on which bread must not be baked, as on Holy Friday or during the night of All Saints, when the ghosts would be sure to eat it.

The loaf of bread itself is connected with a whole crowd of superstitions. A long time resident in France informs me that the custom of marking the bread with the sign of the cross before cutting it is very general. Sometimes the first mouthful of bread is used to make this sign. According to an old English superstition, if a loaf accidentally parts in the hand while an unmarried lady is cutting it this may be taken to indicate either that she will not be married during the next 12 months, or, what is worse, that there will be dissensions of some kind in the family. Some folks have a fear of turning a loaf upside down after cutting it. Of course it is everywhere regarded as bad luck for a piece of bread to fall on the buttered side.—New York Post.

Bismarck Was a Religious Man.

No man could have had less taste for dogmatical discussions than Bismarck, and yet his was essentially a religious nature. A deep sense of reverence and true humility in face of the enigmas of nature was among the mainsprings of his religious feeling. On one occasion he expressed himself to Herr von Poschinger with regard to the doctrine of metempsychosis—a doctrine in which Count Moltke was also deeply interested. With Bismarck it may have been only a fleeting, fanciful thought—as Herr von Poschinger assures me it was—but what Bismarck said on the subject was eminently characteristic of the man. "If I had to choose the form in which I should prefer to live again," he said, "I am not so sure that I should not like to be an ant. You see," he said, "that little creature lives in a state of perfect political organization. Every one of them is obliged to work—lead a useful life; complete economic combination, discipline and order above all things."—Sydney Whitman in Harper's Magazine.

APOTHECARY'S GARDEN.

Ready Made Medicines About Which You Probably Know Little.

The money a man—especially a family man—spends on bottles of nasty medicines in a lifetime would take him on a holiday trip once or twice around the world or start one of his children in life. And all the time he has nature's own simple remedies, better than any chemist's concoctions, outside his door.

In the lily of the valley, for instance, he has one of the best cures known for dropsy. Most often dropsy results from a weak heart, and the medicinal properties of lily of the valley brace up this organ to a pitch of the highest efficiency.

In the odorous coltsfoot we have another splendid remedy. Nothing can beat it in curing a cough, and even consumption sometimes yields to it. The Germans—who know more of medicine than any other people on earth—say that a pipeful of coltsfoot smoked occasionally will inevitably kill the consumption bacillus.

Foxglove is one of those old remedies which have stood the test of competition with the most modern remedies. It has never been surpassed as a heart tonic and is the sheet anchor of the physician in all cases of flabby and enlarged heart muscle.

Then, in horse chestnuts, we have a remedy for both rheumatism and whooping cough. One seldom hears of their use, no doubt, but that is because people have become so impressed with the high sounding titles of new discoveries.

Dandelion, however, holds its own in popular favor as a tonic for children, and a most effectual liver medicine for their parents.

Hops are also coming to the fore again. For dyspeptic and general weakness they are a splendid cure. And if people who cannot sleep used them instead of chloral hydrate, sulphonal and other dangerous drugs, there would be considerably fewer mysteriously sudden deaths.

For a reliever of pain one need look for nothing better than ordinary poppyheads, and, in fact, they are extensively used for this purpose.

The expensive bark for which we go all the way to Peru is said to be not a whit better as a tonic than the woodbine that grows outside our own windows. And celery is, as most people are aware, a splendid nerve tonic.

Horse radish is one of those few things which doctors themselves take for their health. It is a safeguard against dyspepsia, as well as a highly stimulant brain drug.

The root of the humble blackberry, taken when cholera is about, acts like a charm in keeping off that terrible disease. Many doctors of even the modern school pin their faith to parsley root in preference to the expensive quinine, and mistletoe helps the tired heart to do its work, as well as acting as a sure preventive of bleeding.

The modest violet has its own medicinal properties. It cannot be surpassed as a lung healer, and it is also of great service in many skin diseases.

Wild cherry has many good qualities. If you are greatly excited, it calms you like magic; if your nerves are shaky, it tones them up, and if you are afraid of consumption you could not use anything better as a prophylactic. Sage is not much used now, but it is an excellent thing for pain in the stomach, acting somewhat like ginger. Red rose leaves, principally used to make medicines look and smell nice, are themselves a tonic of no mean power, and elder flowers, berries and bark have a great variety of uses. They are said to be good for rheumatism and epilepsy. When feverish, they make you perspire, and they are a pleasant substitute for seidlitz powders and things of that sort.

Belladonna, or the well known deadly nightshade, is still recognized by doctors all over the world as a plant of many medicinal effects. It is a terrible poison, but in a plaster it cures the cramps of cholera; it reduces boils when used in the form of a liniment; it strengthens the heart when taken internally, and the leaves, when smoked, effectually relieve both asthma and consumption.—London Tit-Bits.

The Dead Monkey.

The following interesting account of animal sympathy is extracted from James Forbes' "Oriental Memories:" "One of a shooting party, under a banyan tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by 40 or 50 of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him. He took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."

Those "Little Arts In Ease."

Once a man was asked the reason for his going to see a certain girl so frequently, as it was well known that he was not in love with her. He replied by saying that she had the most comfortable divan in town.

"And as to being in love with her—well, I don't know! It's those little arts in ease that make a man fall in love with a woman, I believe," he said.

Now, a knowledge of "those little arts" is born in some women; others do not even know how to try for them. But they are worth cultivating, it would seem.—New York Tribune.

Chinese Music.

The Chinese have eight instruments for making their ritual music—the bell, the flute, the drum, the sonorous stone, the fife, the plume, the shield and the ax. The last three make no music, but are used as decoration or emblem in the musical ceremonies and are enumerated as musical instruments. In every ceremony there are always two instruments of each kind, sometimes as many as four or six, never an odd number, in order to emphasize the duality of the Chinese people. For instance, one drum announces the beginning of the music and its mate strikes the last note; one bell calls and its counterpart answers.

A Substitute.

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but ve haf no more quail on toast alretty.

Customer—That's too bad. Well, have you anything else that is just as good?

Waiter—Ach, ja! Bessor! Ve haf [illegible] cabbage and sauerkraut.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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Longest Year on Record.

The year B. C. 46, by order of Julius Cæsar, the then reigning Roman emperor, contained 445 days. To clear away all the confusion which had previously existed in reconciling the lunar with the solar year, Cæsar, with the help of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, undertook a thorough reform of the calendar. He effected it by making the year now called 46 B. C., "the year of confusion," consist of 445 days, and the succeeding years of 365 days, with the exception of every fourth year, which was to consist of 366. This method is called the Julian calendar

The number of days in the months from January to December before Cæsar's time had been respectively 29, 28, 31, 29, 31, 29, 31, 29, 29, 31, 29, 29. These numbers Cæsar changed to 31 and 30 alternately, with the exception of February, which was to have 29 in ordinary years and 30 in leap years. In honor of himself he changed to July the name of the month that followed June. The Pontiffs in applying the Julian calendar went wrong by inserting leap year every three years instead of every four years, and this continued till the year now called 8 B. C., when the Emperor Augustus ordained there should be no leap year for twelve years, which made leap year occur in 4 A. D. At the same time Augustus gave his own name to the month following July, adding one day to it, which he took away from February.

A Miscellaneous Collection.

There is nothing particularly entertaining about passing the plate or collecting box through a congregation at the best, but the monotony of merely dropping in coins is varied in quite a lively way in India, it seems, from an account given in The Indian Witness of a meeting at Kasgunj. The writer says: "At a signal, the preaching table was removed, a space was cleared, and the giving began. With pencil in hand, I took an inventory as rapidly as I could, for all moved on very briskly and without any western tricks of simulation.

"Animals were 'put into the hat.' A frisky kid was led up by a string and tied to the horns of the altar, or rather leg of the preaching stand. Then came a fine goat. A cock and hen were added. Then came a brace of whistling chicks. Grain was contributed. Wheat, barley, peas, rice, sheaves and flour were poured into the area. Clothing and jewelry were piled on the table, and the list runs: Coats, a shawl, stockings, turbans, cotton thread, ribbons, an umbrella and toe and finger rings. Sundry things flowed in, as eggs, sweets, spices, books, a lotah, bread and a large pile of wood. Two men, apparently brickmakers, reported 500 bricks contributed. Cash jingled down and cowries rattled. Rupees 63 13-6 were counted up, and there were several bits of promissory scrip, which the brace of chicks sent flying as they fluttered about.'

Ready For Duty.

J. W. Scherer, in his "Daily Life During the Indian Mutiny," says that when the rains fell, bringing with them fever and cholera, the horrors of the campaign were, of course, redoubled. When the outbreak came, some men, holding isolated positions until the last moment of safety, were compelled to flee through almost incredible difficulties and dangers.

One man, Mowbray Thomson, when interrogated about the hardships he had undergone, spoke of them with the utmost simplicity, as if they were ordinary circumstances, to be looked for in "the day's work" of life.

"Some years after a London banker, sitting next me at dinner, began talking about Thomson, and asked me if I had met him. I told him that I had seen him every day for a year or two.

"'Well,' said he, 'I met him once in London, and I shall never forget an answer he made to a question of mine.'

"'What was the question?'

"I asked him, 'When you got once more among your countrymen, and the whole terrible thing was over, what on earth was the first thing you did?'

"'Did?' cried he. 'Why, I went and reported myself as present and ready for duty!'"

Spencer's Books.

Herbert Spencer makes the following interesting statement in a letter to the London Times: "During the first 12 years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print and advertisements and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless the 40,000,000 of people constituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain worker five gratis copies of each. [illegible] all it represents the list, and that is but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 11.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. xxxvi, 20-32—Memory Verse, 32—Golden Text, Isa. xl, 8. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

20 "And they went in to the king and told all the words in the ears of the king." This is King Jehoiakim, a son of Josiah, who reigned 11 years, but did evil in the sight of the Lord. In the fourth year of his reign the Lord told Jeremiah to write in a book all the words He had spoken against Israel since the days of Josiah and read them to the people if perchance they might turn from their sins to the Lord and have their iniquity forgiven. Both in the fourth and fifth years of Jehoiakim's reign these words were read publicly and privately again and again (see previous part of this chapter), and now some who heard them tell them to the king.

21 "So the king sent Jehudi to fetch the roll, and Jehudi read it in the ears of the king." Baruch the scribe, who had written the words of the Lord from the mouth of Jeremiah, had also read the book in the ears of the people and of the rulers (verses 6, 8, 10, 15, 16), but now Jehudi reads. It does not matter much who reads provided he reads distinctly and give the sense and cause the people to understand the reading (Neh. viii, 8). As to the origin of the words, they were from the Lord, the Lord's words. He used Jeremiah's mouth and Baruch's pen and mouth, but the message was neither from Jeremiah nor from Baruch, but from God. Now it is Jehudi's mouth, but it is still the same message from the Lord.

22, 23 "He cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed in the fire." Thus did Jehoiakim with the roll containing the message from the Lord. Thus he despised and treated with contempt the message from the Lord and turned his back upon the Lord and would not hearken to Him. What a contrast to Josiah in our last lesson, who humbled himself before God and turned to Him with all his heart! Jehoiakim was a Cain man, while Josiah, like Abel, had faith in God. All are either for or against God.

24 "Yet they were not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king nor any of his servants that heard all these words." The hard hearted, rebellious king would influence those about him in some measure to be rebellious, like himself. When once the heart turns away from God, the hardness ofttimes increases very quickly. When we receive not the truth in the love of it, God lets us believe a delusion and a lie (II Thess ii, 11, 12). It is a fearful thing to even listen to a word against God or against His word, for, while holiness is not easily communicated, sin is, according to Hag. ii, 12, 13.

25 "He would not hear them." Three are mentioned who pleaded with the king not to burn the roll, but he would not listen to them. He thought that he knew better than his counselors, he was in his own esteem wiser than his father who had humbled himself before God, he did not believe that "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix, 1).

26 "But the Lord hid them." This refers to Baruch and Jeremiah, whom the king would now like to lay hands upon and put a stop to such words as these. In verse 19 we learn that when the book was about to be read to the king some advised them to hide so that they could not be found, and now we learn that in their hiding they were guided by God. Elijah was so securely hidden by God that he could not be found by Ahab in any nation or kingdom (I Kings xvii, 3; xviii, 10). There is a rock, the Rock of Ages, in whom we may so securely hide that no evil can befall us (Ex. xxxiii, 22; Isa. ii, 10; xxvi, 4, margin). The life of all who truly receive Christ as their Saviour is said to be hid with Christ in God, for He is our life (Col. iii, 3, 4).

27, 28. "Take thee again another roll and write in it all the former words that were in the first roll." I have for some years reveled in the blessed assurance of Ps. cxix, 89, "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven." On my way home from India last year it was my privilege while spending a few days in London to rejoice in some blessed fellowship with my dear brother in the Lord, Rev. John Wilkinson, author of that wonderful book, "Israel My Glory." I found him one day greatly rejoicing in Ps. cxix, 89, on which he expatiated somewhat after this fashion: "Just think of what we have here! What is settled? Thy word. Where is it settled? In heaven. For how long is it settled? Forever. Whose word is it? Thine, O Lord! Let the enemies throw out Jonah and his book, and Daniel and his book, and whatever they do not like, they can no more destroy the word of God than Jehoiakim could destroy the words of Jeremiah's roll. When we reach heaven, we shall find Jonah and his book and Daniel and his book and all the word of God forever settled there."

29. "The king of Babylon shall certainly come and destroy this land and shall cause to cease from thence man and beast." These were some of the words in the roll which Jehoiakim burned which caused him to hate it and burn it. Jonah was a wondrous type of our Lord in His death and resurrection, and this the great truth which satan hates and may be one reason why he would if possible set aside the book of Jonah. In Daniel perhaps more than in any other book in the Bible the importance of the wisdom of this world to understand the things of God is made manifest, and for that reason, among others, the book of Daniel is disliked. Revelation tells of the devil's downfall and final doom and therefore he would like you not to read that book.

30, 31. "Therefore thus saith the Lord of Jehoiakim, king of Judah." Then follows a statement of what would come upon him personally for this sin, but he would not hearken. In chapter xxii, 19, it was written that he should be buried with the burial of an ass. God is not willing that any should perish, has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but if in spite of all His warnings and entreaties the wicked will persist in his wickedness he is sometimes given up so to do (II Pet iii, 9; Ezek. xxxiii, 11; Deut. xxviii, 15)

32. "Another roll was given by Jeremiah to Baruch the scribe, and from the mouth of Jeremiah he wrote all the words that were in the former roll, with the addition of many like words. This suggests to us that all efforts to destroy the word of God or any portion of it only results in the increase of that word. Since the days of Jehoiakim the word of God has been bought in order to be burned, but the money thus obtained produced a larger edition.

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The wife of a clergyman tells the story of her suffering with neuralgia of the heart, with the hope that her experience may indicate to others the way to regain health.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than heart disease. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden, instant death, with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most severe lingering illness.

The slightest excitement brings great suffering and danger to people so afflicted.

Such was the experience of the wife of a well-known clergyman. She tells her story for the sake of doing good to others.

"I feel," she said, speaking carefully and weighing her words, "that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People relieved me of a lifetime of sickness and sorrow, and I cheerfully recommend them."

This grateful woman is Mrs. Wamsley, wife of the Rev. C. E. Wamsley, who lives on West Sheridan Street, Greensburg, Ind.

She continued:

"My heart became affected after the birth of my youngest child, about six years ago.

"The pain was constant. Frequently it grew so severe I would be forced to cry out.

"I could not endure any excitement.

"It would increase the pain so I would scream and fall down in a state of collapse. In this condition I was helpless.

"These spells would come on me at home, in the street, or anywhere I might be.

"I could not sleep at night. I ate very little.

"Different doctors were called in. They said I had neuralgia of the heart, resulting from nervous prostration.

"The doctors treated me, but the relief they gave did not last.

"I was a physical wreck, when my eye fell on an item in the local paper describing how Mrs. Evans, of West End, had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Her suffering was like mine.

"I hope other sufferers who read this account will have the faith I had when I read of Mrs. Evans.

"My husband bought me one box of the pills. The change they made in my condition was encouraging. I took another box; then bought six more boxes.

"All the time I gained in health, strength, hope, nerve force—steadily, surely!

"Before I finished the eighth box I ceased the treatment. I felt perfectly well, and the doctor said I was entirely cured."

To add weight to her story Mrs. Wamsley made affidavit to its truth before John F. Russell, a Notary Public of Greensburg.

Neuralgia of the heart is only one of many serious evils that grow out of derangements of the nervous system or of the blood.

The remedy that expels impurities from the blood and supplies the necessary materials for rapidly rebuilding wasted nerve tissues reaches the root of many serious diseases.

It is these virtues that have given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People their wonderful curative powers in diseases that at first glance seem widely different.

This famous remedy is for sale by all druggists for 50 cents a box; or six boxes for $2.50.

A Roman Peace Jubilee.

Probably the most gorgeous peace jubilee that the world has ever seen was that celebrating at Rome the four triumphs of the first Cæsar. So magnificent were these triumphs that they were celebrated at intervals of several days lest the populace should be cloyed by very splendor. They commemorated the final conquest of all Gaul, the defeat of Ptolemaus, the subjection of Pharnaces and the victory over Juba. Never had the Eternal City, then standing upon the threshold of empire, ever seen the like. The Egyptian Princess Arsinoe and the son of the king of Numidia walked captives behind the car of the conqueror.

Costly figures and portraits of the slain enemies of the republic, representing the manner of their death, were borne by Gallic slaves or carried in litters by the men who had fought under the originals. Scipio, too, was shown plunging into the sea; Cato, burying his sword in his own bosom, and Demetrius, wounded in the back in token of his flight. Nor did the celebration stop with the processions. The most sumptuous banquets were served in the public squares, in one of which citizens reclined before 22,000 tables groaning under the accumulated weight of the most luxurious delicacies.

Public games were given and gladiators recruited from the most courageous prisoners fought with wild beasts from the ends of the earth and the circus was hung with huge awnings of silk brought from India at a time when a queen could not afford that material for her coronation robes.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dangerous Bouquet.

A short time ago a man and his two sisters were alone in a compartment on a German railway. At a station an elegantly dressed, thickly veiled woman entered the carriage, carrying a superb bouquet of roses. When the train started, she asked her fellow travelers if they would object to her closing the window. The man hastened to close it for her, and, in moving to get out of his way, the stranger dropped her roses. He picked them up for her, and, thanking him charmingly, she asked him to keep one. Then, turning to his companions, she graciously offered each of them a few of the flowers. Naturally the courtesy was accepted, and the next thing of which the travelers were conscious was that the train had arrived in Berlin; that their veiled companion had disappeared, and that all of their money and valuables had gone with her. Of course the roses had been drugged.

The police have discovered that the criminal is a young man, and that he has conducted a number of daring robberies in similar fashion. One must admit that it is the refinement of robbery, and, if one must be robbed at all, the rose method is preferable to sandbagging or garroting; but, after all, one may as well fight shy of veiled women with roses.—Exchange.

Woman In India.

The present position of women cannot be better shown than by the following extract from a government prize book for the girls' schools in the Bombay Presidency: "If the husband of a virtuous woman be ugly, of good or bad disposition, diseased, fiendish, irascible, a drunkard, old, stupid, dumb, blind, deaf, hot tempered, poor, extremely covetous, a slanderer, cowardly, perfidious and immoral, nevertheless she ought to worship him as a god, with mind, speech and person.

"The wife who gives an angry answer to her husband will become a village pariah dog. She will also become a female jackal and live in an uninhabitated desert. The woman who eats sweetmeats without sharing them with her husband will become a hen owl, living in a hollow tree. The woman who walks alone without her husband will become a filth eating village sow. The woman who speaks disrespectfully to her husband will be dumb in the next incarnation. The woman who hates her husband's relatives will become from birth to birth a muskrat, living in filth."—Church Gazette.

A Ball at Balmoral, 1860.

Nobody was in mourning, as it was a birthday, the queen in white, with a floating sash of royal Stuart tartan from her shoulders; about half the men in kilts. The queen made a circle, and then we went into the ballroom, where about 150 of the tenants, servants, etc., with their wives and daughters, were assembled. Reels then began, which were danced with great energy and also jigs—very droll. Prince Arthur danced like mad, and Princess Alice was "weel ta'en out" by the gamekeeper. I stood in a corner talking with the Duke of Argyll, etc. At last the prince came round and conversed very courteously for ten minutes. He had heard I had been in Germany lately, so we soon got into the heart of German and Austrian questions.

All this lasted two hours, and then the queen withdrew into the supper room, where there were sandwiches and champagne. She went round again and [illegible] I was talked to Lord Melville, [illegible] myself."—Memoirs of Henry Reeve.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eyes by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we also absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1. [illegible] is for a limited season only, call at once. [illegible] OPTICAL CO., 130 Washington St., Boston.

TELEPHONE 8-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton and Funeral Director,

Sexton of Woburn and Winchester Catholic Cemetery

214 Main St., Woburn

Two Pointed Questions Answered.

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Common Words From a High Source.

The vulgar "La!" "Laws!" "Lawk!" "Laws a mussy!" "Sakes alive!" "Good land alive!" and the like, are all remnants of such expressions as "Lord!" "Lord, have mercy!" "For the sake of the Lord of life!" "Good Lord of life!" and other equally solemn phrases employed in moments of great excitement or danger, which the careless habit of exaggeration in the expression of feeling that seems inborn in human nature has led some to degrade and employ on the most trivial occasions. Our familiar "Dear me!" is likewise merely a corruption of the Italian "Dio mio!" ("My God!") and is an exact equivalent in every respect of the "Mon Dieu!" of the French, the use of which on trivial occasions we English speakers are so ready to condemn. "Alas!" a mournful exclamation which I trust my young readers will seldom have occasion to employ, is also a shortened form of an Italian expression, "Oh, me lasso!" ("Oh, weary me!").—Miss E. F. Andrews in St. Nicholas.

A Desperate Case.

"Is Timpson such dreadfully poor pay?"

"Por pay! Even his lawyer can't get any money out of him."—Exchange.

Stop drugging yourself with quack nostrums or "cures." Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy that will do the work. Catarrh and Cold in the head will not cause suffering if Ely's Cream Balm is used. Druggist will supply 10c. trial size or 50c. full size. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy [illegible] For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Public Library Box 310 1Jan98

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25. 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.32 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3 57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10 38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10 30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m, and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
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Opp. Lyceum Hall.

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438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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AUCTIONEER.
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CHEAPER THAN DIRT
and as cheap as common soap.
ROYAL BOQUET SOAP
A fine toilet soap, handsomely put up, three cakes in a box.
25c.
Nice enough for a Xmas present.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

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Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
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ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes, that was the reason, as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we,
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without ringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the nighttide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

THE STOLEN KISS.

Until quite recently the expense of traveling by railroad in Russia seemed enormous, especially to those who are familiar with the relative cheapness and superior equipment of trains in the United States, say, by way of illustration, the Pennsylvania system to Chicago, or the New York Central to Buffalo and other points out west. Even third class tickets cost considerably more than in any other country in Europe and offered the tourist little else than the meanest discomfort for the outlay. Hence the people who can pay for the difference go second class, while those who are unable to scrape together the third class fare, make a secret and illegal arrangement with the conductor, or else artfully conceal themselves beneath a seat till they reach the end of their journey. Where there is a will there is always a way—in Russia.

The interior of a Russia third class railway carriage is depressing. Sometimes a gang of wild, unkempt harvestmen, armed with scythes, sickles and formidable sticks with wonderful knobs the size of oranges, invade the carriages, endangering the features of the other occupants, offending their eyes and ears and polluting the atmosphere with heavy odors by no means suggestive of the fragrant composition of M. Pinard of Paris. Bags, milk pails, soiled pillows, muddy boots, vodka bottles, slabs of coarse black bread and odoriferous cheese of mighty strength, rolled up in yellow handkerchiefs, lie about loose in all directions. The floor is moist or wet, bestrewn with sunflower seeds, orange, apple or cucumber peels and every imaginable kind of garbage and refuse. The windows are hermetically closed, and the pungent smoke of bad tobacco stings the eyes and impregnates the clothing for days. In a word, the interior of such a compartment differs in a few essentials from that of a Turkish jail.

All this was in the old days of expensive railway traveling, which have only just come to a close. Things are, if possible, a trifle worse at present, seeing that tickets are, so to say, to be had for the asking. For 50 who patronized transit by rail a year ago quite a hundred or more make use of it today. The results are obvious. But nobody who possesses delicate nerves or a sense of cleanliness would dream, under the new conditions, of traveling "on the cheap." Second class fare is now lower and well worth the difference.

But Olga Mikhailovria Skraghina did not think so. This young damsel was economical in all matters not connected with dress, and she deemed it an astute stroke of economy to travel third class instead of second in order, of course, to save the difference. She relied upon her sex, and more particularly upon her personal charms, to secure her such extra attentions from her male fellow passengers as would surround her with all needful comfort. And she was not a long way out in her calculations. She had wonderfully bright eyes and her cheek was of the rose's hue. This is always an advantage. It could be said with truth that she was an exceedingly attractive girl. Mme. Skraghina was a gay young widow on her way from Petersburg to Rostoff to visit the family of her intended second husband and to be led by him to the altar. She had no need whatever to travel third class, and, as the sequel proved, it was a penny wise, pound foolish thing for a respectable tshinovnik's widow to do.

Between Voronesh and Rostoff the third class coaches were taken by storm and the passengers packed like sardines in a box or figs in a drum. One of them indeed had to stand up near the stove, which of course was not heated. You could hang a hat on the atmosphere of the compartment, so thick and tangible had it become from the smoke of makhorka and the combined respiration of human beings. When the shades of night had fallen and the two dismal candles were lighted, all of the passengers were silent, sad and suffering and nearly all endeavoring to drop off to sleep. But one man slept wide-awake and observant—the man behind the stove.

On the hard wooden seat opposite but uncomfortably near to Mme. Skraghina, sat a well favored young man, who now and again cast stolen glances at his fair vis-a-vis in the gloaming. But he, too, was dull and drowsy now, as he sat between two brawny snoring mooshiks. Once he lost his balance and sprawled on the floor. Then he and the lady opposite went on "nid-nid-nodding" in unison. Their simultaneous nods at last brought their youthful faces together with less gentleness than seemed desirable, for the youth's fair forehead came in violent contact with the lady's dimpled chin, whereupon they both opened their eyes and exchanged ideas. The exchange was sudden and unsatisfactory, he stammering out disjointed excuses and she expatiating on the need of his conducting himself respectfully. Then they settled down to 40 winks again and the nodding began as before. Shortly afterward they put their heads together once more, his face resting on the "tip-top" of her bonny brown hair and his weight almost imperiling her equilibrium. But a few drowsy remonstrances and sheepish apologies closed this contretemps, which was soon followed by a third. This time the lady was wide awake and protested that she would stand it no longer. And no wonder. She had received such a formidable blow from the young man's "brazen" forehead, as she called it, that her equisitely chiseled little nose was momentarily wounded, while a flood of tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. Then there was a scene. The young man was abject in his apologies, the lady scathing in her reproof. The other passengers snored on in blissful ignorance of the altercation going on in their midst. Only the traveler who was standing by the stove observed everything carefully and seemed to regard the affair as a pleasing entertainment.

After this mishap the hero and the heroine suffered from a fit of insomnia. But nature at last asserted her supremacy and their eyes began to close as before. Mme. Skraghina took extra pains to keep her shapely head well up on the wooden back of the seat, so that however low the drowsy youth opposite might bob and nod she would escape untouched. With this exception things assumed their former aspect, and nothing was heard save the rumbling of the train and the strident snoring of the passengers. But this was merely a truce, not a definite peace. Fate seemed to be pursuing the lady relentlessly for her unwise economy.

The Persian poet Saadi somewhere says that sleep is given to the bad in order that the good may be undisturbed. But it was not vouchsafed to all the bad in that railway car, for suddenly, just before the train entered a small station, a masculine head bent down and drew suspiciously near to Mme. Skraghina's face; then two determined lips pressed violently upon hers, as if plucking up kisses by the roots that grew there. Then the head was withdrawn. The action was the work of an instant. The rapid kiss went tingling to the lady's panting heart, and when it was gone "the sense of it did not stay." The lady awoke in a volcanic rage, her cheeks flushed with the crimson of modesty and anger combined, and her face rather black, perhaps from smoke and soot, but she was resolved to make her cowardly aggressor both black and blue by way of giving color to her estimate of the enormity of his conduct. So without hesitation, discussion or warning she delivered a vigorous slap in the face of the dozing youth opposite, which brought him back from the Land of Nod in double quick time. That was her version of the lyric, "Take, oh, take those lips away!" The young man rubbed his eyes; then, feeling the tingling touch of a vanished hand, held one of his to his smarting cheek, and at last exclaimed:

"Great heavens, whatever has happened?"

"I'll let you know, you ruffian, what has happened. I'll teach you to assault a lone, unprotected lady who happens to fall asleep." And by way of imparting the promised information she caught him by the hair of his head after the manner of the angels who used to seize the Hebrew prophets when sent to transport them from place to place. She then caught him by the collar, shook him against the seat and thumped him vigorously till he must have felt thoroughly convinced of the truth of the saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." His senses were bewildered, his hair flew about in bunches, his beautiful crimson necktie was torn, and even his breastpin was dislodged. No wonder his choler also rose. Most of the starch, however, was taken out of the unhappy man, who began to shout wildly; thereupon the lady screamed. An old woman in the next row of seats, waking up and hearing the row, devoutly but hurriedly made the sign of the cross and shouted "Murder, fire!" The other passengers, starting from their sleep, cried out, "Collision, accident!" Some snatched their grips and made for the door, others tried to escape without taking any of their portable property; one man asked whether it was a collision or a slip off the rails; two others gathered about the young woman, who was by this time convulsed in a state of howling hysteria, inquiring where she was wounded. The confusion was immediate and indescribable.

But that was only in the beginning, before the inmates of the compartment had shaken off their drowsiness and thoroughly rubbed their eyes. Little by little matters were cleared up, and Mme. Skraghina appealed to the passengers for protection.

The young man protested that he was innocent as a babe unborn and much more in need of protection than she. But they all sat upon the youth, and, of course, took the lady's part, as is usual where a woman plays a part in a scene not clearly understood. They sent for the conductor of the train, who came, accompanied by his assistant, who, having heard the story, drew up a "protocol" and ordered the young man to prepare to leave the train at the next station. He implored them to allow him to continue his journey at least, saying that they might do what they liked at the end of it; otherwise he would lose an important situation and probably also a beloved bride.

"Besides, I never touched the lady. I take my solemn oath I didn't."

"Oh, indeed!" replied Mme. Skraghina. "Then you think no more of perjury than of assaulting unprotected ladies? Didn't you bring your head three times up to mine and touch my face with yours in spite of my expostulations? Come, now, answer me that, sir. Yes or no?"

"I—I did, I suppose—in fact, I know I did, but that was when I was half asleep."

"Oh, was it? You hear that?" she asked, addressing herself to the officials. "Then perhaps you kissed me when you were half asleep, too, eh?"

"I did not kiss you at all. I have no recollection of it, and I certainly had no wish to do it. I would no more kiss you than"—

This was a feeble, ineffective defense to make, for the lady, as I have stated, was very attractive, and it was also clumsily ungallant. Besides, the passengers and the officials would listen to no excuse.

"It was the act of a blackguard," said the conductor, "and you must put up with the consequences. Will you stop that boisterous laughter down there, please? I cannot hear my own voice," added the official, addressing the man standing near the stove.

"You'd laugh just as boisterously yourself if you were in my place," was the quick reply. "It's the jolliest farce that I ever saw, and I've seen a lot in my day. Why, that young man there with the swollen cheek is as innocent as you or I. He was fast asleep when the young woman was kissed."

"That's all bosh," replied the conductor. "Asleep or awake, he must take the consequences of having insulted the lady."

"But he didn't kiss her, I tell you. I saw the whole business."

"Then, who did?" inquired the conductor.

"A dirty stoker, who sat on his hunkers on the floor," said the man.

"How dare you insult me in this gross fashion, sir!" exclaimed La Skraghina. "Is it not bad enough to have been assaulted by a well dressed ruffian here? Must I now hear it said that I was kissed by a filthy stoker? Conductor, I appeal to you for protection."

"I tell you, madame, you were kissed by a dirty stoker. I saw it with my own two eyes, and a blessed dirty stoker he was. You remember the stoker that squatted down there?" he asked his fellow passengers. They all recollected him very well.

"Where is he now?" inquired the conductor.

"He bolted at once at the little station which we entered just as the kiss was given," explained the man.

"It's a horrid lie, sir!" screamed the lady.

"It's no such thing, madame. You were a bit too free with your fingers, that's all. Your sooty admirer left his mark on you too. Here is a pocket mirror. Just glance at your lips, look at your cheek, and you will see the imprint of that kiss as clearly as if it were a picture." And he handed her a small looking glass, which made her reflect more senses than one. It has often been said that a kiss is not tangible nor visible, having neither form nor color. But this osculation was a conspicuous exception, being entirely visible, and its hue was pot black.

"Yes, there's the stoker's monogram, sure enough," exclaimed several of the passengers, who rocked with laughter.

"Good God! I'm ruined!" cried the lady, who forthwith had a fresh attack of hysterics and strange twitches and movements that might have passed for a fit. It possibly might have been mere acting, however.

Abundant cold water was thrown upon Mme. Skraghina, both in the literal and metaphorical sense, for now that the facts had been made clear the passengers were of the opinion that for an unprotected female she had defended herself, if not wisely, yet too well, and her victim, whose hair was thinner and whose cheek was much fuller than when he first entered the compartment, declared that he would prosecute her for libel and assault.

When she recovered her senses, she announced her intention to change to a second class carriage and pay the extra fare, and as she passed through the door she turned a withering look upon the quiet man who stood by the stove and had not slept, exclaiming with all the bitterness she could throw into her voice, "Animal!"

Some days later Mme. Skraghina's bridegroom received a letter, signed by the "animal" in question, informing him that the lady was seen hobnobbing with a handsome young man in a third class carriage at night; that she assaulted a gentleman who said that he would never dream of kissing her, and made no remonstrances whatever to a railway official who did kiss her as he was leaving the train, and that generally her conduct was such that an official protocol had to be drawn up by the authorities. It was a shabby thing for any man to do, the more so as the misleading statements were pretty near the truth.

I heard it stated that no less than three lawsuits were entered for trial by the parties who played the chief parts in this osculatory adventure. None of them, however, was for breach of promise of marriage, for that offense is quite unknown, I believe, to Russian law.—Howard Paul in Philadelphia Times.

A Strange Marriage Story.

While a woman, aged 26, an ironer by trade, was being charged before the Harlesden magistrates with bigamy a curious scene took place. The mother was the chief witness against her daughter and told how she and the husband had sat in a pew in the church while the second marriage went on. The mother said she had told her son-in-law he had better stop the proceedings, but he answered: "I don't want to. I hope he'll be a better husband to her than I've been." The second husband, she said, knew it was a bigamous marriage. When she had finished, the first husband came forward to corroborate the strange story.—London Answers.

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A MISNAMED TOWN.

Even Philadelphia Calls Bustleton a Sleepy Old Place.

Nestling cozily at the junction of two colonial highways out in the Thirty-fifth ward, Bustleton enjoys the unique distinction of being a veritable Sleepy Hollow within the limits of this great city, in spite of the activity supposed to be indicated by its name. While every other portion of the city and many country sections have their free postal delivery systems, the residents of Bustleton are still compelled to go to the postoffice and inquire for any mail matter that may be awaiting them. In the way of facilities for reaching the heart of the city they are also practically no better off than they were half a century ago, when the stage coach was the only method of public conveyance.

The town is most beautifully located at the junction of the old Welsh road, laid out and used almost 200 years ago, and the main road leading from Bucks county to the city, known as the Bustleton turnpike, which was macadamized about 1807. The Welsh road was so named because it held from the old King's highway—the Bristol turnpike—at Holmesburg, to the Welsh hills. Back of Bustleton and running past the old Pennypack Baptist meeting house, the oldest of its kind in the city, is the Krewstown road, which takes its name from a celebrated family of patriots during the Revolutionary war, the descendants of whom are still living in that section.

Bustleton itself, according to tradition, got its name from a woman, who in the early days lived on the site of the present railroad station. She was an active housewife, and when the question of naming the village came up some one suggested the name of the woman. The name was, however, a Welsh one and rather hard for the uninitiated to get around, and that idea was given up. But, according to the stories handed down in the old families, the town was called Bustle town in honor of the bustling character of the woman. Since then the name has been corrupted into Bustleton.

For over 70 years the only means of travel between Bustleton and this city were the old stage coaches. But in 1870 the Pennsylvania railroad built a branch out from Holmesburg, which resulted in driving off the stage coaches. George Birkmann, now proprietor of a hotel at Holmesburg Junction, formerly owned the stage coach line, and he tells many interesting stories of the old days. He bought the line about 1850. But it had been operated for half a century before that by John Risdon, David Davis and others. The fare to and from the city from Bustleton was 25 cents each way. By railroad it is now 64 cents for the round trip, or 38 cents for a single fare.

Two trips were made by the stage coach each way to Second and Arch streets, and the time consumed between the terminal points was one and a half hours. Counting delays, by reason of trains laying over and afterward taking trolley cars at Front and Berks streets, Birkmann claims that there is little or no saving in time between then and now. By the recent taking off of trains for want of traffic, Bustleton is in point of fact no better off today in the matter of early and late transportation than it was when stage coaches were run half a century ago.

Twenty-five years ago Bustleton had the large La Grange and the Lodges' Print works running, which, together with the Yerkes Edge Tool works, near by, gave employment to several hundred people of both sexes. Now not one of these is running, and there is not a single manufacturing interest employing half a dozen hands being carried on in the town. Notwithstanding all this, Bustleton is one of the most delightful and healthful sections of the city in which to live, and its people are happy and contented. But they would like to have mail delivery by carriers.

Among the residents of the pretty little town are still many families whose ancestors for generations back lived and died in the same place. The Dungans, Snyders, Yonkers, Murrys, Brouses, Heritages, Knights, Shallcrosses, Hogans, Greggs and a host of others still live there and vote at the same polling places where their great-grandfathers voted in the early days of the republic.—Philadelphia Record.

The Old Jewish New Year's.

The Jew verily believed that on Rosh Hoshanna, or New Year's day, as is proclaimed in the Unesaneh Tokef, the man's fortune during the ensuing year was ordained by heavenly fiat; the books, not fictitious and imaginary books, but records substantial and real, are opened, man's life in the past year is recorded therein, read, and judgment rendered. The doom could be averted by "repentance, prayer and charity." And charity was practiced more during those days than at any other period. In those days no preacher needed to exhort his congregation to do charity.

Every Friday the sincere, pious Jew set aside such part of his week's earnings as in his loving heart he could spare, and by discreet hand it was distributed among the poor. There was no collector needed to gather in the tithe, but the Jew gave that part of his earnings freely to those who had to depend upon the bounty of their more fortunate brethren for their support. Bnai Yisrael rachmonim hem, the children of Israel, are compassionate, was a saying which every true Jew was anxious to live up to and did live up to.—Minorah Magazine.

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THADY O'DOWDAS' BRIDE.

A Curious Legend of the Kings of Connaught.

Far back in the misty past when every man in Ireland was a saint or a king—and, begorra, there was some was both—the great O'Dowdas reigned in Connaught. They were mighty fine kings and warriors. No batin them at all for fightin big battles, crackin a skull after a fair, emptyin a quart or kissin a purty girl, God forgive them. One fine summer's evenin Thady, the second son—not the heir to the crown—was on the seashore, waitin for the tide. He had just set his fishin lines and put down his lobster pots, for, though he was the son of a king and had hundreds of servants, he was no way proud at all and would put his hand to anything from liftin a creel of turf on an ould woman's back to drivin the cow out of the neighbor's field of oats.

Well, as I said, he was just waitin, lyin on the rocks wid his caubeen pulled down on his nose (the sun was in his eyes). He was listenin to a kind of a little song that he didn't rightly understand. It was a little drone, mixin up a kind of bird and the wind blowin and water playin on the pebbles—a queer sort of a little song that made him wonder greatly, so he rested on his elbow, lookin round to see what was it at all.

He saw just forninst him where the tide was out somethin sittin on a rock covered with seaweed. He saw a very white arm movin up and down, combin long hair. He was puzzled what to do. He said to himself, "That's a dangerous place for bathin, and it's me duty to warn the lady." But still, bein very polite, as become his high station, he did not like to interrupt a lady's dressin, but he decided it was better to vex her itself than to let her be drowned. He just thought he'd see who it was, so he walked quietly, and when he got near enough to see what was it but a young girl with beauty there never was the like, and that's a great word to say in Ireland, where the purty girls are so plentiful. She was combin her hair with the backbone of a fish and lookin at herself in a pool of water, and a garment of seaweed on her that looked for all the world like brown satin.

When she turned her head, combin out the long hair, Thady, seein the beautiful fair and lily white neck, "Mebbe," says he to himself, "the other half of her is a codfish." So he peeped down into the pool, and then he saw two purty white little feet, with pink toes, that couldn't be matched by any ladies in his father's court. So he stole behind the crayture and caught the arm that had the comb. She turned round in a great fright and struggled hard.

Thady told her to be quiet and come home with him easy, that he was a king's son and would make an honest woman of her, and that there was many in his father's dominions would be only too glad of the offer; but she, poor crayture, didn't know a word he was sayin, and began to cry and look at the sea. Every now and again she'd make a dart to get off, but Thady held her firm, when suddenly a lovely necklace of amber fell off her neck. Thady knew by the look of her eye she could not go home without it, as it was by the power of it she could reside at the bottom of the ocean. So he gripped it tight and put it in his pocket, and she walked quiet by his side to his father's palace.

The ould people raised great difficulty about the marriage. As an ould, ancient family, it was fitting they should know who they were bringin with their family; but Thady, never heedin a word they said, married the sea lady, and a purty respectable wife she made, too, and beyond eatin an odd sea rod or bunch of dillisk she was much like the other ladies.

She bore Thady four sons, and there was nothin fishy about them, but as fine children as was in the province of Connaught. One evenin, when the eldest son was just 11 years old, he told his mother he saw his father hide a shinin, purty thing in the hayrick when he was buildin it. Next mornin, when the family arose, the hayrick was scattered to the four winds of heaven, the necklace gone and the sea lady disappeared and never was heard of again, but when any member of the O'Dowdas family dies the west coast of Ireland teems with razor fish.—New Ireland.

Scene on an Electric Car.

Well groomed citizen to a heathen Chinee: "Move up, John, and make room for the gentleman." John quite oblivious of any one addressing him. Citizen gets riled. "You're a highbinder! You're a highbinder, I say!" Having reiterated the "highbinding" statements several times, he inquires of John what's the matter with him. "Me no speak to you. You too much whisky. You don't know what you say." This brings the laugh on the citizen, and as he grows wroth the heathen smiles. What a lesson the heathen taught the citizen of modern Athens in preserving one's temper!—Boston Transcript.

A Wonderful Change.

North Woburn, Mass., Dec. 9, 1898. Mrs. Joseph P. Currell, residing at 130 Pearl street, this city, says she has been a great sufferer from indigestion. Food made her bloat and caused great distress. A friend persuaded her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the first bottle had all been taken she felt better and after the use of four bottles she could eat without distress.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 16, 1898.

THE LICENSE VOTE.

The real friends and consistant advocates of prohibition are greatly elated over the whittling down of the vote in favor of license in this city last Tuesday and with good reason, for it was the smallest that has been cast for years. It was indeed a close shave for license, but those who approve of it say "a miss is as good as a mile."

It must be clear to any intelligent mind that anti-license could have been carried had the professed temperance people been as anxious and earnest in behalf of the No vote as they were for the election of Mr. Davis, who is not one of them, but an avowed license man, but they preferred his success to all other considerations, as inconsistant as it may seem, and bent all their energies to that end. More than that, the question of license or no license was deliberately dropped out of their campaign for no other purpose than to catch votes for their candidate for Mayor. For this Mr. Davis was in no way responsible, for he informed his supporters frankly that he was opposed to prohibition, and if they voted for him it must be with that understanding.

These men who profess so much solicitude for the success of the cause of temperance and the welfare of the city will hardly have the face to come around next year and ask the true friends of no license to help them carry the city.

The voters in this city who are honestly for sobriety and good morals, who do not mix their temperance, religion and ward politics, but take each straight, have good reason to rejoice over the license vote last Tuesday, but would have been a great deal happier had No won the day.

A DRAW GAME.

Tuesday's election in this city was not exactly that either; the Republicans made the most out of it and really won the day. To be sure Mr. Aldrich, the Republican candidate for Mayor, failed of an election, which is sincerely regretted by a host of friends, but they elected 7 of the 8 Alderman-at-Large; 3 of the Ward Aldermen, thus securing a majority of the Board; and every member of the School Committee, the latter the most valuable victory of the day. Mr. Francis M. Pushee put up a good fight for the Board of Public Works and was beaten by only 43 votes. He ought to have been chosen instead of Kennedy. Had Messrs. Wood, Hosmer, Fred J. Brown and Larkin pulled through the general outcome would have been entirely satisfactory to the Republicans.

The Republicans did a good day's work all the same and are well pleased with it. The result demonstrated the wisdom and utility of party organization. It proved too that, united, (as they were not on Tuesday) they are masters of the situation. The election of Mr. Davis really carried with it no significance. His workers admitted that Mr. Aldrich is his equal in every respect, and they stood on platforms just alike. It was a contest between the Republicans on one side for the success of party; on the other, a combination of men whose aim was to beat somebody.

The fight was a stiff one, and the Republicans are feeling far from miserable over the result.

FINISHED.

Last Saturday the treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain was signed. The conference lasted a little longer than the War.

As was to be expected the Spanish Commissioners entered an elaborate protest against the treaty, and satisfied with that they put their names to the document. That it was a hard thing for them and their Nation to do cannot be doubted, but it was the fate of war.

The ratification of the treaty by the American Congress does not admit of a doubt.

SPANIARDS GOING.

January 1, 1899, is the day fixed for the Spanish evacuation of Cuba and by that date the most of them will be gone. Then the sovereignty of Spain over the "Queen of the Antilles" will cease forever. Porto Rico and the Philippines are already ours. It was a glorious War!

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Massachusetts Great and General Court for 1899 will assemble at the State House on January 4. It is safe to say the session will be a long one.

☞ This question is asked: Why is Mr. Ferrin retained in the office of Inspector of Buildings? Of what practical use is he to the city? What does he inspect? How does he earn his salary? The idea prevails that Mr. George E. Fowle of the Board of Public Works has, by virtue of his assignment of duties, full powers as Inspector of Buildings, and if so why does another man fill the office? There is considerable food for thought in these enquiries, which are not meant to cast reflections on Mr. Ferrin, but are aimed at the city authorities.

☞ Mayor-elect Davis has reason for self-congratulation on the size of his vote, which came within 78 of being as large as Hon. Geo. F. Bean's last year. Bean had stronger opposition, but Davis did remarkably well not to fall farther behind him.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. Cone—Salesmen.
Boston Journal—Music.
E. H. Richards—To Let.
E. A. Pierce—"Woburn."
Lawrence Reade—Citation.
Richardson & Bro.—Boiler.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Pettengill & Co.—Ivers & Pond.
Pettengill & Co.—"Who Wants?"

— R. C. 84 Minstrel Show Dec. 21, at Auditorium.

— Drop into Gordon Parker's and look at his Christmas goods.

— Found, a High School Pin, apply to H. M. Call, Walnut street.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Mr. and Mrs. Elmore A. Pierce are confined at home with grip.

— The next assembly of the Woburn Brass Band has been postprned.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— Brooks, the druggist, has a very handsome stock of Christmas goods.

— Many social events are to come off here this month and early in the New Year.

— The Innitou Canoe Club Minstrel Show will be an out and out original production.

— Mrs. Jennings's show windows look as though Santa Claus had been visiting her store lately.

— The nice little snowstorm Monday afternoon and night furnished some slipping around on runners.

— Capt. George W. Nichols, the watchmaker, will please accept our thanks for late Western papers.

— Mr. E. H. Richards advertises his nice new house at Wyman Green for rent. Read what he says about it.

— The annual ball of the Police Association will take place at the Auditorium on Friday evening, Dec. 30.

— There has been a good sale for the Minstrel Show of R. C. 84, and the attendance promises to be large.

— Wednesday morning the mercury showed from 5 to 10 below zero. How's that for winter weather? Pretty stiff, eh?

— The Slater Hall series of Cotillion Parties for 1899 will open before Jan. 1. The prospect for a gay season is excellent.

— It was glorious weather for election day. Not too cold neither mild enough to be sloppy, but just comfortable and nice.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward left here last Wednesday morning for St. Albans, Vt., on business for Ellis & Buswell, the contractors.

— Bear in mind that the Minstrel Show by Relief Corp 84 will be given next Wednesday, evening, Dec. 21, at the Auditorium.

— Mr. Joseph Buck has been housed several days with a severe cold. He and his family reside with his son, City Treasurer John C. Buck.

— LOST—While going to the fire on Sunday morning, Dec. 4, two fire hats belonging to Hose 6. The finder will please leave them at this office.

— We were glad to see the quiet and good order that prevailed on the streets election day. For gentlemanly deportment Woburn can't be outdone.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— There has been considerable good skating on Horn Pond for a week or so and it has been duly inproved by both male and female. Look out for thin ice.

— According to Mr. Waterman Brown's glass, which is never wrong, it was 16 above yesterday morning, 21 degrees warmer than Wednesday morning.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered by Mrs. Adelena B. Chaffee on Dec. 20. Her subject is to be "The New Library of Congress."

— The annual meeting of the First National Bank for the election of Directors and transaction of other business will be held in the Bank parlors on Jan. 10, 1899.

— Mr. George S. Hudson had a very interesting illustrated sea yarn in last Sunday's Boston *Herald*. As a writer of nautical sketches Mr. Hudson stands pretty near the head.

— The City Hall incumbents continue to give all of the public printing to a single office in this city. We are investigating the matter, "and when found will make a note of."

— Mr. W. Frank Fowle returned from a business trip to Pennsylvania in in season to take part in the city election. He was out there in the great snow and didn't enjoy it worth a cent.

— A 100 Horse Power Boiler, in first class condition, comparatively new. Will be sold very low. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main st., Woburn, or 51 Chardon street, Boston.

— Dr. Murphy is gaining. He had partially recovered from the first attack and imprudently went out to visit patients, the consequence of which was a relapse. But he is getting on all right now.

— Ensign Richardson, Sectional Officer, will conduct a Salvation meeting in S. A. Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 16. This will be the Ensign's last meeting here as he goes to Manchester, N. H., next week

— We are authorized to say that a Street Railway will be built between North Woburn and Wilmington as early as July 1 next. The building of the gap will be a great advantage to Woburn and the N. W. St. R. R.

— Last Friday evening the East Middlesex Stable Association presented Lawrence Reade, Esq., with a handsome cane as a token of their appreciation of his services as President of the Association, and of his personal worth.

— Mrs. Knapp of Blanchard, Maine, is visiting her son, Mr. Walter C. Knapp of Church ave., foreman of the Woburn Gas Works. Mrs. Knapp and Mr. Charlie A. Jones are old acquaintances which means a pleasant meeting.

— Maj. Harry B. Fairbanks of Worcester, of 2nd Mass. U. S. V., will address the Men's League on the evening of Dec. 21, on his experiences in the Santiago campaign. Tickets to be had of members, President and Secretary and C. M. Strout.

— Towanda Club will give a Smoke Talk at their Club Room on this evening, Dec. 16, at 7 45 o'clock. The gallant Major Gihon of the 6th Regiment will relate some of his experiences in the Spanish War which cannot but be highly entertaining.

— Mr. George T. Connor has laid out large for the holidays. His pleasant store is headquarters for all sorts of beautiful and useful goods for Christmas presents and already the people have began to buy. Purchasers looking for nice things will miss it if they fail to drop into Connor's.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Oriental Rugs

form an important part of our extensive assortment of floor coverings.

They combine utility with beauty in a marked degree—wear for a lifetime, and are a constant delight to the artistic eye, day by day.

Our display of Axminster and Brussels carpets, etc., includes many private and exclusive patterns, to be found nowhere else.

Prices are **made** moderate and are **kept** so.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.
Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

Boston Dry Goods and Jewelry Stores

cannot compete with our store this year. We are selling a Silver Baking Dish for $2.50 that you have seen sold for $5.00 in Boston. Cut glass Salts and Pepper with sterling silvertops for 15c. Sterling silver Shoe Buttoners, 5-inch tongue, for 25c. Sterling silver Manacure Scissors, 69c.

Ladies' Long Chains. We are selling the best 14k gold filled chains, warranted 20 years, with solid gold slide, from $3.00 to $6.00.

Gent's or Ladies' Solid Gold Cuff Buttons. Over 200 patterns. A nice Christmas present. From $2.75 to $6.50.

Gent's Diamond Pin. A Gentleman's Diamond Scarf Pin. Not a large stone, but a neat little pin; can be used for a Stick Pin for lady or Scarf Pin for gentlemen. A Solid Gold Diamond Pin for $3.00.

Ladies' or Gent's Gold Headed Umbrellas. Pure Silk; as good value as can be found. From $2.00 up.

Ladies' Watches. We have Ladies' Gold Filled Watches. Good value for $8.50. We can give a Ladies' 14k Gold Filled, warranted 20 years, for $13.96. A solid gold, full jewelled, for $19.00.

$3.00 Gold Glasses. Mother would like a nice pair of glasses for Christmas. We have them in 14k solid gold filled; the same quality has been sold in this town for $6.00.

Gentlemen's Watches. A wife wishing to make her husband a Christmas present of a nice Silver Watch at $12.00, or a 14k gold filled, warranted 20 years, at $18.00. We will guarantee to exchange or refund the money if the husband is not satisfied.

Do not buy of young inexperienced jewelers, they can be deceived in buying goods, and in selling deceive you unintentionally. Every piece of goods we sell our reputation is at stake, and we give the best guarantee on our goods that can be given, to replace any article not proving satisfactory with new goods. No one can do more.

OSBORN GILLETTE,
Manufacturing Jeweler,
379 Main St., Woburn.

— Mr. and Mrs. George A. Simonds started for California on their honeymoon trip last Tuesday morning and will remain on the Pacific Coast until next April. In that time Mr. Simonds hopes to get shut of the malarial attacks which have troubled him for some time past.

— At last! Mayor Feeney has reappointed Col. William T. Grammer Assessor, and Mr. Thomas D. Hevey member of the Board of Overseers of the Poor. These appointments have been held up ever since early in the year. We are glad these gentlemen have got there at last.

— We heard Tuesday that the chap who sold clothing tickets here lately is not here now, to the regret of quite a good many men who bought chances to get clothing cheap. A few persons got what they bargained for, but the majority of purchasers came up minus clothing and money.

— The teas and coffees of Winslow, Rand & Watson advertised in this paper are perfectly pure and of high grade quality. Wherever once introduced, in cans, they have become popular because of their excellence, and the sales increase. Once tried they need no further recommendation.

— Our old friend, Mr. Harrison Bates, dropped in on the JOURNAL folks last Saturday and received his customary cordial welcome. Although 86 years old he tripped up the JOURNAL's elevator as briskly as a boy and on reaching the top did not pant nearly as hard as some callers of half his age do.

— George Willard Smith, 14 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Willard Smith, is slowly recovering from an attack of fever from which he has been suffering about 7 weeks. He is able to leave his bed and be dressed, but it will be some little time before he gets outdoors. He endured his sickness bravely.

— Mr. J. Leathe gives notice to the person who stole a pair of rubber overshoes from his store window about noon one day last week that if the shoes do not fit, or there are any outs about them, he will exchange them for another pair and guarantee satisfaction in every particular. That seems to be fair enough.

— The following officers have been elected by Burbank Post 33, G. A. R: Commander, Bernard Fletcher; S. V. C., W. H. Mathews; J. V. C., Rufus R. Whitten; Surgeon, Joseph Johnson; Q. M., John F. Larkin; Chaplain, A. R. Linscott; O. of D., W. C. C. Colegate; O. of G., William Arnold; Delegate, Albert P. Barrett; Alternate, James McDonald.

— The Woburn JOURNAL says that in the Republican city convention over there last week every single delegate voted for Benjamin Hinckley for Mayor. Did all the married delegates vote against him, and was that the reason why he declined? We pause for a reply.—*Reading Chronicle.* Years do not blunt the keen edge of the wit of our venerable friend of the *Chronicle*

— We are to have another wholesale meat exchange in this city. J. H. and J. C. Buck are to give up their agency for Armour's beef and become the salesmen for Hammond's products, while the Armour agency is to be conducted by a foreman of their own, as Swift's now is. That will make three establishments in this city for the distribution of the Chicago meat products.

— Linnell's Market will be loaded down with good things for the Christmas dinner. Among them prominently appear turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, beef, pork, lamb, to go with which every namable vegetable known in this market will be found. The young men who look after the customers are bright, fair dealing, and obliging, and will cordially greet all the customers that come.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson, salesman at Hammond's, is hauled up for repairs. Two weeks ago he struck his right elbow against the corner of a showcase in the store since which he has had a bad arm. He thought nothing of it at the time but it grew worse until he was obliged to go to Dr. Harlow for help. He is still off duty, although the doctor assures Mr. Thomson that his arm is improving.

— The popular grocery store of Mr. Willis J. Buckman begins to wear a holiday appearance and a Christmas atmosphere pervades it. The proprietor is one of the squarest men in this city and is not only a popular grocer but a successful one. He is making all due preparations to supply good housewives with the best quality of ingredients for their Christmas dinners, and warrants perfect satisfaction in goods and prices.

— Mr. John F. Larkin ought by good rights to have been elected an Alderman-at-Large, for his record for the current year shows that he deserved it. He has been one of the best and truest members of the Board, always ready to stand up for the right and advocate and vote for the best public measures. He is too honest and straightforward to be real popular with his party and to that fact was due his defeat.

— We have been permitted to see enough of the inside of the Minstrel Show of the Innitou Canoe Club to be able to announce to the public that it will be all right. There are more original features and things about it—words, songs and scenes—than was ever crowded into a show of the kind given by local talent in this city. It is funnier than all get out from beginning to end, and the best young people in town are the actors. It will be a great treat.

— At the late election of Camp 66, Sons of Veterans the following officers were chosen: Captain, Edwin K. Porter; 1st Lieut, Marcus H. Cotton; 2d Lieut., E. E. Foss; Camp Council, Roderick Foss, N. W. Eaton, F. E. Cotton; Delegates, W. F. Cummings, Charles H. Eaton; Alternates, James M. Kimball, Marcus H. Cotton. The Camp has a membership of about 60, all clean and worthy young men, and is in a prosperous condition.

— At a meeting and reception of distinguished guests by the New England Women's Press Association held at the Parker House, Boston, last Monday evening, there were about 100 members and guests present. Miss Marian T. Hosmer, of the Rumford House, N. W., was one of the three ladies who presided at the tables where chocolate and tea were served. Representatives of many Women's Clubs were present and enjoyed the hospitalities of the Association.

— The officers for the current year of Woburn Council, K. of C., are: Dennis D. Begley, GK; Dr. P. A. Caulfield, DGK; M. E. Fitzgerald, C; Albert E. Maguire, RS; John Lynch, FS; Charles L. O'Neil, W; John P. Feeney, A; Thomas W. Kenney, L; Rev. James Gilday, Chap; P. P. Dowling, IG; Charles J. Quigley, OG; James McDonald, Timothy Calnan, Charles L. O'Neil, Trustees; Dennis D. Begley, Timothy Calnan, Delegates; John P. Feeney, James F. McGrath, Alternates.

— At noon Thursday, Dec. 8, 1898, Miss Maud Wood, oldest daughter of Mr. James R. Wood, was married at the home of her father on Salem street, this city, to Mr. Charles Park of Boston. Owing to the illness of the bride's brother only the immediate family were present at the ceremony. After Feb. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Park will be at home at the Ranelegh, No. 11 Montfort street, Boston. In times past the bride has been an appreciated contributor to the JOURNAL and we wish her much joy of her married life, and also to her husband.

— Last Tuesday morning Mr. Geo. S. Hudson, local reporter of the Boston *Herald*, fetched and left at the news and periodical store of Moore & Parker the life preserver taken by him from the body of the Hon. Mr. Foster of Portland, Maine, member of the Governor's Council of that State, who was lost on the steamship Portland, when the body came ashore on the Cape. It is filled with ground cork, which is one of the several kinds of legal filling for life preservers, but is not proof against drowning. It can be seen at Moore & Parker's.

— Two fine Minstrel Shows are on the carpet, both firstclass. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 12, the Woman's Relief Corps, 84, will give the first one at the Auditorium for which preparations have been in progress several weeks. After that, on Dec. 28, the Innitou Canoe Club will throw the town into broad grins and peals of laughter with their Minstrel Show to come off in the Auditorium. Burnt cork is in the ascendant this winter and it would not be surprising if the Lady Minstrels and Mishawum Club should give the community something nice in the line before a great while.

— The State Census publications of Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, always contain something of interest. Part 2, Volume 3 of the Census of 1895 treats of public and private schools, and libraries and readingrooms, under the general head of "Population and Social Statistics." In looking over this Part, received a few days ago, we find that Woburn in 1895 had 14 school buildings valued at $224,051, with property amounting to $9,500. Under the head of "Libraries" the information is given that Woburn in 1895 had six libraries; 50,940 books; value of books $71,525; circulation, 66,665; endowed 1; amount of endowment, $305,269; income from all sources $6,951; number of readingrooms, 2. These statistics are reliable and will be studied with interest. They will also be new to many of our readers.

— Last Friday morning, on the first trip down, while his train stopped at the Highlands, Conductor Richard Carton opened one of the doors of the baggage car from the inside, as he had done hundreds of times before, and when it was partly opened the train gave a sudden jerk which threw it to and at the same time twisted his left hand and wrist in a way that wrenched the wrist out of joint and broke one of the bones. With the assistance of baggageman Phillips Conductor Carton reset the joint and proceeded with his train into Boston. A professional examination disclosed a broken wrist as well as a disjointed one, and the Conductor was ordered to lay off from work, which he is now doing. The doctor said it would be six or eight weeks before he could resume his work on the road. Conductor Carton entered the employ of the Boston & Lowell Railroad Company in 1865, and during his 33 years of service that of last Friday was the first injury or scratch he had received while on duty. And he was lucky to get off as well as he did.

SCROFULA

It is Foul Blood's Advertisement

But It is Soon Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Yes, Scrofula, if anything, may be called the advertisement of foul blood. It is the scourge of the world—offensive, painful, debilitating, stubborn and well nigh unendurable.

Outward applications do not cure, they only drive the difficulty to new quarters. Emollients may palliate, they cannot abolish the evil. There is but one sure way out, and that is to eliminate the taint from the blood.

There is one remedy that can effect this, and it is the only one that, so far as we know, has almost invariably succeeded—even where the system has been poisoned by long years of taint, and the ravages to be repaired are tremendous. That remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"My daughter was afflicted with impure blood. There were running sores all over her body and they caused her much suffering. We tried medicines that were recommended as blood purifiers, but could not see that they did any good. A friend told me about Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began giving the girl this medicine. The result was that she was perfectly cured after taking a few bottles. She has had no symptoms of scrofula sores since that time." MARIETTA M. SMITH, South Middleboro, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Insist upon Hood's; take no substitute.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In this Building

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys' Clothing

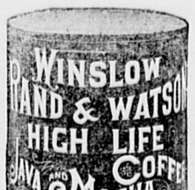
as it is possible to put together.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.



Winslow, Rand & Watson,
High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only;
Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!
For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portaits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three dsys before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.

What Better Christmas Present Can you give than a copy of
Residential Woburn?

Handsome cloth binding, elegant gold stamped cover only $1.25 per copy; Card covers, 75 cts. per copy. ELMORE A. PIERCE, 396 Main St., one flight. Also at MOORE & PARKER'S, HIGHLEY'S AND GORDON PARKER'S.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce, author and publisher of "Residential Woburn," advertises copies of that splendidly illustrated book for sale at cost price, $1.25. A handsomer or more appropriate Christmas present could not be given.

— Sunday evening at the First church the orchestra under Mr. E. A. Lewis will play at 6.45. Among other selections will be Beethoven's Romance op. 30 with violin solo by Mr. Lewis. There will be the usual congregational singing led by the instruments. Mr. Scudder will preach. Remember the hour is a quarter to seven.

— While driving to the polling place last Tuesday morning with Mr. John Fowle as a passenger Mr. William T. Kendall's sleigh struck a snowdrift near Hosmer's Corner, Button End, and capsized throwing the men out. The horse ran away and was caught at Stoneham; the sleigh was considerably used up; and Mr. Kendall's face came out rather the worse for the accident. The city ought to pay the damages.

— Going to Boston on the 7.35 train Wednesday morning Mr. C. Willard Smith was taken suddenly and severely ill and removed from the train at Winchester by F. B. Richardson, J. F. DeLoriea and others. Dr. Mead was called in and Mr. Smith carried home. He was unconscious most of the time. Dr. Chalmers was summoned and found him seriously sick. It appeared to be a case of heart failure, the result of a chill perhaps. Late yesterday Mr. Smith was unable to leave his bed.

— On Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, 1899, the Friday Night Club will give one of their delightful Assemblies at Lyceum Hall, and to enable the votaries of Terpsichore to attend in great numbers in evening dress the price of tickets has been fixed at the very moderate figure of 50 cents. Harry Dogget of Boston, a famous musician who almost everybody has heard of, and of whom Boston is proud, will furnish the music, the bare statement of which fact ought of itself to fill Lyceum Hall with dancers and merrymakers. But there is more to it: a large number of card-tables will be furnished for the pleasure of those who like a "quiet little game" from which pretty souvenirs will be distributed to the players. The tables will be arranged to suit and accommodate the young, middle aged and old, and this will prove a pleasing feature of the Assembly. Please remember time and place.

— The attendance at the Men's Supper at First Church on Thursday evening, Dec. 8, was unusually large and composed of an intelligent class of people. This was chiefly due to the strong literary attractions provided by the committee in charge, increased somewhat by the novelty of the affair, and a general desire for a good supper. This latter turned out to be all that had been promised by the men and was really a fine one. There was a variety of good wholesome food, admirably cooked, and well served. Everyone had enough to eat and all bent to the viands in a hearty fashion. There were no hitches anywhere; the men carried out their parts in good shape. To hear Rev. John L. Scudder, brother of Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the First church of Woburn, expound the doctrine of Parish Houses as he has established the system in connection with Palace church, Brooklyn, N. Y., of which he is pastor, doubtless accounted for the presence of a large number of people who would hardly have ventured out just for the sake of getting a square meal before going to bed. Mr. Scudder had a fine story to tell about institutional churches and darish houses, but it occurred to some of his listeners that Woburn might possibly be found an unproductive field for such a work. And then, a good many old fashioned Christians think that plain simple Bible gospel, without frills and furbelows, is good enough for them. Rev. Mr. Scudder is a pleasing speaker, earnest and conscicencious in carrying on his work, and his discourse was listened to with great attention. Other gentlemen made remarks; good music filled up the intervals and enhanced the pleasure of the eating; and on the whole the evening was pleasantly and profitably spent.

— Our ice dealers begin to prick up their ears, for the harvest is at hand. We can assure them of one thing, and that is there will be a big crop of ice this winter.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

It has been a long time since the Boston stage has presented a play so popular as "Because She Loved Him" now running at the Boston Museum. City and suburban people have gone quite wild over it and during the three weeks of its run crowded houses have greeted it at every presentation. "Because She Loved Him" is a farce with loads of genuine fun in it, a lesson in the cure of jealousy, one of William Gillette's best compositions, Charles Frohman's annual Museum productions, and a magnificent success in every respect. Each evening's entertainment begins at 8 o'clock, and the Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2 in the afternoon. Many Woburn people have been in to see "Because She Loved Him," but there are others who have not, and these should not delay their visit to the Old Museum if they would enjoy the funniest play on the stage.

Are You in Fashion?

If Not, You Should Join the Procession at Once.

BOSTON, Dec. 12—The people of New England know where to look for the news in war times as in days of peace, consequently they bought The Boston *Globe* in 1898 as they never had before that, or any other Boston newspaper. The average circulation of The *Globe* for the first 11 months of this year was,

Daily Globe	233,286
Sunday Globe	269,563

The figures are a credit to New England. Her people may well be proud of the fact that The Boston *Globe* has a larger circulation than any other two-cent daily paper in the United States. Do you read The *Globe*. If not you are not in fashion. Try it for 1899.

YOUR BEST MAN

would advise you to buy his Christmas remembrance at our store. We have the most useful gifts to be found. Here are a few suggestions as to what articles are always acceptable to mankind:

NECKTIES,

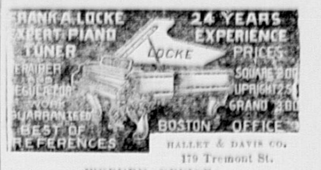
And this means Puffs, Tecks, Fours-in-Hands, Imperials, Ascots, Band-fours, String Ties, and Button-on-fours.

Suspenders in boxes and otherwise.
Gloves lined and unlined.
Shirts white and fancy.
Nightshirts.
Underwear.
Collars and Cuffs.
Handkerchiefs
Shields for use with Full Dress Shirts.
Silk Mufflers.
Cardigan Jackets.
Sweaters.
Wristers.
Umbrellas.
Dress Suit Cases.
Bags.
Etc., Etc.

It will be a pleasure to help you in your selections.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

OPEN EVENING, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Lessons Given in Classes if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.
Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent
FLOUR
(Spring Wheat.)
$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

About Postoffice Business.

On Nov. 29, Postmaster Hagerty received the following from the Postoffice Department relative to the free delivery system:

Sec. 621—Amended Postal Laws and Regulations: Carriers are required while on their rounds to receive letters, prepaid by postage stamps handed them for mailing, but should not delay their deliveries by waiting for such letters. They are forbidden to receive money to pay postage on letters handed them for mailing.

Carriers will not be permitted to purchase stamps for patrons except as provided in order No. 337 of the Postmaster General dated May 29th, 1898.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Man, The Upward Looker." Sunday School at 12 M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 6.45 P. M., Orchestral and Evangelistic Service. Preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Friday evening at 7.30.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5 45 P. M. Service at 7 P. M. Subject: "Yes and No." Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.45. Subject: "Preparation for the Advent."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—4th Sunday in Advent. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M., Junior League. At 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. At 7 P. M., Public Service. Address by Miss Ella E. Glover of China. Tuesday, Class Meeting. Friday, Prayer Meeting.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 8, by Rev. Edward D. Towle, Charles E. Park of Boston and Maud M. Wood of Woburn.

In Winchester, Dec. 7, by Rev. John W. Suter, Joseph Brown and Nellie Given, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 11, Joseph Johnson, aged 79 years, 5 months, 18 days.

In this city, Dec. 11, Ledda, daughter of Henry and Lorinda Boucher, aged 4 years, 8 months.

In this city, Dec. 12, Annie McMillan, aged 32 years.

At his residence, 18 Warren Ave., at 12.20 p. m., Dec. 15, Mr. David A. Hunt, aged 82 years. Funeral Sunday afternoon.

Christmas Goods.

In addition to our large stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods we are showing a choice line of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have been months in collecting this stock, culling novelties and rare specimens from many manufactories and many countries, the whole forming a collection well worth seeing, and giving an opportunity to purchase gifts rarely found in one store.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

Sixtieth Anniversary.

It is very seldom that a man and wife celebrate the 60th anniversary of their wedding day; few live long enough to do that; a Golden Wedding is thought to be a rare occurrance; but Mr. and Mrs. James Partridge of this city, in good health and fine spirits, have been spared by a kind providence to reach the end of 60 years of wedded life, and duly celebrated the event at their pleasant home on last Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 10. It was a notable event and a day of great pleasure.

James Partridge and Miss Adeline Gidden Harrington were married at Rockland, Me., Dec. 10, 1838. They had three children, Laura L., J. Lester and Francis Adams, all living, and eight grandchildren, all living with one exception. James Partridge was born in Thomaston (now Rockland), province of Maine, Jan. 9, 1810. Mrs. Partridge was born at Damariscotta, Me., Sept. 20, 1821. In 1869 they moved to Woburn, where they have lived since, with the exception of two years passed in Wakefield, Mass.

The preceeding paragraph was taken from the Boston *Transcript* of last Saturday evening, and if erroneous someone of the Partridge family will confer a favor by correcting the same.

In the nearly 30 years that Mr. Partridge and his family have been residents of Woburn they have gathered around them a large circle of friends which they deserve, for better people than they are, or more deserving of the confidence and esteem of the community, it would be impossible to find. They are entitled to be called "old residents," and as such the celebration last Saturday was an event of more than usual interest to the people of our town. This was shown by the large number of callers during the afternoon and evening; the warmth of congratulations; the many presents; and other expressions of friendship and good will. The affair was a pleasant one from beginning to end and highly enjoyed.

A 60th wedding day anniversary is an uncommon occurance, but natives of the State of Maine live virtuous lives and to that fact is doubtless attributable their extraordinary length of days.

The JOURNAL sincerely congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Partridge on their long and happy union, and the social success of their celebration.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying "Electric Bitters," and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents a bottle at Parker's Drug Store.

Obituary.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, December 11, 1898, Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON, a Veteran of the Civil War, a prominent citizen, held in high esteem by all who knew him, passed away at his residence 151 Pleasant street, this city, after a short illness, at a ripe age. He was one of the old time leather workers of Woburn, only a few of whom are left.

Mr. Johnson was born in the southwestern part of Woburn of Deacon Ezekiel and Hannah Johnson on May 23, 1819. The father of Deacon Ezekiel, Captain Josiah Johnson, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

Joseph remained on his father's farm until he was 17, when he went to live with Deacon John Cummings, father of Hon. John Cummings, to learn the leather trade.

After serving his time he worked for Warren Fox and others until 1842, when he secured employment with A. Thompson & Co., and remained with this firm and successors nearly 50 years.

In 1841 he joined the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and was a member when the Civil War broke out.

In June, 1861, he joined a party going to Washington, and they enlisted in the Somerville Company of the 5th Regiment, Capt. Brastow, and participated in the action at Bull Run.

In 1862 he again enlisted with the 5th Regiment, and served his term of nine months. During this period his only son, Charles H. Johnson, was in the Army.

Mr. Johnson was for many years a member of the town's fire service. He was a member of Post 33, G. A. R., and for years had held the office of Surgeon.

On Sept. 28, 1842, he married Susan W. Daland, whose death occurred several years ago. He left a son, Mr. Charles H. Johnson, who holds an office at the State House, a daughter, Susan Josephine, and several other near relatives, to mourn his death.

The deceased was universally esteemed as an honest, upright and generous hearted man. He had no enemies, for his whole life was blameless.

The funeral was held at his late residence at 2 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Dr. March and Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastors of First church, conducted the religious services. The Tripp's were the undertakers. The remains were interred in Brookside.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says: "A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.'" He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Railway Tracks on Highways.

A great deal of damage is frequently done to improved highways by electric and dummy railway companies, which tear up the roadway for laying of tracks without properly repairing it. Railways of this kind ought to be built on private property; they do not belong upon public highways which have been improved at great expense, and both the tracks and cars are often very much of a nuisance to teams. Where a franchise is granted for the laying of tracks upon a public road, it should not only provide that the railway company shall properly restore and maintain the highway, but should be so drawn as to make it possible to enforce this provision by suitable penalties and forfeitures. It might be made a condition of the franchise that no cars shall be run until the roadway has been repaired to the satisfaction of the town officers, and their approval obtained in writing. Franchises are generally sought on the main road, the travel on which has largely increased as the result of its improvement.—L. A. W.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

City Election.

The Boston dailies of Wednesday morning contained portraits of the successful candidates for Massachusetts city Mayors elected the day before and the handsomest and happiest looking one of the whole lot was that of Mr. William F. Davis who won the prize in this city by the unprecedented majority of 571. Mr. Davis was exceedingly delighted over the result, as well he might be. His grand triumph was not due so much to his personal popularity, although he is a very popular gentleman, as to the heavy weights which were forced onto the Republicans and hoodooed that party; the wisdom, skill and activity of his campaign managers; and above all to the house to house and man to man canvass which they adopted and so successfully carried through. Although the JOURNAL feels sorrowful and cast down over his election, preferring greatly that Mr. Aldrich should have been successful, it nevertheless extends to Mr. Davis its best wishes and trusts that his administration may be a pleasant one and profitable to the city.

The Republicans have no cause to be down hearted over the election. They elected all their candidates for Aldermen at Large except one, and a better set of men for the Board could not well have been selected. Everyone of them is intelligent, clean, and will give us a firstrate administration. These with three Ward Aldermen give the Republicans a working majority in the Board which is good enough. If Mr. James R. Wood had been elected in Ward 5 we would have been satisfied.

The Republican candidates for School Committee, of more real importance than any of the rest, were elected in fine shape. Messrs. Bean, Bixby and Chalmers will make a strong and able addition to the Board, and good things will be expected of them.

Mr. Francis M. Pushee should have been elected and failed by only a few votes. His defeat was due to unworthy motives on the part of those who should have been his staunch supporters. He was a good candidate.

The greatly reduced Yes vote was highly gratifying to the real friends of temperance, and fills them with confidence in their ability to win next time. If the professed friends of no license had been as true to their alleged principles and had worked as hard to defeat license as they did to elect Davis this would have been a clean temperance city next year. They will probably get their eyes open before the end of 1899.

On the whole the Republicans came out very nearly at the head of the heap on election day and are duly grateful for the same. They control the Aldermanic Board, have the School Committee, and what if they did lose the Mayor?

MAYOR.

Henry M. Aldrich	593
*William F. Davis	1164
James H. Kelley	732
John O'Donnell	178

ALDERMEN AT LARGE.

*David W. Brown	1259
*G. Wm. Buchanan	1254
*Timothy Calnan	1702
Edward Cassidy	1099
*Edmund C Cottle	1518
George F. Hosmer	1082
*B. Frank Kimball	1288
John F. Larkin	917
*Arthur G Loring	1157
Andrew McHugh	831
James F. McKenna	990
*Benjamin H. Nichols	1303
Patrick W. O'Connor	897
*Arthur B. Wyman	1294

ALDERMEN BY WARDS.

Ward 1.	
Fred J. Brown	211
*Thomas H. Dolan	265
Ward 2.	
*Edward E. Lynch	319
Charles R. Rosenquist	199
Ward 3.	
John W. Fox	213
*Timothy E. Walsh	243
Ward 4.	
*William L. Murdock	249
Joseph H. Parker	205
Ward 5.	
*Aug. B. McCarthy	113
James R. Wood	82
Ward 6.	
*Arthur U. Dickson	159
Robert B. Wyman	99
Ward 7.	
*Patrick Daly	140

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

*Michael J. Kennedy	1239
Francis M. Pushee	1196

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

*George F. Bean	1833
*Josiah P. Bixby	1791
*Robert Chalmers	1946
William F. Kenney	1333

LICENSE VOTE.

Yes	1293
No	1170

*Elected.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store, large bottles 50 cents and $1 00.

Music Free.

Not content with giving more special features than others, the Boston *Sunday Journal* will, with its next issue, Dec. 18, give to each of its readers a popular music supplement.

This will consist of both vocal and instrumental selections, and by the high standard set by the *Journal* in its other departments, it can safely be predicted that not only will this new feature be successful, but that it will further be artistic, well done, and that the music will consist of the latest popular compositions. It is really incredible the amount of reading and entertainment the Boston *Sunday Journal* offers the public each week, as with the addition of the music supplement this week their patrons will receive no less than 104 pages of reading matter.

That the public appreciate the *Journal's* liberal policy is attested to by its rapidly increasing popularity and consequent circulation.

Order your newsdealer in advance to leave you a copy of next *Sunday's Journal.*

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

The most satisfactory Place to procure

Holiday Gifts

—IS AT—

Brooks's Drug Store

We have taken pains to provide an assortment of articles appropriate as presents for a gentleman or lady, boy or girl.

To be Mustered Out.

The Sixth Massachusetts will be mustered out at the expiration of its furlough, Jan. 3. This will give the Bay State more than its share of mustered-out regiments, but the War Department rightfully concedes that in view of its arduous services in the War the Sixth is entitled to special consideration. It is a splendid body of officers and men which Col. Rice returns to the Massachusetts Militia—one more Regiment of seasoned veterans.—*Boston Journal.*

There are Woburn members of the 6th who will appreciate the above handsome compliment, and also be gratified to learn that the Regiment is so soon to go out of the service. It won honors enough in Porto Rico to last the boys a lifetime.

Pub. Docs.

By courtesy of Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, we are in receipt of a copy Part 1, Vol. 3, of the Census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for 1895, for which we return thanks. The issue is devoted to Population and Social Statistics, treated under several subheads, and all under the general subhead of "Parent Nativity."

Studying Middlesex county we find the population of Woburn in 1895 was 14,178. Of these 5,990 were born in Woburn; 2,523 in other Massachusetts towns; 1,003 in other New England States; 447 in other United States; and 4,215 in all foreign countries.

There are 9 other sub-divisions of the nativity of the parents, all of which the Woburn reader will find of interest. We shall refer to this Part of the Census later on.

Literary Notices.

The current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is a Christmas one, and a beauty. HARPER'S always has something particularly good and attractive for the "Merry" month, and never has it succeeded in issuing a more beautiful thing than its December number. Its literary contents are fresh and up to date, while the art work is profuse and of a superior character. Its special features are: Old Captain with 11 illustrations including the frontispiece; The Rescue of the Winslow, 6 ills.; The Coming Fusion of East and West; A Ballad of Manila Bay, ills.; The White Forest, 9 ill.; How the Other Half Laughs, 13 ills.; The Martyr's Idyl, 6 ills.; The Esmeralda of Rocky Canon by Bret Harte, 5 ills.; and many other stories, poems, sketches, all of the first order of merit.

*** HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Co., 14-20 Franklin street, Boston; and by Moore & Parker, Woburn.

A Christmas Mosaic opens the December number of DONAHOE'S, and all through the issue the Christmas thought is dominant. Rarely has a more beautiful collection of Christmas pictures been placed before the public. The leading number, The Desired of All Nations, by A. F. X. Emmett, is an exquisite essay on the Holy Night, illustrated by page reproductions of the works of famous artists. Herbert M. Sylvester contributes A Morsel in Season, a composite picture of Christmas tide and its influence on rich and poor, "each heart making its own music." Other distinctively Christmas features are, The Maestro's Gift at Navidad, by Mary F. Nixon; Christmas Day, by Rev. D. A. Hanley; Christmas poems, by Julia Teresa Butler, Gertrude Menard and William Hopkins. There are five short stories all treating of the great feast. Under Men and Things, the editor, Henry Austin Adams, M. A., makes pertinent comment on various topics. The cover is an original design by a New York artist, and is thoroughly in keeping with the Christmas season.

Of late years it has become customary for the December publications to distinguish their Christmas issue merely by a suggestion of holly on the cover, and an increased bulk of advertising announcements. The Christmas tenor of the contents appears in many cases a secondary matter. A notable exception for this year is THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE of Boston, the popular-priced periodical which is making such a positive and aggressive success. The excellent cover design, The Christmas Carnival Girl, is new and striking; and is supplemented by an original frontispiece, Hanging the Mistletoe. Three Christmas stories, besides a general suggestion of the season throughout the contents in its cheeriness and bright enthusiasm, gives THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for December a distinctively refreshing as well as interesting holiday atmosphere. The edition was largely increased this month to meet the demand. Don't miss securing the Christmas number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Ten cents per copy, $1 per year. The W. W. Potter Co., 91 Bedford St., Boston.

The December issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE appears in a special holiday cover with a varied and attractive table of contents. The frontispiece of the magazine, a reproduction from a religious painting by an Italian artist, is suggestive of the Christmas season. One of the important features of the number is the beautifully illustrated article on Adolph Menzel, of whose work Mr. W. Henry Winslow treats under the title, Prussia's Greatest Artist. Among the illustrations appear reproductions of many of Menzel's paintings, lithographs, and vignettes. Mr. E. C. Gardner contributes Colonial Architecture. Relief Tablets on the New Congregational House are described and explained by Rev. Edward G. Porter, while photographic fac-similes of the four reliefs are reproduced. Mr. Abram English Brown writes of a Journal of the Minister of Bedford, which is now in the possession of the Bedford (Mass.) Historical Society. Mr. William Carver Bates, in Boston Writing Masters Before the Revolution, tells of an old copy book still in existence, a relic of the old South Writing School, the fourth public school established in Boston. Miss Edith Parker Thompson, under the title A Remarkable Boy's Club, discusses the important philanthropic work which is being done in Fall River. Her article is fully illustrated. Mr. William Everett Cram records his observations of the habits of squirrels, under the title The Red Squirrel at Home, illustrating his account with many of his own drawings. While spending several years in the South, Rev. William E. Barton made a collection of negro songs and under the title Plantation Hymns gives many which have never before been put into print. Mr. E. P. Powell, in The Battle of the Migrations, tells of the settlements west of the Mississippi. Fiddle and Jimmie, by Miss May McHenry, is attractively illustrated with drawings by Sears Gallagher. St. Catherine's is a Christmas sketch, and An Engagement at Sea is a story by Lewis E. MacBrayne. The Editor's Table deals with territorial expansion and the duties which confront our nation regarding its proposed new possessions, and makes an urgent plea for the better organization of the world. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

WINCHESTER.

The Calumet Club held a Ladies Night last Tuesday evening.

The annual meeting of the National Bank for the election of Directors will be held on Jan. 9.

High School Class 99 will hold a dancing festival in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Dec 23.

Last week Winchester Council, K. of C., elected the following officers: Grand Knight, J. P. Colbert; Deputy Grand Knight, G. LeDuc; Chancellor, Jos. Whalen; Recording Secretary, J F. Holland; Financial Secretary, W. J. Daly; Treasurer, M. E. O'Leary; Lecturer, A. McKenzie; Advocate, T. O'Loughlin; Warden, T. O'Connors; Inside Guard, D. McKenzie; Outside Guard, B. Rogers; Board of Trustees, C. F. McCarthy, T. O'Loughlin, Edw. Maguire.

The following are the new officers of Aberjona Colony, R. A.: F. E H Heath, Regent; A. Wm. Rooney, Vice Regent; Dr. Hovey L. Shepard, Orator; Joseph J. Todd, Past Regent; Warren F. Foster, Secretary; Fred S. Scales, Collector; George E. Morrill, Treasurer; Frank S. Pratt, Chaplain; J. W. Soars, Jr. Warden; Frank H. Swan, Sentry; Newton A. Knapp, Trustee for three years; Fred A. Parshley, Representative to Grand Council; Joseph J. Todd, Alternate.

Burlington.

Rev. I. Pierson, pastor of Union church, Medford, will preach on Sunday.

A Chinese Solomon.

A recent number of the North China Herald contained an account of the administration of justice by a Chinese magistrate which reminds one of Solomon. Two brothers, well advanced in age, quarreled over a piece of land which they had jointly inherited from their father and went to law. The native magistrate heard the testimony on both sides and determined that both were wrong and both right, according to the different points of view. Therefore, instead of rendering a judgment in favor of either, he ordered that both be locked up in a cangue with their heads fastened face to face and kept there until they settled their quarrel.

The cangue is a sort of cage in which prisoners are placed with their necks locked into a hole in a board. It resembles somewhat the stocks which were used for the punishment of malefactors in olden times. When the brothers were placed in the cangue, they were both very stubborn and indignant, but toward the end of the second day they began to weaken and on the third day reached a satisfactory settlement and were released.

LADIES

Kakas Bros. For FURS

34-36 Bedford Street, BOSTON.

A Christmas Present Will Give Satisfaction Because Furs are Fashionable.

A Large Variety of Collarettes, Muffs and Cluster Scarfs $5.00 to $50.00

WRITE FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

PIANO BARGAINS

This Week's List.

Cut it out;—Bring it with you;—Greater discounts than ever;—More actual bargains;—Do not wait until Christmas, but order now. Our Rental Purchase Plan makes buying a Piano easy.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL XMAS

Really Good Hardman Piano our price	$100
Baby Grand, taken in exchange, occupies little room, our price	$175
Mahogany Upright, carved case our price	$200
3-Pedal Antique Mahogany, madolin attachment	$225
Ivers and Pond, medium size, warranted, our price	$250
Ivers and Pond, delightful tone marquetry panel case, our price	$275
Ivers and Pond, Sample Piano, mahogany and walnut, our price	$300

IVERS & POND BABY GRAND—Slightly used warranted same as new, one-half original price, easy terms. IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY

THE RENTAL PURCHASE PLAN puts a first-class instrument into your home at a cost which does not inconvenience you.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
114 and 116 Boylston Street

Music Free

A popular Music Supplement will be given next Sunday with the

Boston Sunday Journal

Order the JOURNAL next Sunday and get

40 Pages of News and Features,
8 Pages of Photographs,
8 Pages of Music,
48 Pages Bound Magazine,

104 Total.

THINK OF IT,
More Than 100 Pages,
and all for 5 cents.

Minstrels

Innitou Canoe Club

Auditorium

Dec. 28, 1898

Tickets for sale at Wilcox's Drugstore.

$3000 WHO WANTS IT?

If you do, you may get it, if you have an **original** idea about the construction or arrangement of a house, providing you have fifty dollars to invest in a good, conservative and safe investment, **"of large promise,"** in Real Estate, in **Boston,** which will bear close investigation. For information as to the terms on which this advantage can be obtained, write with full address for a circular to Post Office Box 3696, Boston, Mass.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK,
DENTIST,

D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO. Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps,* the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.
There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Rent.

House at Wyman Green,
8 rooms and all modern improvements; one minute to station. Rent reasonable. Possession given Feb. 1, 1899

E. H. RICHARDS.

Plumbing Tin Roofing

BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping Furnaces

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 10, 1899,** at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 9, 1898.

To Let.

Desirable House To Let; Situated at No. 12 Walnut St., containing 12 large rooms, Heated by steam. (Rent includes heat.) Bath, Hot and Cold water and all conveniences, suitable for Boarding House, or private residence, most central location in the City. Will rent low, if taken at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main St., Woburn, or 51 Chardon St., Boston.

SALESMAN can add Factory line easily good for $100 monthly com. Free samples. Rubber Co., 18 Cliff St., New York.

...FREE... Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation: —John W. Johnson, *President;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Dec. 20. Mrs. Adeliza Brainerd Chaffee. Subject: "The New Library of Congress." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."

Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.

Tuesday, Feb 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER,

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by J. Walter Kelley and Nellie Addie Kelley, wife of said J. Walter Kelley, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Abby W. Watson, dated June 1, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2613, Page 149, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, Jan. 9, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn aforesaid on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue and bounded and described as follows: —Beginning on said Montvale Avenue at a point sixty-six feet westerly from a stone wall at a corner of and forming the boundary of land now or formerly of Daniel Ayer; thence running southerly one hundred and sixty-five feet to a point forty-seven feet westerly from said boundary line of Ayer; thence turning and running westerly sixty-six and one-half feet; thence turning and running northerly one hundred sixty-five feet to said Montvale Avenue; thence turning and running easterly by said Avenue sixty-seven and one-third feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ABBY W. WATSON, Mortgagee.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, December 14, 1898.

E. PRIOR, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William H. Cummings and Anna E. Cummings, his wife, in her own right, to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated May 22, 1897, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2565, Fol. 487, and for breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, on

Monday, the second day of January, 1899,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Park street and at land formerly of Joseph R. Green; thence the line runs northeasterly on land now or formerly of said Green, one hundred and thirty and two-tenths (130.2) feet to land now or formerly of Gage; thence southeasterly on said Gage's land, one hundred and eight-tenths (100.8) feet to land now or formerly of Chase; thence westerly on said Chase's land sixty-three (63) feet to a stone bound; thence turning southeasterly five (5) feet to a stone bound; thence south of west still by land of said Chase sixty-four (64) feet to Park street; thence northwesterly by Park street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, being the premises conveyed to said Anna E. Cummings by two deeds, the first given by John Winn, dated February 28, 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1840, Fol. 461, the second by William F. Cummings, dated November 9, 1889, recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 1957, Fol. 81.

The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes or tax titles or assessments, which the purchaser is to assume and pay. A deposit of $200 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days on passing of papers.

THE WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK,
By David N. Skillings, Treasurer, Mortgagee.

Winchester, December 6, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Anastasia Reade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Lawrence Reade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of January, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Saturday, December 24.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Tuesday, December 27th, POSITIVELY NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ALBERT P. BARRETT,
City Auditor.

For Sale.

House 22 Cleveland Avenue, with all modern improvements, steam heat, open fire places, hard wood floors, laundry in basement, gas, etc.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

ALL ABOARD FOR L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Christmas Fancies

without number may be seen in our assortment of Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Rare bargains are offered in the most appropriate and pleasing presents.

Come early, before the Christmas rush sets in and you will have a better opportunity to select.

409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Winter Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in execution of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Howard M. Horton of Wilmington in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Chester W. Clark, of said Wilmington, dated December 4th, 1895, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the Northern Middlesex District, in book 271, page 424, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction on the first described lot of the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1898, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and described therein as follows, to wit: Two certain pieces or parcels of real estate, situated in said Wilmington and described as follows: The first of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southeasterly side of Church street, and bounded, beginning at a point on said Church street distant in a northeasterly direction along said Church street from land of E. C. Aldrich one hundred and fifty feet; thence southeasterly at right angles with said street one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence northeasterly on a line parallel with said street, sixty feet; thence northwesterly on a line parallel with the first line above described, one hundred and twenty-five feet to said street; thence southwesterly along said street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet. The second of said parcels of real estate is a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the southwesterly side of a private way leading from Church street, called Adams street, and bounded, beginning at a point on Adams street, one hundred and twenty-five feet southeasterly from Church street; thence southwesterly parallel with Church street, one hundred and twenty-five feet; thence turning and running southeasterly, sixty feet; thence northeasterly one hundred and twenty-five feet to Adams street; thence northwesterly by Adams street, sixty feet to the point of beginning; containing 7500 square feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes thereon. Terms of sale, $200 cash down at the time and place of sale; and the balance in ten days thereafter on delivery of the deed.

CHESTER W. CLARK, Mortgagee.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Dennis Doherty of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Edward E. Thompson, dated June 1, 1880, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1543, Page 191, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1898,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southwesterly corner of the premises on Grove street, at land of Bernard McConologue, 2d; from thence the line runs nearly northerly by said Grove street sixty feet to land of Michael Maguire; thence turning the line runs nearly easterly by land of said Maguire one hundred feet to land of Andrew Grantfield; thence turning the line runs nearly southerly by land of said Grantfield sixty feet to land of said McConologue; thence turning the line runs westerly by land of said McConologue one hundred feet, to the point of beginning, being lot numbered twenty-two on plan of lots made by Cyrus Thompson for Bacon & Colegate, May 15, 1857.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and to tax titles; one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the sale.

CAROLINE A. GAGE, Assignee
and present holder of said Mortgage.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, Nov. 30, 1898.

PROPOSALS FOR Postoffice Premises

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF POST OFFICE INSPECTORS,
BOSTON DIVISION,
BOSTON, MASS.

Proposals will be received until noon of the thirty-first day of December, 1898, for suitable premises to be occupied as a post office at Woburn, for a term of five or ten years. The owner will be required to partition the premises in such manner as may be decided necessary by the department, and furnish such a complete outfit of fixtures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of the office; with lock boxes of improved pattern. The proposal is to include heat, light and water during such term.

Blank forms of proposals may be obtained of Postmaster T. F. Hagerty, or

W. B. SNOW,
P. O. Inspector, Boston.

Tenement To Let.

Convenient and centrally located. Apply to
J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.
We think our line of **TEAS** will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
HARDWARE
GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

Agent for World, Stormer, B. & S. Special, and Crawford

WHEELS.

Repairing and Enameling a specialty.

421 Main Street, WOBURN.

E. J. Gregory & Co
Real Estate Auctioneers,
Office: 310 Blue Hill Ave.,
BOSTON.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building.

C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

McNABB'S ASTHMATIC PASTILLES
Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for

ASTHMA

Sent on receipt of 25 cents to any address.
McNABB & Co., Box 14, Somerville, Mass.

Room To Let.

A private family living in a pleasant part of the city, wishes to let a furnished front room. Good board and home privileges. Terms reasonable. Please address C. B., JOURNAL Office.

Our Motto:
Quality before Quantity.

JOSEPH LINNELL,

Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Lamb, Poultry, Provisions, Fruit, Etc.

406 Main St., Woburn, Mass.
OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE.

Yes, I did say on the pine barren view,
As weary I journeyed the wild road along,
Virginia's rude soil I would glad bid adieu
And never remember Virginia in song.

I had passed through her towns and no converse had met,
Though in converse my heart knew its fondest delight,
And so firm in my breast had dear friendship been set
That of friendship I thought I might challenge the right.

But soon was the change when to Richmond I came,
For the stranger here met with a heart like his own,
And he sighs that his verse will ne'er equal its fame
And give it for friendship the highest renown.

In the house on the hill a free welcome he found—
The welcome that told him its friendship was true—
And long shall the praise of its master resound,
While gratitude claims from his heart the just due.

Oh, woman, here, too, both in beauty and sense
Thou art blest with the boon which art cannot improve!
Thy looks and thy smiles such sweet favors dispense
That the heart of the stranger is tempted to love.

Then, Richmond, accept a stranger's farewell.
If the tear of regret of his love be the proof,
Long, long in his heart shall thy memory dwell,
And in age be the theme of the days of his youth.

—Bookman.

ROBIN HOOD'S END.

The new sheriff was a younger and more vigorous man, and Robin Hood preferred a foe of courage and resource. To outwit the old dotard who had recently died had ever been sufficiently easy. The newcomer was more worthy of his steel.

Many a time and oft Robin and his men were only saved by their knowledge of the Sherwood caves; none other held that secret. Indeed the fear of these secret caves was widely spread throughout the neighborhood, and many an old wife's story told of the sure and horrible death that awaited any man that entered them without having a clew.

Gradually, as time wore on, those of the old band who were still left rallied about their leader. In spite of the sheriff their numbers increased, and from their marauding expeditions they seldom came back empty handed. Children in Nottingham said that when they grew up they also would live in the forest like Robin Hood, and eat of the king's venison and be served with cups and plates of gold and have many to follow them.

But Robin had not forgotten the ill omen. Outwardly his mirth was as boisterous as ever. He played rough jests with his own men or with travelers who fell into his hands. It was not enough that he should take their treasure; he must also send them on their way in some purely ridiculous and fantastic attire or position, even as, many years before, he had sent the old sheriff back into Nottingham with his hands and feet tied and his face to his horse's tail.

His presence of mind in the moment of peril was as great as it had ever been. One never found him at a loss, nor did he seem to be thinking of anything beyond the present moment. Yet if by chance any spoke to him of what he should do in years to come his answer was always:

"There are no years to come. This year ends all."

Almost unconsciously his two most able and faithful followers—Little John and the Friar—came to have the same mind on this matter. They had no doubt that the end would come, but only of the manner of its coming. They knew now that they went in greater peril than ever before, and their terror was lest Robin should be taken by the sheriff. Had they spoken to him of it he might have laughed at their fears. Every night and day he kept his dagger by his side, and his mind was fixed that he would never be taken alive. As it was, every morning they asked themselves, "Will it be today?" and every night that they slept in the open, "Shall we be taken while we sleep?"

The autumn came, and already the trees of the forest were changing color. Now and again a party of young nobles would come down to the river with hawk on fist. Sometimes in the early morning the horn would sound the prise, but ere forester or keeper could reach the spot the fat buck had been borne away. The berries were ripening on the brambles and wood was being gathered against the coming winter.

A rich knight, bearing great treasure in his train, passed through the forest unscathed—aye, even without sight of Robin and his men. Others followed, and were also left unmolested. It would indeed have been said that Robin, as was his wont at times, had left Sherwood and was hunting elsewhere but for the shrill call of the horn in the early morning and for the missing deer.

It was as though so long as they could wrest a scant livelihood from the vert and venison of the forest, they were content to give up their war on men.

And this was because Robin lay sick in the caves, every day saying, "Tomorrow it will be well with me, and we will take the road again, and some traveling prelate shall pay for his sins." And when the morrow came, always his weakness returned. It was as if the life died slowly out of him, as the flame dies slowly in the lamp when the oil is nearly finished. The Friar had used such skill in herbs as he had, but to no purpose. One day he said to Robin:

"Have you heard aught of the prioress of Kirklees—she that was daughter of the old sheriff?"

"Many years ago," said Robin half dreamily, "she came to the forest by night. She would have the feather of the golden eagle that I wore in my cap—doubtless a wager, and one that I was willing enough that she should win. She was a slip of a girl then, and, to my thinking, recked little of the religious life. But with women"—

He broke off, gasping for breath, and then resumed with fury:

"A curse upon me that I can neither live nor die and lie thus betwixt and between! What of the prioress? How should she harm me or help me?"

"Her fame is great in these parts," said the Friar, "and daily grows greater. In surgery and physic she has such knowledge as God seldom gives to man. The lame go there and cast away their crutches, and the blind see, and the old become young again. There is not a house in Nottingham or Mansfield where they shall not tell you some great story of the wonders which she has worked."

"What avails it?" asked Robin. "Kirklees is far away, in Yorkshire. I have neither the strength of limb to walk thither nor to sit my horse. If you loved me, you would take of the nightshade in the forest and mix me a draft which should end all this!"

"That would I and speedily," said the Friar, "if the hand of death were indeed upon you, but it is not so. Happily, in the letting of blood alone would you find relief, and were I a surgeon we would make a trial of it. Say, Little John, are we already so sunken and enfeebled that we cannot bear our master to the priory of Kirklees in order that he may march back again with his arrows in his belt and ourselves behind him, as in the old times?"

"It shall be done," said Little John. And Robin, lying with eyes closed, said no word for or against.

So that night a litter was made ready and Robin was laid upon it, with his head on a pile of rushes and his body covered with the skins of wolves, for his natural heat had gone, and even in the day, when the sun was warm, he shivered. And every one of his men went with him. For, by reason of the activity of the new sheriff, the danger of the journey was great, and it was needful to have scouts out far ahead to be sure that all was clear.

Even so, and though they journeyed only by night, not once or twice was the alarm given, and only by a long detour did the band get through in safety. And when they drew near to the priory of Kirklees it was agreed that Little John and the Friar alone should bear the litter to the gate.

He would have strength enough himself to enter the presence of the prioress. But lest he should be recognized and some harm should befall him, he carried his horn hidden under his cloak. One blast upon it would bring the whole of his men unto his succor.

* * * * * * *

The prioress' lodge at Kirklees was not one of the buildings that surrounded the cloister court. It stood apart on the right hand side, having a walled garden.

And there in the heat of the day the prioress walked, holding an illuminated book in her hands. She went slowly up and down the straight gravel walk under the trees. The hands that held the book were white and very thin; the face still kept somewhat of its old beauty, but changed. There had been a long struggle and the enemy was vanquished, but he was not dead and might yet arise again.

As she walked there one of her maidens brought her word that a traveler, sore spent, had been brought to the porter's lodge and from thence had been carried into the guest hall, and he begged the prioress would go to him and work a cure upon him that his strength might return and he might go on his way.

Even as she entered the guest hall she knew who it was that lay there, and yet not by one sign did she betray that she knew it.

Robin lay with closed eyes and breathing heavily. He was conscious vaguely of women's voices speaking near him. Then his position was changed somewhat. Through eyes that slowly opened he saw the glint of sunlight fall on polished brass and on a snowy napkin. He felt that some one was rolling back the loose sleeve of his tunic. Then he caught the sound of footsteps passing away in the distance. There was a deep silence, and when he opened his eyes all had gone save the prioress, who looked at him intently.

"Do you know me?" she said.

"Aye," said Robin feebly. "I pray you to open my vein and let blood that I may recover me from the sudden weakness which has fallen upon me."

She bent down beside him and said no word. He felt the sharp prick in the flesh of his bared arm, and then it seemed to him that he fell into a delightful sleep.

* * * * * * *

His sleep was full of the happiest dreams, melting vaguely into one another. And they were all dreams of things that were past and over, as though the sleeping brain knew unconsciously that afterward there would be nothing.

Maid Marian stood by him, young and beautiful, in the days of her willful youth, and whatsoever she bade him do for her he did, though he knew that it was to his ruin and undoing.

He rode his great white horse through the forest on a very bright and sunny morning. All the birds were singing together and a feeling of well being was deep in his heart.

His men were beside him talking and laughing loudly. Suddenly out from their ambush sprang the sheriff's men, and Robin and his band fell upon them. That, too, passed.

And now it was a clear moonlight night, and Maid Marian stood by th ruined chapel and looked at him wistfully with that gentleness in her eyes which came to her when at last she loved.

And now, again by night, he swam the cold waters of the moat at the Baron De Troiley's castle, and the baron's archers shot afar or wide of him.

Now he was with the king's army. The thought had come to him that since Maid Marian was dead naught else mattered, and he swore and raved and drank and went forth on some errand that was thought to mean certain death, and returned from it unscathed.

And lastly, he was back again in the forest, and down the moonlit road came the torches with the funeral procession. His lips moved even in the swoon in which he lay.

"A bad omen," he whispered.

But in all these changing dreams there was one that never appeared to him—the woman of whom he had thought so little, who now, with white face and set teeth, bent by his side as he lay there unconscious.

* * * * * * *

After the dreams there seemed to follow a long wave of darkness, and when this had passed and he had opened his eyes he knew that he was dying.

A vague wonder went through his mind whether it was by accident that she had taken so much blood from his arm, now tightly bandaged, or whether it was of intention, knowing him to be one deserving of death and thinking that in so doing she acted as the servant of God and the king.

It came into his mind as so much idle guesswork. It did not matter. It might be dismissed. His restless eyes gazed round the room. Close by him on the floor there seemed what looked like a shapeless blotch of green light.

As he gazed at it it slowly took shape, and he remembered. It was his green cloak, which had been flung down there and lay there in the sunlight, and under it he knew was hidden his hunting horn. Hard by the cloak was the narrow open window. In the distance from the chapel he could hear the sweet voices of the nuns singing.

Suddenly the thought came to him that he could not die like this, like a rat in a trap—a man that had fallen into the hands of a woman. With great pain and exertion he managed to crawl from his bed and once more hang the horn about his neck.

Then slowly he climbed into the window and leaned out. The fresh air fanned his face and seemed to revive him somewhat. For a few moments he knelt there, panting heavily, and then, bringing his horn to his lips, he blew a call. Faintly the sounds floated away into the distance. Then he fell back, and once more the swoon came back over him.

The first thing of which he was conscious was a confused sound. There was the screaming of women and the heavy tramp of feet. When he fully came to himself and opened his eyes, the great guest hall was silent, but there were many in it. The friar held him up. Little John stood by his side. At the farther end of the hall, in front of the heavy oaken door, stood the men of his band, ranged closely together and waiting his order.

"Give me water," said Robin.

It was brought him, and he drank.

And then, after a pause, Little John spoke.

"Master, since it is by the foulest treachery that you are now brought to this pass, I pray you to grant the last request that ever I shall make of you."

"Speak on."

"Firstly, that we may bear you hence to some safe place where haply you may yet recover, and then that we may burn out this nest of singing birds, so that not one of them is left alive, and not one stone of all their buildings shall stand upon another."

Robin smiled.

"Nay, Little John," he said. "When did we make war on women? When have we broken down the house that was dedicated to Our Lady? It is my command—and since I die and shall not recover, it is verily the last command that I shall give you—that you leave these women in peace and all their house standing even as it is now, taking nothing from them and doing them no harm, and that you carry me forth and bury me in the greenwood, where my life has been spent."

Then, at his bidding, they gave him his bow, and he would have strung it, but strength failed him. They bore him to the window and held him there upright. Then Little John strung his bow and gave it to him and put an arrow into his hand.

"See," said Robin Hood; "where this my last arrow falls there shall my last resting place be. There bury me."

Then with all his strength he drew back the arrow and loosed it. And it sped far away in the sunlit air of the evening, farther than eye could follow.

And so he fell back into their arms and died.—Barry Pain in New York Evening Post.

A Famous Claquer.

They say that Gertner, who was director of the claque at the famous Deutches Volkestheater, Vienna, died of a broken heart, but he left a fortune of $50,000. This yarn has been deliberately and soberly printed about him:

He came to the theater night after night in different characters and costumes and was never recognized as a claquer by those around him. Sometimes he occupied a box, sometimes a seat in the stalls, sometimes he posted himself in the gallery, but always where he could indicate to his subordinates by a code of signals previously arranged how and when to applaud without attracting undue attention. Gertner has been seen sitting in a box, for which he himself paid, in an elegant dress suit, with white tie and gloves, and looking so distingue that no one would have dreamed that he was a claquer. When he raised his handkerchief to his nose, a round of applause followed. When he replaced the handkerchief in his pocket, the clapping gradually subsided.

Gertner came to grief in a curious way. He was sitting in the stalls at an important first night and fell asleep during the play. A particularly tragic passage had been reached when Gertner suddenly awoke with a start and commenced to applaud vigorously. The house roared with laughter and the piece was ruined. Gertner was dismissed in disgrace.—Vienna Letter.

The Joke Clerical.

Whether the clergy make their own jokes or others manufacture and apply them to divines no one knows. In The Speaker there is an article entitled "A Lawn Gag," from which the following extracts are taken:

Trollope presumed that bishops upon their consecration lost the power to whistle.

"I remember," says Spurgeon in his lectures to his divinity students—most admirable lectures they are—"I remember hearing an aged minister, who had succeeded on the platform a younger brother that had broken down utterly in an extemporary prayer, open his petition to the Almighty thus, 'That it might please Almighty God to make you young man's heart as soft as his head.'" While Spurgeon himself—in the same lecture, we think—said that he had once observed to a friend of a Methodist minister they had just heard preach, "Ah, that's the stuff of which martyrs are made!" "That stick!" exclaimed the friend. "Yes. He's so dry he'd burn well!"

Montaigne, with the happiest effect of humor, closes a long historic list of kings, queens and great men who owed all to fortune with the burlesque instance of "him of old, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit and killed his mother-in-law." But our Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, having this passage from Montaigne obviously in his mind, applies it ponderously thus, "He that threw a stone at a dog and hit his cruel stepmother said, that although he intended it otherwise yet the stone was not quite lost, and, if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance."

A Life In His Hands.

A story has lately been told by an old soldier of the French army as a souvenir of the Crimean war. In one of the attacks of the French left wing upon the Russians in the neighborhood of Sevastopol the retreat was sounded on both sides, and the Russians retired to their fortress, the French to their trenches.

On the way a French sergeant of the line encountered alone a Russian sergeant, also alone.

The two men were face to face and enemies.

Their guns were empty. Simultaneously they took their cartridges from their pouches and began to load methodically, like well drilled soldiers, but as swiftly as possible. The guns, like all others in that campaign, were muzzle loaders. The cartridges were forced in place with a ramrod. Simultaneously the two ramrods entered the guns, and simultaneously they were withdrawn, but the Russian, accustomed to inflexible discipline to do everything in a set way, put back his ramrod in its place along the barrel, while the Frenchman threw his away with the movement that withdrew it.

This gave him the needed moment's advantage over his antagonist. Clapping his gunstock to his shoulder, he had the Russian's life in his hands. The Russian stopped still, calmly awaiting the shot that should be his death.

Then the French sergeant dropped his gun from his shoulder and put out his right hand. The Russian grasped it. The two soldiers shook hands without a word, for neither knew a word of the other's tongue, and then both turned and went their opposite ways.

A LUCULLUS DINNER.

ONE FEAST THAT ASTOUNDED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS.

Pompey and Cicero Tried to Catch the Famous Gormand In a Trap, but the Roman Spendthrift Fairly Outwitted Them.

"Bright Sides of History" is the title of a series of articles by E. H. House in St. Nicholas. In a story form, introducing modern boys and girls, the author recounts some of the most amusing episodes in history. The following is one of his stories:

"Lucullus was very fond of fine dinners—more so than was good for him in his later years. In early life he was one of the greatest of Roman generals, and at middle age he had kingdoms at his feet. But, like many public men of that period he was pursued by envious enemies, and instead of making a stand against them he gave up all his glory and devoted himself to idle luxury. Although he was enormously rich, he amazed his friends by the amount of money he spent in feasting them. No matter at what hour a visitor called a costly banquet was always ready to be served. People who were intimate with him often tried to catch him unprepared, but no one ever succeeded. The most artful trap of all was set by Pompey and Cicero, but Lucullus was too sharp even for these able men."

"Do you mean," asked Harry, his eyes round with astonishment, "do you mean the great Pompey and Cicero we hear so much about at school?"

"The very same. Those were the men. Did you think that Pompey was always fighting battles, and that Cicero did nothing but speak pieces in the senate? Oh, no. They used to vary those occupations by strolling about the forum on pleasant afternoons, and one day they met Lucullus, strolling like themselves, and laid a plan to take him by surprise. They said they had a particular favor to ask. He promised to do anything in his power, and then they proposed to dine with him that very day, on condition that he should make no preparations and give no instructions, but let them share the ordinary meal intended for himself.

"Lucullus had not expected this. Though he was extravagant enough, even when wholly alone, he could not bear to entertain guests without a good deal of extra extravagance on their account. So he tried to make an appointment for the next day, but they would not listen to him. Then he wanted to call his servants, and they objected to this also, suspecting that he might contrive to give some secret orders. They insisted that he should not open his lips to any one besides themselves, but just ramble around until dinner time and then take them directly to his dwelling. Here he made a stand. He protested, reasonably enough, that they demanded too much. He had left home without even saying that he should go back there to dine. At least his friends must allow him to announce that he would return at the customary hour. Otherwise there might be no food at all.

"They saw no harm in this, and, after consulting together, agreed that he could send that one short message and nothing more, but he must employ a stranger to do the errand, and must speak to him in their hearing, so that they could guard against any suspicious words or private signals. Lucullus pretended to be extremely troubled and declared that they deserved nothing fit to eat. Nevertheless he consented, and calling a public messenger gave this direction, 'Go to my house and tell the steward to serve dinner in the Apollo as usual.' Pompey and Cicero were delighted. They kept close to their host through the rest of the day, feeling sure that, though they would have an excellent meal, they had prevented him this time from making one of the gorgeous displays in which he reveled.

"When at last the three entered the dining room the sight of the table almost took away their breath. It was decorated with a magnificence they had not dreamed of. But this was nothing to what followed. Course after course of the rarest food was set before them, with wines that were almost beyond price, until at the end they calculated that the cost of the repast could not have been less than a sum equal to $10,000 in our money of today."

"Why that is a small fortune to spend for one dinner!" exclaimed Percy.

"You may say so, indeed. They were quite right in their reckoning. Lucullus had outwitted them and carried his point exactly as he wished."

"How, uncle? Tell us how!" the children cried.

"Think it out for yourselves," said Uncle Claxton, but the only attempt at a solution came from Dick, who after pondering deeply caused an outburst of mirth by remarking that perhaps it was Friday. Dick evidently imagined that the explanation which had cleared up the mystery of his uncle's dinner might be good enough for anything in ancient Rome.

"No, no, Dicky," said Uncle Claxton, "that's not the secret. You must remember the message which Lucullus sent to his steward—that he would 'dine in the Apollo.' He had several dining halls, named after various Roman gods, and all differently arranged for different kinds of feasts. He had only to mention which of these he would occupy to let his servants know what preparations were necessary and precisely how much money should be spent. It was the rule that a dinner or supper in the Apollo should cost a sum equal to about $10,000 of our American money, and it was at this rate that Pompey and Cicero were entertained. They did not learn till long after how Lucullus had managed the affair."

London is perhaps the only city in the world that can boast of a house—11 Victoria street—which is located in six parishes.

Presents to Royalty.

Much tribulation reigns in many parts of Italy, and hundreds of worthy persons are quite cast down because the wedding gifts sent by them to the crown prince and princess have been "returned with thanks." There is no denying that most of these were sent with the best intentions and were intended to prove the widespread interest in the young pair. But, on the other hand, there is usually so much self seeking mixed up in this kind of offering as a rule that naturally no exception can be made, and royalty has to protect itself without being able to regard the feelings of those who really mean kindly when they send these presents. Three enormous storerooms at the Quirinal were filled to overflowing with a motley collection of articles, from costly diamonds down to knitted comforters, and such perishable commodities as flowers, eggs, cakes and no one knows what else besides. Numbers of the "disinterested" donors inclosed congratulatory letters strongly resembling begging epistles.—New York Advertiser.

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It will keep your chickens strong and healthy. It will make young pullets lay early. Worth its weight in gold for moulting hens, and prevents all diseases. It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs only a tenth of a cent a day. Nothing on earth will

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like it. Therefore, no matter what kind of food you use, mix with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your profit this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to produce eggs. It is sold by druggists, grocers, feed dealers or by mail. **If you can't get it send to us. Ask first.** One pack. 25 cts. five $1. Large 2-lb. can $1.20. Six cans Exp. paid, $5. Sample of BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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Was originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation, Internal as much as External. It is a fact, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. Cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease in each case. You can safely trust a remedy that has been used and endorsed by generation after generation.

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To cure the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Suffering children love to take it dropped on sugar. Our Book on INFLAMMATION Mailed Free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS. ONE A DOSE. Physicians say they are Best Liver Pill made for Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver troubles. Price, 25 cts. Book mailed free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

CARBOLIC ACID ANTIDOTE.

Discovery That Alcohol Nullifies the Effect of the Poison.

On May 4, 1893, about 1:30 o'clock p. m., Mrs. X., while dining, quarreled with her husband, rushed up stairs and swallowed an ounce of liquid carbolic acid with suicidal intent. Mr. X. followed his wife in less than 15 minutes, to find her lying on the floor in a deep sleep, from which he could not rouse her. He noticed an empty bottle on the bureau labeled carbolic acid and recognized its odor through the room.

Medical aid was immediately summoned, when two physicians promptly responded, made a hurried examination of the condition and surroundings of the patient, who was in a profound stupor, with pupils contracted to pin points, injected atropine to antagonize the poison supposed to have been taken and then used the stomach pump.

Demulcents—such as olive oil, glycerin, etc.—and limewater and sulphuric acid were also administered with the stomach pump about this time, and an effort was made to waken the patient with the faradic current, but without result. Mrs. X. was now allowed to remain undisturbed until 9:30 p. m., when an attempt to restore her to consciousness succeeded. On first awakening she was dazed, rambled and was unable to realize her position for a few minutes, but soon rallied and answered questions readily. When asked what she had used, without hesitation she replied carbolic acid and whisky, and that she experienced but little pain or burning sensation and declared she slept soundly, having pleasant dreams.

With the exception of slight nausea and depression of spirits for a few days she suffered little or no more inconvenience and made a rapid and satisfactory convalescence, and has enjoyed robust health ever since.

The slight corrosive action and freedom from pain experienced on the present occasion proved the value of her experiments and suggests a new and efficient plan of treatment in carbolic acid poisoning. A mixture of equal parts of carbolic acid and alcohol may be poured over the back of the hand, leaving scarcely a trace of corrosive action if promptly washed off with alcohol. The white stain caused by the liquid carbolic acid can be removed by the immediate and continued application of alcohol. In the case of a young man who came to my office suffering from intense itching caused by a spider bite I applied liquid carbolic acid, which stained the skin white. This application was left on the affected part until it caused severe pain, when it was thoroughly removed with alcohol, followed by the application of a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with alcohol.

By this means the stain was removed and pain relieved until heat was felt in the pad, when both stain and pain disappeared. The heated pad was now discarded and replaced by one of a similar kind, freshly prepared, when stain and pain vanished a second time, to return with heat in the pad. This phenomenon continued as long as heat developed in the pad and ceased when it was no longer evolved. The only result besides relieving the itching was an intense redness of the skin over the affected area, which disappeared in a few days, attended by desquamation of the cuticle.

This case also affords a striking illustration of the resemblance in the symptoms produced to carbolic acid and opium poisoning. The diagnostic feature in the present case was the quiet and regular breathing.

Alcohol, apart from its power as an antidote, is required as a stimulant in the majority of cases of carbolic acid poisoning, to combat the intense depression usually experienced, and it would therefore appear as if alcohol were a true antidote in carbolic acid poisoning.—Medical Record.

Pat's Funny Sayings.

A reply of a somewhat mixed character was given by the gamekeeper of an estate near Tralee to a gentleman of the town who requested leave for a day's shooting. "Sure, yer honner may as well do the poachin as any other blackguard out of Tralee." Of course the gamekeeper meant that the gentleman might as well enjoy the advantages of the preserves as the boys from Tralee, who were in the habit of surreptitiously coursing the estate for hares and rabbits.

Writing about poaching recalls the comic answer given by a country girl who on offering a salmon for sale to a fishmonger in Limerick was questioned as to how she had obtained the fish. "Sure," she ingenuously replied, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare."

Two men were fighting in the streets of Cork. One got the other down and was administering to him a severe punishment, when the man below cried out to the onlookers, "Oh, tare us ashunder, or we'll murdher ache other!"—London Standard.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 18.

Text of the Lesson, Jer. lii, 1-11—Memory Verses, 9-11—Golden Text, Jer. xxix, 13—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "Zedekiah was one and twenty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned 11 years in Jerusalem." After the death of Josiah, the good king, three of his sons and one grandson succeeded him, reigning altogether 22 years—Jehoahaz, or Shallum, three months; Eliakim, or Jehoiakim, 11 years; Coniah, or Jeconiah, or Jehoiachin, three months, and Zedekiah 11 years. The first two and the last were sons of Josiah, the third was his grandson and was 37 years a captive in Babylon (Jer. lii, 31). The story of the final captivity of Judah, the topic of this lesson, is found in three other places (Jer. xxxix, II Kings xxv, II Chron. xxxvi) and must therefore be something to be prayerfully pondered by us.

2. "He did that which was evil in the eyes of the Lord, according to all that Jehoiakim had done." What a brief but comprehensive summary of a man's life "evil in the eyes of the Lord," and how it confirms the statement that "the carnal mind is enmity against God!" (Rom. viii, 7.) The eyes of the Lord are running to and fro throughout the whole earth and wherever there is a heart trusting in Him He will show himself strong on behalf of such (II Chron. xvi, 9). The devil is also going to and fro in the earth seeking to destroy man and turn him from God.

3. "He cast them out from His presence." Thus the Lord did to Jerusalem and Judah because of their sins, for they mocked the messengers of God and despised His words and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy (II Chron. xxxvi, 16). He earnestly protested unto them, rising early and protesting, but they obeyed not nor inclined their ear and continued walking in the imagination of their evil hearts (Jer. xi, 7, 8). It is impossible to go where God cannot see us, but it is possible to lose the sense of His presence, as when Cain went out from the presence of the Lord (Ps. cxxxix, 1-4; Gen. iv, 16). The presence of the Lord is the assurance of all sure guidance and blessing (Ex. xxxiii, 14; xxiii, 20).

4, 5. "So the city was besieged unto the eleventh year of King Zedekiah." The Lord had said through Jeremiah that the king of Babylon would take the city and destroy it, and for this testimony the prophet was put in prison (Jer. xxxiv, 2; xxxii, 3), but shutting up a messenger of the Lord or stopping his mouth or even killing him or burning up his message will not prevent the purpose of the Lord from being fulfilled. All Scripture shall surely and literally be fulfilled, and even the enemies of God can only fulfill His pleasure, for He maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder doth He restrain. The king of Babylon was unconsciously God's instrument in chastening His people of Judah and Jerusalem. Even Herod and Pontius Pilate and the gentiles and Israel when they combined against Christ were only bringing to pass what God foresaw would be (Acts iv, 27, 28).

6. "The famine was sore in the city, so that there was no bread for the people of the land." The study of the famines of Scripture, with their reasons and results as far as we can judge of the same, is a most profitable study, for example, the famine of Gen. xii and its results to Abraham, the famine in Bethlehem and its effect upon Elimelech and Naomi as recorded in Ruth. In Ezek. xiv, 21, famine is called one of God's four sore judgments, but in Amos viii, 11, we read of the worst kind of famine, even a famine of hearing the words of the Lord.

7. "All the men of war fled and went forth out of the city by night." In chapter xxxix, 4, we read that Zedekiah went with them. Ezekiel was at this time a captive in Babylon, but God showed him and he by an object lesson showed the people just what was going on in Jerusalem at this time, so that even without telephone or telegraph the Jews at Babylon knew of events at Jerusalem the very day they happened (Ezek. xii, etc.) God has permitted man to bring to pass most wonderful things in these days in which we live, but never in any nation has been seen or heard such wonderful things as God has done and will yet do in and for Israel, His chosen people.

8. "The army of the Chaldeans pursued after the king and overtook Zedekiah in the plains of Jericho." When Jonah would flee from the presence of the Lord, although he got off to sea and possibly fancied he was really on his way to Tarshish, the Lord wanted him at Nineveh and so sent two detectives after him, a storm to stop the vessel and a fish specially prepared to bring him ashore. The king Zedekiah may have thought himself safely away from the king of Babylon and possibly have ridiculed the words of Jeremiah, but if so it only proved that he did not know the Lord nor that every purpose of the Lord must be performed.

9. "Then they took the king and carried him up unto the king of Babylon to Riblah, in the land of Hamath, where he gave judgment upon him." Thus it came to pass as it had been foretold, but the most pitiful thing about it all, as it seems to me, was that one who should have been an honor to the Lord, on the throne of the Lord at Jerusalem, is found a prisoner in the hands of an enemy of God, and this enemy sitting in judgment upon him. It was a sorry sight when Abraham was reproved by Abimelech because he for fear of his life told a lie about his wife. It was a fearful thing when David by his great sin gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme; when Simon Peter by his self confidence and following afar off denied his Lord. But all these are written for our instruction that we may not sin as they did.

10. "And the king of Babylon slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes." This might have been avoided if Zedekiah had only been obedient to the word of the Lord by Jeremiah and had surrendered to the king of Babylon, but he thought he knew better than Jeremiah, and he would not believe God, but hardened his heart and went his own way until all this came upon him. It is bad enough to suffer oneself, but to be compelled to witness suffering which we have brought upon others must be a terrible thing. Yet what a man soweth that must he also reap.

11. "Then he put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and the king of Babylon bound him in chains and carried him to Babylon and put him in prison till the day of his death." Thus was fulfilled all that was written by Jeremiah and Ezekiel concerning him—that he would see the king of Babylon, that he would go to Babylon, but that he would never see Babylon and yet die there in peace.

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Stopped Short of Insanity.

A young woman rescued in the nick of time from a fate more terrible than death. Her friends had despaired of saving her.

On the verge of insanity, Miss Hattie King, of Ithaca, N. Y., was checked in the course that was taking her rapidly to the grave, and restored to her friends in sound physical and mental health and regained happiness.

The change for the better in this charming young woman, not yet eighteen years old, is so great that when she reappeared in public her friends could hardly believe the evidence that their eyes clearly showed them.

Miss King became greatly weakened by a complication of physical troubles, and was looked upon by her friends and family as one doomed to early death.

Her stepfather, Charles M. Burnett, tells of her strange cure as follows:

"Hattie first complained of dizziness, which steadily grew worse.

"She suffered with nausea and attacks of vomiting; could keep but little on her stomach.

"Kidney disease attacked her. She was pale, thin, and her blood, when a drop was drawn by the prick of a needle, was almost as colorless as water.

"Her heart was affected. She would frequently faint from the slight exertion of rising from bed or from a chair.

"She coughed continually, so that her friends feared she was consumptive.

"She lost flesh rapidly; would be confined to her bed for two or three weeks at a time.

"Her mind was affected. At times she had no realization of what she was doing.

"We feared she would have to be taken to an asylum for treatment.

"The best physicians and many proprietary medicines failed to do her any good.

"We had read of wonderful cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and at length decided to give them a trial. We purchased some at the drug store of White & Burdick, in Ithaca.

"Soon after she began taking the pills Hattie began to improve. First her headaches disappeared, then the attacks of dizziness ceased and the cough likewise disappeared. One after another the alarming symptoms left her.

"She gained steadily in weight and strength. The change for the better in body and mind is almost incredible. In all she has taken nine boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and now she is in perfect health."

Mr. Burnett swore to the accuracy of his account, formally, before C. R. Wolcott, a Notary Public.

When the blood is weakened and lacks the elements needed to build up new tissues, body and mind both suffer, as in the case of Miss King. All of the many diseases due to derangements of the blood and nervous system are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They supply in vegetable form the elements that are lacking, and restore perfect health.

All druggists sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box for 50 cents, or six boxes for $2.50.

Catching an Alligator.

"We were located once for quite a spell in one place," said the old circus man, "and we had things fitted up permanently. The seats around the circus ring were on a terraced platform, built up like steps. The seats themselves were not benches, but separate chairs, ranged along in rows on these wide, rising steps. We had in the menagerie an alligator, a big alligator about 12 feet long. The alligator got out of its tank one night and worked its way over to the circus arena and crawled up on the lowest step of the seats, between the front row of chairs and the railing around the ring.

"Of course it's about as important to keep away from an alligator's tail as it is to keep away from its jaws, because the alligator is a sort of double ender; it knocks a man down with one end and swallows him with the other. As a matter of fact, a good sized alligator can smash almost anything it can bring its tail to bear on. Of course we knew that well enough, and what we set out to do was to lasso him. Easy enough to do it was too. Some of us stood in the ring and some on the seats up back of him, and we drew the noose over his head without any trouble at all, and then we dragged him out and back to the tank. He flopped his tail just once as we started with him, that's all; but when he brought it down he smashed the four end chairs in that row into small pieces.

"It made nice kindling wood, but that kind would have been rather costly for everyday use, and so we put up another rail around the tank."—New York Sun.

The French Party Leader.

The trick of the trade in a party leader is to be able to mix continually with his followers and even his adversaries, to show himself, to move about daily, to play continually now to the boxes, now to the gallery, so as to reach the level of every intelligence; to discuss and argue without end, to say the same things. These are all things of which I am quite incapable. I find it troublesome to discuss matters which interest me little and painful to discuss those in which I am keenly concerned. Truth is for me so rare and precious a thing that, once found, I do not like to risk it on the hazard of a debate. It is a light which I fear to extinguish by waving it to and fro. And as to consorting with men, I could not do so in any habitual and general fashion, because I never recognize more than a very few. Unless a person strikes me by something out of the common in his intellect or opinions, I, so to speak, do not see him. I have always taken it for granted that mediocrities, as well as men of spirit, had a nose, mouth and eyes, but I have never, in their case, been able to fix the particular shape of these features in my memory. I am constantly inquiring the name of strangers whom I see every day, and as constantly forgetting them, and yet, I do not despise them, only I consort but little with them, treating them as constant quantities. I honor them, for the world is made up of them, but they weary me profoundly.—"Recollections" of De Tocqueville.

The Indian Woodpecker.

A correspondent of The Times of India, writing on the birds of Bombay, says: "I have met with only one species of woodpecker, but it is fairly common. To give a description of its colors by which one who did not know it would be sure to recognize it is not easy, but anybody who has once seen a woodpecker wil know it again, for there is no other bird like it. It does not perch among the branches of a tree, like the other fowls of the air, but runs up the trunk and boughs like a squire, clinging with its strong claws and propping itself up with its short, stiff tail. Its head, set crosswise on the thin, supple neck, looks like the hammer of a gun, and it stops at intervals to hammer fiercely at the trunk of the tree.

"Its blows are delivered with extraordinary rapidity and energy—indeed all its actions are impulsive and hasty. The woodpecker's trade is a curious one. While other birds are hunting for all sorts of insects that fly in the air or crawl on the ground or hide among the leaves of trees, it lays siege to those which fancy they have defied their enemies by burrowing into the solid trunk. Its beak is a regular chisel, square at the point, with an edge kept always sharp, on what grindstone I know not. Its tongue, which can be thrust out for a distance of three or four inches, is armed at the point with strong and sharp hooks and also smeared, I think, with bird lime, so that it forms at once a very searching and a fast holding instrument."

An Insect's Anchor.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Locomotive Puffs.

The cough or puff of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly, the coughs can of course be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when 18 coughs a second are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly 70 miles an hour gives out 20 puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

A Man of Few Words.

The Marquis of Hertford, the founder of the celebrated Wallace art collection, was a man of few words to his agents, but his words were to be obeyed to the letter. Thus he directed them to purchase a Rubens on a certain occasion, but after they had bid the painting up to about $50,000 the agents weakened and permitted it to be knocked down to another bidder. When his lordship was informed of this, he wrote them, "When in future I ask you to purchase anything for me, I expect you to do so."

When you are suffering from Catarrh or Cold in the head you want relief right away. Only 10 cents is required to test it. Ask your druggist for the trial size of Ely's Cream Balm, or buy the 50c size. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shautz, Rahway, N. J.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.

Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.0, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9.40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End S. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

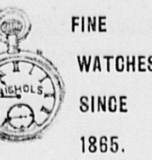
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,



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Coal and Wood,
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Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., and General Pipe Work.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
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Opp. Lyceum Hall.

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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

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Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
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☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

CHEAPER THAN DIRT
and as cheap as common soap.
ROYAL BOQUET SOAP
A fine toilet soap, handsomely put up, three cakes in a box.
25c.
Nice enough for a Xmas present.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.50, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

JAMES S. CASSEDY,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stocks kept on hand. Estimates given.
☞ Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
⁂ Patronage respectfully solicited.

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DENTIST,
LYCEUM BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

Hark! The rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
And the singing shot, and the shrieking shell,
And the splintered fire on the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growing guns by batteries spoke,
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the colonel builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimsoned dris,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by,
"But his soul marched on!" the captain said,
For the boy in blue can never be dead!
And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the saber hand—
Oh, to bid them live and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns, black throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns, then "Right about wheel!"
Hurrah! A new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the flag! To the battle, amen!

—Benjamin F. Taylor.

MY ONE ADVENTURE.

No doubt there are some people who actually enjoy strange experiences or anything that is startling or different from the jog trot monotony of their everyday routine. I may say at once that I am not one of these. My nearest approach to an incident was having my life endangered by a drunken cabman in the Bayswater road, but on that occasion my shrieks and gesticulations attracted attention, and he drew up at last, whereupon I instantly got out and walked away. Regarding what I call "my only adventure," this proceeding was unfortunately impracticable. It proved, as will be seen, a disastrous affair for me and I am now writing a short and truthful statement in order to clear myself from the scandalous imputations to which it has given rise.

My husband, Mr. Thomas Moggins, is a member of a well known firm in Mincing lane. We have no family and have lived for years at a pleasant watering place upon the south coast. Thomas has not been an active member of Podd Plants for a considerable time, but he generally goes up to business once or twice a week. His heart is in pods and plants of a different description. He is devoted to his garden, where he works away as hard as any laborer for hours, although we keep a Scotchman who has the gate lodge and £60 a year, not to speak of coal and vegetables.

Our house is a fine detached residence, standing in close upon two acres of ground, and is called the Manor, and I may say without boasting that no one in our circle gives a better dinner or is more generally respected and looked up to than we are. My husband is one of the churchwardens at St. Peter's. I am chairwoman of the Society For Providing Old Women With Clothes and secretary to the Young Women's Sunday Out association.

Now I am really coming to my adventure, which occurred last summer. I had been up in London for a day's shopping and was returning by a well known fast train, but discovered when I got to the station that it was on the point of starting. As I hurried along the platform I caught sight of some people from my own neighborhood, Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. I noticed that they looked remarkably smart—beflowered hats, white veils, white gloves; probably they were coming from Sandown races! I did not get into their carriage, for Mrs. Uppingham is a nobody who has recently come to my road—a dreadfully pushing person, feverishly anxious to be visited by "the residents." But I am rather fastidious. I did not like her looks, and I have not called.

I am a little stout, and I hate to be fussed. I hate being hustled along by the guard, saying, "Now, ma'am, look sharp, please—look sharp!" On the present occasion, before I knew where I was, I found myself pushed headforemost into a first class carriage, and instantly the train began to move.

It took me a considerable time to recover my breath and my composure, put aside my bag and parasol, pull down my veil and rearrange all my little parcels. I was aware that I had a fellow passenger, a man who sat at the far corner, but all that I could discern were a pair of gray trousers and a pair of tan gloves holding the evening paper. I did not give him a second thought. I was most devoutly thankful that I had not scrambled into the next carriage by mistake. It might have led to an acquaintance with that odious Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. They had a young man with them too. Mrs. Uppingham gives out that she is the wife of an officer who is quartered in Hongkong (but I say Jericho); she has taken a little house and done it up prettily (they tell me) with art draperies, Indian rugs, curios and cheap furniture; she keeps two servants, and, I did hear, buys New Zealand mutton and American beef. Mrs. Herring, our rector's wife, asked me to meet her at tea and introduced her to me, but I did not take to her nor bow when I met her next day in the library. To me she looks suspiciously like an adventuress. If she is so poor, why is she always so very smartly dressed? For my part, I don't believe that she (as she declares) makes all her own gowns. I know she has always a pack of men to tea on Sundays, and some people think the sister pretty!

At this moment I happened to glance toward my companion. I found him staring at me over the edge of his paper as if I had seven heads. I am accustomed to being stared at, having (though I say it that should not) a more than fair allowance of good looks, but there was no admiration in this man's black eyes. They expressed a mixture of amazement and incredulity. For two or three seconds we continued to survey one another in frozen silence, and then I turned my head pointedly away and gazed out of the window.

We were now traveling at a high rate of speed. The fields, trees, hedges, seemed to be racing past. The pace was about 45 miles an hour. Suddenly I was aware of a slight movement in the carriage and received a distinct shock when I turned my head and discovered that the man had changed his seat and was now sitting exactly opposite me. He had every right to leave his place, but he had no right to sit there devouring me with his great black eyes. I did not like it. I flatter myself that I am renowned for my "look." I have found it most effective on several occasions. So I drew myself up and gave him its full effect.

He was apparently about 38 years of age, clean shaven and sallow, and gave me the impression of one who had suffered in health or mind. His face was haggard; his hair was touched with gray. Otherwise he was rather good looking. He was dressed in a dark tweed suit and wore a red necktie, a gold locket and brown boots.

I had slowly surveyed him from the crown of his cap to the soles of his boots with deliberate inspection and was about to survey him as carefully from the soles of his boots to the crown of his cap when suddenly he bent forward and spoke to me—to me, he, an utter stranger, who had never been introduced to me! And this is what he said in a strange, husky voice:

"Mary"—as it happened my name is Sarah Hannah—"how could you?"

"Sir!" I screamed at him.

"How could you find it in your heart to do it? Now, what is the use of pretending when you know as well as I do that I am your husband?"

As I sat gasping and for the moment unable to articulate he proceeded to upbraid me most bitterly.

"How could you bring yourself to desert me and your three poor unfortunate little children and run away with that scoundrel?"

At last I found my breath and answered:

"You are making a most extraordinary mistake, sir. I never saw you before in all my life."

"Never saw me!" he repeated in a loud, angry voice. "You and I, that were man and wife for five years!"

"Never!" I answered. "You must be out of your senses. You are mad."

"No, but perfectly sane, though what I have suffered was enough to turn my brain. Look at my gray hairs," removing his cap, "all owing to you, Mary."

"I never saw you before—never!"

"Oh, what is the use of this sort of thing?" he asked impatiently. "You know you were always a born actress. You recollect your successes before we were married. It was always easier for you to be another person than yourself."

"I've never been inside a theater and never acted since I was born."

"If it was not too serious a moment, I would say that in all your life you had never acted as you are acting now; you have surpassed yourself! And you know how proud I was of you and the hit you made in 'The Pink Petticoat.' And, as to your dancing, Jackson declared that in that grasshopper pas you could not be equaled at the Empire itself."

Grasshopper pas—Empire! If our dear rector could but hear my name coupled with such abominations!

I rose, snatched up my bag and parasol and hurriedly seated myself at the far end of the carriage, merely presenting my back to his gaze. But, utterly undaunted, he immediately placed himself beside me and actually endeavored to insinuate his arm around my waist. I screamed and beat him off with my parasol, and then he seized my hand and held it in a viselike grasp and said:

"Mary, darling, why do you go on like this—as if you did not know me? Don't you remember the balls at Covent Garden and the jolly suppers and our dear little house in Avenue road and how proud I was to be pointed out as the husband of Polly Cantrippe? Think of our three fair haired children! Oh, how could you have it in your heart to desert poor little Esmeralda, only an infant in arms? She is now 4 years old and the image of you. It's a terrible thing to have a handsome wife!"

"Let go my hand!" I cried out hysterically.

"To have a handsome wife," he repeated, "who has been on the boards and has thousands of admirers—a terrible thing for a man to have to be in the city and forced to leave her alone all day! It was partly my own fault, and I've never divorced you!"

I now made a desperate but futile attempt to tear away my hand. He still held it tightly, talking all the time in a loud, resolute voice.

"A pretty woman has so many temptations." Here at last I wrenched myself free and looked about for the cord of communication.

"No need to call the guard, Mary," he said. "Your own husband is sufficient protection."

"But you are not my husband," I shouted, "and I will call the guard if I can!"

"Sit down!" he said fiercely. "No more of this acting and listen to me quietly."

Awed by his look, I sank back into a seat. My mental sufferings were sufficiently acute, but I did not wish to enrage him to the point of murder.

"I've never taken any steps to divorce you," he continued—continued to me, Mrs. Moggins of the Manor, "for you are my wife in the sight of heaven, and you know that I adored you and that I married you honorably in spite of that ugly story about young Lovelace. I always thought there was no one like you, no one so saucy, so handsome, so smart. My own opinion has always been that you were inveigled away against your better self and that you are heartily sick of the brute. I'm told that he drinks and that he beats you! I've searched for you high and low. I've even advertised for you, and meanwhile I've always kept your place open. I've told our friends (and some believe me) that the acting fever had got into your blood, you could not keep off the boards and had accepted a splendid engagement in America, but that you were coming back soon for certain. Think of the children"—

"I've no children!" I burst out indignantly.

"They are taught to expect your return," he continued as if he had not heard me. "Polly is like you—she was 7 on Thursday. Billy takes after me, they say, and, as for Esmeralda, you shall judge for yourself. All I can say is that I forgive everything. Mary, come home!"

As he spoke he looked most terribly in earnest, poor man. His voice shook; his face was ashen; great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I declare I felt almost sorry for him.

"I regret, sir," I said, "that you have made a complete stranger so conversant with your private affairs. My husband is a tea broker. I have no family. I have never been and never will be inside a theater in my life; much less have I acted or danced."

"Oh, Mary, why do you torture me like this?" he exclaimed. "Are you so happy with him—a married man? How can you consent to live in sin?"

"Silence, sir!" I shrieked, nearly beside myself.

"I will not be silent!" he stormed. "Had ever any woman so forgiving a husband? But then I love you—I love you!" and here the miserable wretch actually burst into tears and went suddenly down and groveled at my knees, hiding his head and his heartrending sobs in my gown. I was certain his loud voice, lamentations and arguments must have been heard by the Uppinghams. What would they think?

"I am really sorry for you, sir," I said, drawing away my skirt. "How can I induce you to believe that I am not your abandoned wife? See, here is my handkerchief and my initials, 'S. H. M.'—Sarah Hannah Moggins."

"What are initials?" he scoffed. "You can change them as easily as you have changed your voice and the color of your hair. I see you've dyed it the new red; but, all the same, my heart recognizes my own Polly! Now that I've found you I swear I shall never let you go; the children are always asking when mother will be home. They don't know the truth. God forgive me for the lies I have told them!"

I shook my head impatiently, for it was useless to attempt to speak.

"How can you be so false," he cried, "so hard hearted? Look at yourself as you were," and he suddenly opened a locket and jerked it at me.

The painted photograph which I was thus compelled to examine was that of a pretty woman who certainly did resemble me. There I saw my eyes, my nose, my mouth.

"It was like you, the image of you, before you grew fat. You always had a dread of growing fat. These three years have aged you terribly. You look every day of 40; you know you always had a horror of being elderly."

"I have a great horror of being taken for another woman!" I protested vigorously.

"Mary," he said, suddenly turning on me and speaking in great excitement, "after having treated me so cruelly I wonder how you can be so callous. I declare you are more like some stony hearted monster than a woman of flesh and blood!" surveying me with a pair of angry eyes. "However, you shall not escape me. For the children's sake, I shall take you home. I know best what is for your good and theirs, and nothing you can say or do shall move me. You remember my will of old."

Here the train began to slacken, and I suddenly let down the window.

"What are you about?" he demanded sharply.

I opened the door ere he discerned my purpose, precipitated myself upon the platform and called for the station master.

A burly official with a weather beaten face came hurrying up.

"Oh, station master," I cried, "I throw myself on your protection! This person," pointing to my companion, who had hastily alighted, "has annoyed me the whole way from London; he has mistaken me for some one else and persecuted me most cruelly. Find me another carriage and lock me in."

"She is my wife!" roared the stranger. "I can swear to her. She ran away with a French jockey three years ago and left her home and children. I've hunted for her everywhere, and by good luck she got into the same carriage with me at Victoria. I claim her, do you hear?"

"He is insane!" I shrieked. "I never saw him before!"

I now noticed Mrs. Uppingham, her sister and the young man all staring out of the window, watching the scene with every symptom of the liveliest interest. Indeed every open window in the train was full of heads. The porters, the cabmen, the very newsboys, had gathered together and made a ring round us.

"She says I'm a stranger," continued the man in his loud, strident voice, that was audible even above the hissing of the engine, "but don't mind her. She's been an actress. I took her off the boards. Acting is her second nature. I'm willing to take her home and give her another chance. Now, Mary, you come along with me," and he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Station master," I said, "here is my card. I claim your protection. You and the company are responsible for me to my lawful husband."

Then, as he smiled and shook his head, I appealed in my desperation to Mrs. Uppingham.

"That lady lives close to me. She knows who I am. Don't you?" I besought of her with outstretched hand.

But the detestable woman merely raised her eyebrows and shook her head, and I could actually hear the girl choking with laughter.

"Do you know her, ma'am?" demanded the official.

"No, thank goodness!" she answered, with great scorn.

Meanwhile we—that is to say, the stranger and I—were detaining the whole train, and the station master suddenly said:

"Take your hand off the lady, sir. And you, missus, get into the carriage, and I'll keep the gentleman until the next train. I'm going beyond my rights, but there's no other plan, as I can see. I'll wire to the police and inquire about you," he added as he took my card.

I did not wait to hear another word, but made a dash for my compartment and scrambled in just as the train began to creak and move, still closely pursued by the stranger, and the last glimpse I caught of him he was struggling like a madman up and down the platform in the arms of four porters. I have never seen him since.

This terrible experience has naturally made me extremely nervous. I never now travel alone. I feel a misgiving respecting every figure ensconced behind a newspaper, and the first sight of a man with a sallow face and a red tie gives me a sort of chill.

I related the whole story to Thomas when I had recovered from the shock and had eaten my dinner, and he was immensely amused. So like a husband!

Mrs. Uppingham has evidently imparted her version of the occurrence to the neighborhood. I called upon her to explain, but she was not at home (though I saw her in the window), and has never returned my visit—no, not even through the post. I am sorry to say that some of my acquaintances have evidently listened to her lies. A friend of mine was solemnly assured that I had been a burlesque dancer and a divorcee. Several nice people have dropped me; no explanations, no matter how ample, appear to avail me, and I believe that it will take years and years—if not my whole lifetime—to live down my only adventure.—B. M. Croker in Sketch.

Hood's Pills
Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They
Rouse the Liver
Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sharp Contrast.

In Dr. Trumbull's "War Memories of a Chaplain" it is wisely said that courage is the standard in active army service, and no man who fails in personal bravery can have the least influence upon his men. If, on the other hand, a chaplain is ready to share every danger, his men give him full credit for courage and fidelity and are the more ready to do their duty under his appeals.

Two soldiers were one day overheard speaking of the chaplain of another regiment and contrasting him with their own.

"He's always on picket with his regiment," said they, "and he's always ready to go with it into a fight. You don't catch our 'Holy John' up there!"

"You don't mean our chaplain is a coward, do you?" asked the other, in a scornful tone.

"Oh, no! I don't say he's a coward, but when there's any firing ahead he has to go for the mail."

"Well, but he's got to go for the mail, you know."

"Yes, but if the firing is sudden, he can't stop to get his saddle on."

They laughed together over the picture. The overcautious man had lost his influence.

A Comical Costume.

Much amusement was caused in a country house at a recent English house party by the entry into the drawing room just before dinner of a guest with coattails tightly rammed into his trousers pockets and the trousers themselves rolled up almost to his knees. When some one drew the old gentleman's attention to the eccentric arrangement of his dress, everybody present nearly exploded, and the victim himself, whom all knew intimately, laughed as heartily as anybody. He then explained that he had bicycled over from his own home, some two miles distant, and, thinking that he was late, he had, when shown in, forgotten all about the arrangement of his clothes.

When subsequently the footman who admitted him was rebuked for not having noticed the condition of the guest's clothes and told him of it, the saucy varlet calmly replied that certainly he had "observed that Colonel Blank's trousers were turned up rather high," but that he had refrained from drawing his attention to them because he "thought perhaps the colonel wore them that way."—London Letter.

On the Trek.

We have now had a real trial of trekking life, and thus far it is the greatest success. This is how our day passes: We trek from about 3 in the morning till about 7. As the road is usually pretty jolty, and therefore not conducive to slumber, Mrs. Grey and I sleep on for another hour after we stop—that is, from 7 to 8. During this time the tent is put up, and some water got, if possible, for our baths. Meanwhile the men have gone out shooting. We have breakfast on the veldt about 9:30 or 10. After that till about 1:30 is free. I sometimes sketch, but I usually want to walk as well; or I ought to be writing journal or washing clothes or dusting out the wagon or skinning birds or darning my stockings (especially the last), and the time available is all too short. At 1 we have a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and then pack up for another two hours' trek from 2 to 4. One has to pack everything in most carefully, as otherwise it would be either jolted to pieces or tossed out. Washstand, camp stools, ladder, books, etc., are all located in our wagon and have to be taken in and out at each trek. From 10 to 3 is the only quiet time for sleeping, so one tries to make the most of it. The "boys" usually sleep under the wagons. Almost the only drawback of the life is the dirt and dust. For the first week the roads were muddy, and our buck wagon got "stuck" several times—once for about eight hours. They had to use 20 pairs of oxen to pull it out, taking the spans from the other wagons, and even then only succeeded after "off loading" and much digging in front of the wheels.—"Twelve Hundred Miles In a Wagon," by Miss Balfour.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Killing the Fox.

We had hunted up and down the rides for the greater part of a day, and finally, with the scent at its hottest, we seemed to have lost the fox in the neighborhood of a little cottage, with a pigsty tacked on to it. The hounds were giving tongue around the pigsty, while its occupants protested with no less noise. The hubbub was tremendous, and the tumult increased tenfold when the second whip climbed the sty palings and began to search the tenement for the missing fox. There was no sign of him. Still the hounds kept giving tongue around the dwelling as if the fox were there. The whip, after drawing the pigsty blank, knocked at the cottage door and, receiving no answer, entered. The sole inmate was a bedridden old woman, who protested with vehemence equal to the pigs' against this invasion of her privacy, adding that no fox could possibly have come in, for the door had not been opened since her grandson had gone out to work in the morning.

The man in pink was about to retire with apologies when a bold hound burst in through the door, with a terrible burst of melody. He stopped to ask no questions of the poor old lady, but went under the bed like a tiger. More hounds dashed in; there was a scuffle and a worry under the bed, shrieks from the poor old woman that lay on it, furious death notes of the hounds—and in a second or two all was over. It took a deal of silver and consolation to make the lady realize that the hounds had not killed her as well as the fox. She still protested solemnly that the fox could not have entered the cottage because the door had been shut all the time, but it was obvious enough, from the sootiness of the old fellow's coat, that his way in had been, not through the door, but down the chimney.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Man's Sixth Sense.

"There is every reason to believe that man was once vastly superior to his present self," said Claude Fales Wright, the theosophist, in New York the other day.

"You all have possibly heard the expression, which comes down from centuries, 'Frightened out of his seven senses.' It is not ridiculous to believe that man at one time had seven senses. What these other two senses were it is not now within our province to know. It is possibly just as difficult to find out as to teach a person who has no sense of music what music is. You might play and sing for such a person, but without some intuitive knowledge of harmonious sounds you could not make him appreciate music. The main thing for us to do is to get rid of old ideas if we would learn. Socrates said that the way to learn is to forget. If a man tells me something new, I do not doubt the truth of it until I have investigated it. If we make up our minds that we cannot do a thing, then we will never do it.

"Almost all animals are susceptible to intuitive qualities, which cannot be defined. In man these qualities are often strongly marked. You have noted the peculiar influence which the presence of certain persons has upon you. Sometimes one cannot think evil or good of another in his presence without his knowing it. This is a sensitiveness to which we are all more or less subject. But we must not let this feeling control us. We may have it and control it, and this, then, constitutes the sixth sense. It is the living in the world and not being of it—not giving up foolishly all you have. It is evident that we are coming to an appreciation of the sixth sense. No doubt by philosophy we will recover the senses, two of which have been temporarily dormant."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Since A. D. 1819.

Born in 1819, her majesty has, of course, passed the period allowed by the psalmist as the average for earthly enjoyments and sorrows. The world into which she was born was troublous; memories of Waterloo were still fresh; Napoleon Bonaparte was still alive, and a prisoner; capital punishment was awarded for almost any offense; the wager of battle was still unrepealed; riots prevailed all over the country; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was under attainder; Sir Charles Wolseley was indicted in Chester; John Cam Hobhouse was committed to Newgate by speaker's warrant for a pamphlet disparaging the house of commons; the Earl of Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the lord lieutenancy of the West Riding; booksellers were imprisoned for selling Paine's "Age of Reason;" the country was ringing with the news of the Peterloo massacre, when the yeomanry fired upon the mob, and Henry Hunt, the chairman of the meeting, coming up to London for his trial, received an ovation.

Such was the stormy political world into which the royal infant came. It is edifying, though purposeless, to compare it with that of today. The task of so doing can be accomplished by anybody, and shall not, at least, be attempted by me.—Gentleman's Magazine.

How it Hurts!

Rheumatism, with its sharp twinges, aches and pains. Do you know the cause? Acid in the blood has accumulated in your joints. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which neutralizes this acid. Thousands write that they have been completely cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Price 25 cents.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1898.

NEW CITY GOVERNMENT.

The Woburn city government for 1899 will be inaugurated one week from next Monday, Jan. 2. Some think the exercises will be elaborate and ornate, while hardly anybody predicts that a considerable share of "Jeffersonian simplicity" will be in evidence on the important occasion. Naturally the formalities will eclipse most former inaugurals. Ours is a community that demands a strict observance of forms in the execution of public functions, and it is well to minister to the popular taste in such matters as far forth as practicable. So that, while the new Mayor might personally prefer a simple and unostentatious programme for Jan. 2, he may think it no more than right that the desires of the people for something elaborate and more in keeping with the dignity of the office should be gratified, and therefore indulge in a few ornamentations.

CHRISTMAS.

Next Sunday, December 25, is Christmas Day. Sermons appropriate to the season have doubtless been composed to be delivered at the churches in the morning. In the afternoon and evening Sunday School cancerts are to be given. The choristers and organists have prepared special music for both and something fine may be expected. No doubt the Christmas goose will play a leading part in the exercises of the day, and the solemnity of Sunday will have to give way to some merry-making.

Old Thomas Tusser wrote:

"At Christmas play
And make good cheer,
For Christmas comes
But once a year."

☞ To steer things in a way to secure his re-election Mayor Davis will have to be, all the year, "as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." He will find the city finances in a worse condition than ever before and to get them into shape will require all his available ability in that line. Then it is possible he will be confronted by demands from some of his workers in the late campaign for recognition and favors, which he will find perplexing, if nothing more. Not that he made promises, but everybody don't work in politics simply for the fun of the thing. But what will worry him worse than anything else perhaps will be the rum business. He gave an ante-election pledge that the liquor laws should be enforced by him right up to the handle, and naturally his course will be watched closely. To suppress illegal rumselling in this city would be a tremendous undertaking, quite herculean, in fact, but Mr. Davis has promised to accomplish it, and he keeps his word to the letter, they told us before the election. There are innumerable kitchen barrooms in this city and we are waiting to see the new Mayor go for them —and the result.

☞ THE WOBURN JOURNAL began its 49th volume last week, "hale and hearty," as its genial editor says. Mr. George A. Hobbs purchased the paper about 18 years ago, and has been its editor and guide ever since. The JOURNAL has been one of our most valued exchanges. We seem to have become well acquainted with the editor, although we have never personally met him, but that is on account of our infirmities. The paper is a most excellent and readable one, full of local news and local interest. The editor is full of the milk of human kindness while doing justice to all, but, politically, he can hit an enemy's head when he has occasion. Long, long may the WOBURN JOURNAL live and prosper with its present genial editor at the head of it.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Thanks, shipmate. Some people pretend that they dislike praise, but the JOURNAL isn't of that class. It likes to be patted approvingly on the back, especially when it is done by a master hand, like Editor Twombly's of the *Chronicle*. The simple truth of the matter is, our esteemed colaborer in the vineyard, etc., knows a good thing when he sees it, and isn't afraid to tell of it. Thanks, again.

☞ Rumors are current to the effect that important changes in the Board of Public Works are imminent. It is said that Mayor-elect Davis has an idea or two respecting the assignment of the members in relation to the public service which differ materially from the present plan and that among his earliest acts will be a recast of the Board. Likewise, it is thought that Mayor Davis may possibly have some personal reasons for making a change.

☞ Is it, or is it not, an unusual thing for the city to be compelled to borrow a large sum of money near the end of the year with which to replenish an empty Miscellaneous Department? Information requested. A prominent Alderman said four weeks ago that the financial condition of the city was simply rotten.

☞ Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist should have been elected Alderman, for he is well fitted for the place. And besides, his election was due to our Scandinavian population who are numerous and of the best class of citizens.

☞ Senator Hoar has got over his pouting fit and come out for the ratification of the Peace Treaty. He thinks though that he must oppose "expansion" when that question comes up. However the old Senator can't trig the wheels of progress to any great extent.

☞ More than half of the Republicans of Woburn have signed a petition for the appointment of Capt. E. F. Wyer postmaster. That settles it. The City Committee voted last night against holding a caucus.

☞ The Christmas number of *Boston Ideas* is worthy of the merry season it celebrates. Its size is materially increased and it is full and running over with timely and beautiful pictures.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. Leathe—Shoes.
Birch & Bennett—Theatre.
Friday Night Club—Assembly.
Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

— A Christmas atmosphere pervades our city.

— The days will begin to grow longer tomorrow.

— Skating so far this winter has not been a complete success.

— According to almanac makers this is the first day of winter.

— George Pound of the 5th Regiment is at home on a furlough.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— The rain Tuesday settled what little snow we had considerably.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Men's shoes tapped and heeled, sewed on by hand, $1.00, at Leathe's.

— George T. Connor shows a pretty Christmas window and has nice things inside.

— E. Caldwell's display of Christmas furniture, carpets, rugs, etc. is a taking one.

— Christmas draws people back to their old homes almost as strongly as Thanksgiving.

— Elegant neckwear in Holiday goods. Prices $.25 .50 1.00. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. James M. Kimball and his crew of men are still making war on the gypsy moth.

— The clothing store of Hammond & Son display very handsome Christmas decorations.

— Tickets for the Innitou Canoe Club Minstrel Show on Dec. 28, are going like hot cakes.

— Although the goose is the true Christmas bird they are not so numerous in the markets as turkeys.

— Lovers of fun anticipate dead loads of it at the Innitou Club Minstrel Show next Wednesday evening.

— Minstrel Show by Innitou Canoe Club on Dec. 28, at Auditorium. All aboard for the I. C. C. Min. Show!

— Remember the poor and the needy at this joyous season. Let the pocketbook remember them liberally.

— If work counts for anything Mr. Jonathan Ela will continue to be Sealer of Weights and Measures another year.

— Mayor-elect Davis appeared out a few days ago in the finest silk hat that can be found in this community.

— John S. Nickerson of Woburn, assignor one-half to C. E. Cooper, has been granted a patent for a coal sack.

— Miss Clara M. Ryder of the post-office clerical force is on the sick list and necessarily absent from her post of duty.

— Friday Night Club are to give a grand assembly on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, at Lyceum Hall. Stick a pin there.

— Mr. C. Willard Smith has quite recovered from the sudden attack of illness which he suffered on the train last week.

— Cuneo & Crovo are able to furnish the whole city with all the fruit and confectionery desired and of the best quality.

— Everybody will want to hear Master Gerald Lambert, the boy Soprano, at the First Baptist Church, Sunday at 4 P. M.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered by Prof. Wm. G. Ward on Jan. 3. His subject is to be "Michael Angelo."

— The 6th Mass. Regt. will be mustered out within a short time. The boys won't be likely to object to that operation very strenuously.

— Some of the business houses will be open a few hours Monday morning to give the people a chance to get what they forgot Saturday night.

— Late buyers will find good assortments in our various departments. Open every evening this week. Hammond & Son, Leading Clothiers.

— The Electric Light, Heat & Power Co. will soon occupy their new plant near the foot of Horn Pond. It will be a daisy when fully equipped.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— It is fair to presume that considerable midnight oil is being consumed about this time on Arlington Road. Mayor-elect Davis is preparing his Inaugural Address.

— It was hoped that there might be sleighing for Christmas, but the going has been terrible slushy this week. Can't tell, though, what a day may bring forth for weather.

— The Woburn Police Association will give their annual ball next Friday evening, Dec. 30. They are looking forward to a pleasent affair and making due preparations for it.

— On Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, the Friday Night Club's Assembly will come off in style. The women and men at the bellows don't know anything about the word fail.

— Fred Hartwell has been selling northern turkeys this week at hardpan prices. He will keep right on doing so until buying for Christmas dinner stops. His turkeys this year were all stallfed, fat, fair and sweet.

— The Board of Public Works have been notified that some of the public buildings are in a dangerous condition. Unfortunately there is no money to expend on them. More trouble for the new administration.

— The Bay State Sanitarium on Walnut st. has suspended operations for the present. It failed to secure the amount of popular encouragement it deserved and therefore deemed it wise and prudent to call a halt.

— At Christmas time one is sure to see the "Minister's Face," or boar's head, prominently displayed in the markets, and it is a goodly sight. In olden times it occupied the post of honor at the banqueting boards of the heavy eaters and drinkers of rural England, and may now for aught we know. We saw a good one at Linnell's.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Oriental Rugs

form an important part of our extensive assortment of floor coverings.

They combine utility with beauty in a marked degree—wear for a lifetime, and are a constant delight to the artistic eye, day by day.

Our display of Axminster and Brussels carpets, etc., includes many private and exclusive patterns, to be found nowhere else.

Prices are **made** moderate and are **kept** so.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency.

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— The new "Oxford" Muffler $1.00 each. Hammond & Son.

— The Munroe boys and other lads on Warren ave. and thereabouts have had great fun this week sliding down hill.

— It was slippery footing on the sidewalks Tuesday evening and Wednesday until the highwaymen got in their work.

— Ladies' Umbrellas—always an acceptable gift 75c to $5.00. A special bargain at $1.35 worth $2.25. Hammond & Son.

— Representative Wood is arraying himself in new legislative habiliments preparatory to resuming his official duties on Jan. 4.

— Mr. W. H. Cummings thinks the prospect for considerable residential building in this city next season is from fair to middling.

— They say Boston is having the biggest Christmas trade in its history. Streets and stores are overrun with people from morning to night.

— It is generally thought that Dr. Peck has a promise of the office of City Physician under the new administration. The report needs confirmation.

— Janitor John Connolly was pleased with the result of the election because he was able to say the next day: "I told you so." And then he likes the successful ticket.

— We shouldn't wonder if the annual report of Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, Clarence Littlefield, would furnish food for thought. The public will get the facts whatever they may be and whoever they may hit.

— If one would behold sights let him pass along Main street from 7 to 10 o'clock tomorrow evening and occasionally drop into a store where Christmas wares are sold. The whole town will be out in force about that time.

— Next Monday, Dec. 26, the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society are to give an afternoon party at Concert Hall. There will be dancing from 2 to 11 p. m., for which Calnan's Orchestra are to furnish music.

— On Wednesday evening, Dec. 28, St. Charles Parish will give a grand Whist Party in St. John's Hall to which a general invitation is extended. The managers anticipate a large attendance and an evening of much pleasure.

— This office is in daily receipt of reports of the prevalence of grip in this city. While not particularly dangerous, it is a nasty disease, and is apt to reconcile ones mind to the near approach of the end of the world.

— The tickets to the Afternoon Party to be given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. and Auxiliary at Concert Hall on next Monday from 2 to 11 o'clock are: gentlemen's, 50 cents; ladies 25 cents.

— Mr. James S. Cassidy, the plumber of Walnut street, made his calculations all right on the successful candidate for Mayor except in one little particular; they did not include a stampede. That was what floored him and his calculations.

— It looks as though a considerable share of the Christmas merrymaking would come off on Monday. There is to be a general suspension of trade and traffic that day, so it is said, and most of the entertainments and social functions will then be held.

— Rum nearly got a black eye in Woburn Tuesday, being carried by less than one hundred votes. It would easily be worth $5,000 a year to Winchester, for various reasons, if this traffic in Woburn were stopped.—"*Echoes" in Winchester Star.*

— The Minstrel Show by the Innitou Canoe Club bids fair to be a fine one. Old ruts will be departed from and new features introduced that will delight an appreciative audience. The management is in the best of hands which insures complete success.

— Last Tuesday evening Hope Degree Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, elected the following officers: N. G., Mary F. Laraway; V. G., Clara Cole; R. S., Hattie A. Delano; T., Lizzie Simmons; Trustees, Lillie M. Trull, Sarah A. Woodside, Abbie M. Chase.

— Last Monday evening Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Noble Grand, James R. Kendall; Vice Grand, Frank H. Leathe; Secretary, Alonzo L. Perham; Financial Secretary, Alva J. Foster; Treasurer, Orlando M. Brooks; Trustee 3 years, Marcellus Littlefield. A banquet was given to the several officers of the Grand Lodge present, after which a musical entertainment was enjoyed.

— As usual the lecture in the Burbeen Course last Tuesday evening was well attended. The lecture was of a high order of merit. The next one will be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, by Prof. William G. Ward, whose subject will be "Michael Angelo."

— Edward R. Andrus, who for several years has been Mr. Frank C. Nichols's right-hand man in the ice business, is to be the driver for Armour's beef establishment on High street. Armour's agent could not have selected a better man for the place.

— Next Sunday is Christmas but a large share of the real business will probably be postponed until the next day. Stockings will be hung up on Christmas Eve no doubt and there will be merry times in the morning, but the secular entertainments will come later.

— Some of the Woburn stockholders in the Salts Marine, or gold from sea water, Company felt quite elated last Monday over the report that President Jernegan, now in Europe, had returned $75,000 of his illgotten gains for distribution among them; but the news Tuesday knocked it all in the head.

— L. E. Hanson & Co., the jewelers, have arranged their store in a very attractive manner with beautiful Christmas goods which challenge general attention from the public. Their gold and silver display is exceedingly rich and beautiful, and of clocks, watches and other wares their stock is complete.

— A Christmas present which the scholars will appreciate as highly as any will be the holiday vacation which Supt. Emerson is to give them. It extends from Dec. 26, 1898, to Jan. 2, 1899, inclusive. Supt. Emerson is bound that the boys and girls shall have a good time and they'll bless him for it.

— Mr. B. T. H. Porter leads the procession this year on Calendars, the present of nearly half a dozen to the JOURNAL last Tuesday being the first to put in an appearance at this office. They were the offering of some of the best insurance companies in the country, for all of which Mr. Porter is the local Agent. Thanks.

— Green garlands ornament many windows in the city as is the custom at Chistmastide, and there is a good deal of mistletoe with its red berries to be seen. There is also a fair supply of evergreens such as pine, fir, and similar woods, set up in stores, houses, etc., all of which add to the holiday aspect of the town.

— The minstrel show given at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening by Relief Corps 84 was a big success. The attendance was large and the performance very entertaining. Each part was well carried through, and the whole brimful of fun. From a financial point of view the Corps could not have asked for anything more satisfactory.

— The Committee of Arrangements for the Second Annual Ball of the Woburn Police Relief Association, to be given on Dec. 30, are Charles F. McDermott, President; Edw. T. O'Neil, Secretary; Austin G. French, Philip A. McKenna, John A. Walsh, Hartley J. Tarr. The ball is to be given in the Auditorium with fine music.

— The postoffice will be locked up at 9 o'clock next Monday morning and remain closed the balance of the day. There will be but one mail delivery by the carriers. Postmaster Hagerty put on four extra men yesterday who will continue to be employed in handling mail until Monday. He means that the Christmas work shall be promptly done.

— Miss Marion Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Taylor of Pleasant street, will give a Christmas reception to a few of her intimate friends at 2 o'clock tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon, at No. 23 Pleasant street. A Christmas Tree with presents will figure in the affair, which no doubt will be a gay one.

— Mr. David A. Hunt, who died at his home on Warren Avenue on Dec. 15, aged 81 years and 8 months, was a native of Malden but had been a resident of Woburn over 60 years, having settled here about 1835. He learned the carpenter's trade and worked at it as long as his age and health allowed. Mr. Hunt was esteemed by all who knew him. He was upright in his dealings, a man of his word, and withal generous and kind hearted. Ill health had compelled him to live a retired life for some years, but he will be remembered as a good man by many people.

— 1 doz. Pure Linen Collars any style, for $1.50. Hammond & Son.

— Yesterday showed every indication of a "green Christmas." It was warm and sloppy and rather enervating.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell, we are glad to hear, is recovering from a hard struggle with the grip which has kept him housed and most of the time bedfast for 5 weeks. He is up and about house now.

— The Men's League gave the public their money's worth last Wednesday evening. The Spanish War talk given by Major Henry B. Fairbanks was highly enjoyed by a large and intelligent audience, and everything else was in proportion. President Lounsbury is giving the people something to be grateful for.

— "Echoes" says in the Winchester *Star* of Dec. 16 that for the year ending Sept. 30, 1898, the electric cars carried 331,000 people between Winchester and Arlington; 270,000 between Winchester and Stoneham; and 810,000 from North Woburn, via Winchester, to Medford. Who says that our street railways don't do business?

— Officers for the coming year of Brewster Colony, No. 19, U. O. P. F.: Governor, Alonzo L. Perham; Lieut. Gov., Charles Eaton; Secretary, Evie O. Nichols; Treas., Harriet S. Patten; Coll., Amariah V. Haynes; Chap., Alethea Eaton; S. at A., H. S. Dickinson; Dep. S. at A., S. Jennie Perham; 1. Sen., Charles Marston; O. Sen., Chas. Jones; pianist, Grace C. Nichols.

— The Swedish Congregational church of Fitchburg at a meeting held last Sunday voted to extend a call to Rev. O. A. Henry of this city to become their pastor next March. Their present pastor, Rev. A. W. Kjellstrand, has resigned to take effect on March 15, 1899. He and Rev. Mr. Henry were classmates and graduated from Augustana College at Rock Island, Illinois, in 1897.

— Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., have lately elected the following officers: Commander, Capt. Edwin F. Wyer; S. V. C., E. W. Junkins; J. V. C., Daniel Waters; Surgeon, Parker L. Eaton; Chaplain, Charles H. Johnson; C., Major Henry C. Hall; O. of D., Col. A. L. Richardson; O. of G., J. G. Bruce; Delegates, Geo. E. Fowle, Fort Staples; Alternates, E. W. Junkins, E. C. Pollard.

— Brewster Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, have elected the following: Alonzo L. Perham Gov., Charles Eaton Lieut. Gov., Evie O. Nichols Sec., Harriet S. Pattern Treas., A. V. Haynes Col., Alethea Eaton Chap., Herbert S. Dickinson Sergt-at-Arms, S. Jennie Perham Dep Sergt-at-Arms, Charles Marston Inside Sen., Charles Jones Outside Sen., Grace C. Nichols Pianist, J. M. Ausart Trustees, Abbie Chase Rep.

— We have been getting packages of Western papers from Warren Teel of Davenport, Iowa, lately, which we look upon as bait to secure our vote for his election to the presidency of the Iowa Groundhog Association next February. We doubt if he lands his gudgeon, for we are voting from a high moral standpoint this year. Teel means well, but has no conception of the extent of the reform that has taken place in us as to voting.

— Dr. Daniel F. Murphy of Pleasant st. is on the mend although his improvement is slow, as is generally the case in nervous prostration. He is no longer troubled with insomnia and is gaining strength, so that he may reasonably be expected to be attending to his patients again pretty soon. The trouble with the Doctor was, he worked too hard and denied himself the rest necessary to good health. We are glad to hear that he is better.

— On Nov. 29, 1898, one of the most astute Democratic politicians in this city, who plumes himself on his ability to see farther into a millstone than the common run of people, made the following figures on the result of the Mayoralty election and asked to have them preserved for after election reference; Feeney, 992, Davis, 910; Waldron, 548. The publication of these names and figures must be just a little bit embarrassing to him.

— While gay with lovely Christmas presents the windows at Copeland & Bowser's store give only a faint hint of the beauties of the inside as they meet and charm the eye of the visitor. They afford the merest suggestion of what the store contains in the shape of rich and elegant holiday gift goods. These must be seen and leisurely examined to be appreciated, for there is hardly any end to them, and the variety is pretty nearly as limitless. Go and see for yourselves, dear readers.

Shadow of Herself

Stomach Was Too Weak to Retain Food

A Complete Cure Effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla

Now Enjoying the Best of Health, With Digestion Perfect.

"My mother was subject to sick headaches and indigestion for over a year. She was unable to stand for any length of time, and was obliged to stay in a dark room as she could not bear the light. She had no appetite whatever and her stomach was so weak she could not retain what food she did eat. She also had severe pains in her head. She suffered so much that she became but the shadow of herself. One day I happened to read a testimonial about Hood's Sarsaparilla. It

Sounded So Truthful

I persuaded her to try this medicine. Before finishing the first bottle there was an improvement in her condition. She no longer threw up her food and her headache was not as severe. She took in all four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and several boxes of Hood's Pills and regained her weight. She is now enjoying the best of health. Her digestion is good and she can eat almost anything she wishes. She is 42 years old and says she feels as well as when she was 16. Hood's Sarsaparilla made a complete cure in her case." MISS MARY MASCARIE, Ironton, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic, easy to operate. 25c.

In this Building

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys' Clothing

as it is possible to put together.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portaits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three days before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.

At this distance it is impossible to measure the effect upon a South American seaports of the visit of the battleships Oregon and Iowa, which are on their way to strengthen the fleet of Admiral Dewey. But we venture to think that the effect is mighty impressive, for the run of the Oregon late last spring is still a vivid universal memory. —*Boston Journal.*

— At the dinner of the New England Woman's Press Association at Parker's Wednesday evening, Christmas souvenirs were presented each guest by Mrs. Emily Selinger consisting of a nine-verse Christmas poem in brown type on a card daintily decorated with holly, juniper and carnations, by Mrs. Selinger herself. A poem by Miss Gertrude Menard was also given.

Geography is becoming very interesting. The Navy Department, studying the proposition to send reinforcements to Admiral Dewey from the Mare Island Yard on the Pacific coast by a ship now at New York, discovered that Manila is three thousand miles nearer New York than Mare Island is, going around the Horn. Of course the sailors will go direct.—*Boston Journal.*

— We don't know of a more appropriate and beautiful Christmas present than a copy of Pierce's "Residential Woburn," for sale at Mr. Pierce's office Fowle Block, Main street, and at the bookstore. It is not only a handsome volume but as the years go by its value as history of our city, as a representation of what the city was like in 1898, will increase and the day will come when its possession will be highly prized. Every person who takes pride in his or her town should have a copy of this book and carefully preserve it.

— What a brood of platform orators the War with Spain hatched out! They are giving their "experiences" all over the country, and to tell the truth they are getting to be just a little bit stale. Their "experiences" were necessarily very limited, for the War was not a huge one as far as fighting was concerned, although of tremendous importance to the world at large, and particularly to the United States and Spain. And then, the War Correspondents of the metropolitan papers told the story of military operations in Cuba and Porto Rico much better than the most of this new crop of orators can; and, anyway, the whole affair has passed into history and there, for pity's sake, let it rest.

— Judging from reports there will be few if any changes among the offices at City Hall when the new administration is inaugurated. The City Clerk, Treasurer and Tax Collector are sure of retaining their seats, John Lynch will have his present office if he wants it, and it follows as a matter of course that Mr. John Connolly will be continued as Janitor. No fault is found with him by anybody and it is not likely that there will be any other candidate. He is a prompt and careful officer and it would be no easy matter to fill his place. Barrett will have the Auditorship if agreeable to him; in fact, it looks as though the same old crowd would swing things at City Hall during the year 1899.

— We print in another column an advertisement of the presentation at the Auditorium on Dec. 26 of Birch & Bennett's great sensational comedy drama called "Temptation of Money," with brilliant accessories, to which particular attention is called. We are assured that the company who are to play the piece are firstclass, each one a meritorious actor, and that there is nothing cheap about any part of the entertainment. Birch & Bennett have met with excellent success in the presentation of "Temptation of Money" all over the country, and bear a good reputation. In many cities and towns they frequently give the play in connection with some charitable organization and for its benefit, and in this way have made themselves popular independently of the merits of their dramatic performance. Read their announcement carefully.

— Our business men are well pleased with the prospect of an early building of a street railway to close the short gap between North Woburn and Wilmington. They see an increase of trade in it. It is possible that the line when completed will run from Wilmington via Tewksbury to Lowell instead via Billerica, for that would give a direct route from Lowell to Boston and avoid the present detour from Wilmington to Billerica. We are informed that it is not yet determined whether the North Woburn Company or the Shaw people will build the road, but it is settled that one or the other will do so and that it will be ready to do business by July 1, next. The Shaw Company, of which Col. Charles F. Woodard is President, have discovered their mistake in running the Reading & Lowell line by way of Billerica instead of Tewksbury, and will correct it by adopting a new route from Wilmington to Lowell. The filling of the gap from North Woburn to Wilmington will greatly benefit this city and the N. W. S. Railway.

Packed only in Fancy Decorated One Half Pound and One Pound Cans Like This Cut.

Winslow, Rand & Watson's

Royalty Chop

CHOICEST BLENDED

Fomosa Oolong Tea.

This brand of Tea has been on the market for over two years. The uniform quality has been maintained, and many people will have no other kind. Try one package and you will be convinced that we have a superior article for the price.

FOR SALE BY
FITZ & STANLEY, Woburn, Mass
☞ Ask for Royalty Tea.

— One of the trophies of Mr. Gordon Parker's last fall's hunt in the New Brunswick forests for moose, etc. was put in place in his drugstore last Tuesday and is pronounced a beauty. It is the head and horns of a woodland cariboo, mounted and prepared by Mr. Charles Foster, and makes a souvenir of his hunting trip which Mr. Parker values highly. The head is clean cut and much handsomer than that of the bull moose, its companion piece in the store, resembling more closely the deer, and the horns, or prongs (shed every year), are perfect. With professional hunters the value of a head depends on the number points on the horns, and by this rule Mr. Parker's cariboo is a rare one. There are 35 of these points; the spread of the prongs is 27 inches; and from base to tip they measure 30 inches, showing the animal to have been one of the largest shot in the New Brunswick forests last fall. The head is finely set up and attracts much attention from visitors and hunters.

— On Friday evening December 16, the members of the Plympton Octette were royally entertained by one of its members, Miss Christine Kelly, at her home on Union street, from four until half past eight. Besides the members of the Club present there were Miss Avis Hill and Miss Susie Tidd. The story of the Boston Tea Party was read by Miss Grace Pound, as it was the anniversary of that event. There were also selections on the piano by Miss Helen Eaton, Helen Deland, Avis Hill and Miss Christine Kelly. Misses Nellie Sanborn and Louise Burgess sang the "Slumber Song;" Miss Blanche Blackborne played a mandolin solo and also sang the solo, "O, the Flowery Mouth of June." There was reading by Miss Carrie Andrus and Miss Susie Tidd. Tea was served soon after five after which the fun began again. Part of the evening's entertainment consisted of dancing which was enjoyed by all. Beautiful little souvenirs were given by the hostess. At half past eight the party broke up each one declaring that they had passed a most pleasant evening.

— The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society will next week move into their new rooms in Savings Bank block which they will occupy in connection with the Society. The new quarters are commodious and fine, consisting of 5 large rooms, two of which are to be used by the Auxiliary, a reception room and parlor. The whole suite has been put into handsome shape and is very inviting. The Auxiliary was organized about 1890, since which it has been a material aid to the C. T. A. S in business and social ways and has proved its strong arm. The present officers are: President, Sarah Hammond; Vice President, Lizzie Calnan; Recording Secretary, Annie Smith; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Lizzie Smith. President Hammond is prominent in the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence organizations, being Vice President of the Union, which is the State Society, and a recognized helper in the good work. There are about 75 members of the Auxiliary all deeply interested, and earnest laborers. Regular meetings are held every Tuesday evening, and special sessions, socials, etc., are of frequent occurrence. It is a live, wideawake temperance organization, and a great benefit socially and financially to the St. Charles C. T. A. S.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.,
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,

Private Instruction

— IN —

Modern Piano Playing.

56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

A few of the Attractive Prices We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR

(Spring Wheat.)

$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House,

327 & 329 Main St.

FITZ & STANLEY.

— Green is the prevailing color in this town today. With its holly, mistletoe and forest trees, branches and shrubs, filling the windows and interiors of the buildings along the streets, to say nothing of the wreathes of green leaves that always put in an appearance at this season of the year, one could easily tell that Christmas has set in, even with one eye closed and his hands tied behind him. "A Merry Christmas" to all.

— Principal L. Herbert Owen of the Woburn High School has received an invitation to deliver the chief address at the next meeting of the Middlesex County School Masters Club to be held at the Quincy House in Boston on Jan. 14, 1899, which we presume has been accepted by him. Other Woburn teachers will be at the meeting most likely.

— At the whist party of Hope Circle the winners were: Ladies' first, Mrs. Nellie Wade; second, Miss Ida Duren; gentlemen, first, Benjamin L. Trull; second, A. Wright; booby, Mrs. Annie Wright, George Durward.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says: "A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.'" He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nichols, 18 Warren Ave., wish to thank the kind neighbors and friends who came in and assisted at the time when assistance was so much needed and appreciated; also those that so kindly offered and requested us to call them in case of need at the time of the illness and decease of Mr. David A. Hunt.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, every Sunday Morning at 10.45.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Christ in You the Hope of Glory." Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School Christmas Concert at 4 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School Christmas Concert at 4 P. M. No evening service. Friday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Sermon and music for Christmas Day. Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School Christmas Concert at 4 P. M. Meeting of Christian Endeavor and other young people in the vestry at 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.45 P. M. Subject: "The Wise Men from the East."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Christmas Day. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 10.30. Rev. E. L. Drown, celebrant. No session of Sunday School. Choral Service at 7 P. M. Music by the Vested Choir.

SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH.—Preaching by Rev. C. J. Larson, pastor, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Young Peoples' Meeting at 6 P. M. Wednesday, Service at 7.30 P. M. The Young Men's Reading Room is open every Saturday night from 7.15 to 9.30 o'clock.

SWEDISH EVANG. LUTHERAN.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Anders Andre. Young People's Service at 6 P. M. Preaching at 7 P. M. Wednesday Service at 7.30 P. M. Saturdays at 7.30 P. M., 1st and 3rd of every month, Young People's Meeting. The Ladies Sewing Society meets every other Thursday evening alternately at 7.45 P. M. in the homes of the respective members.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 19, Sophia P. Thompson, aged 77 years, 8 months, 4 days.

In this city, Dec. 21, Hon. John Cummings, aged 85 years, 2 months, 2 days.

Services at his home at 2 P. M., Saturday, Dec. 24. Burial private.

All friends are welcome. Please omit flowers.

Christmas Goods.

In addition to our large stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods we are showing a choice line of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have been months in collecting this stock, culling novelties and rare specimens from many manufactories and many countries, the whole forming a collection well worth seeing, and giving an opportunity to purchase gifts rarely found in one store.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

The most satisfactory Place to procure

Holiday Gifts

—IS AT—

Brooks's Drug Store

We have taken pains to provide an assortment of articles appropriate as presents for a gentleman or lady, boy or girl.

Christmas Shopping.

Tonight, tomorrow, and Saturday evening will be a busy time in the stores and shops where holiday goods are sold and proprietors and salesmen will find no rest for the soles of their feet until the closing hour arrives tomorrow.

It is true that they have been rushed all the week but the climax is yet to come and from this on to Saturday night the stores will be crowded. Nearly every merchant interviewed reports a large Christmas trade, much larger than for some years past. The general demand has been for a better class of goods than formerly, and the supply has equalled the demand. We doubt if anybody has ever seen finer stocks of holiday presents in this city than the stores now contain. It would be impossible with our limited space to do more than mention a few of the principal places where Santa Claus makes his headquarters.

The east side of Main street from High to Salem is resplendent with beautiful wares of all kinds and descriptions especially designed for Christmas gifts. Coming up the street one makes his first halt at Belcher's candy store and across Buel's Court the Boston Branch offers a great variety of nice things for the Christmas dinner. Next comes George T. Connor's fine stock of presents; Miss Callahan with beautiful millinery goods; and Crovo's fruits. There is C. M. Strout on the corner of Main street and Church ave. who it will pay to call on, and McCabe and Legg on Montvale ave. show holiday attractions.

Copeland & Bowser have the finest display in the city, with F. P. Brooks close alongside with one of the largest and most desirable stocks he ever offered the public. Prior's store, as usual, is filled from sills to collarbeams with fine gift goods, and Moore & Parker are not a whit behind their neighbors. Edward Caldwell, across the way, displays a handsome variety of furniture and kindred wares for the holidays, and Mr Alva Buckman's windows are glorious in shoes, slippers, etc., to meet the demands of the joyous season.

Osborn Gillett's windows are always more than presentable but just now they are brilliant in Christmas presents. Gage & Co. keep step to the music of the yuletide, the Smith's display their finest wares, and Hammond & Son's store is gorgeous with things useful and beautiful. The live turkey in the window takes the cake. Linnell can supply everything necessary for the Christmas dinner, and Gordon Parker's exhibition is fully up to former years. Mrs. Jennings's store never looked more inviting at the holiday times, and Holdridge can supply the entire city with skates and handsleds. Mrs. Packard's windows are gay with goods that ladies admire, and Josiah Leathe caters successfully to the wants of the people for elegant footwear.

L. E. Hanson & Co. deal largely in beautiful silver goods this Christmas of which they have one of the largest and handsomest collections ever seen in this city. James Durward, Jr., is on deck with choice meats, poultry vegetables and fruits, and Willis J. Buckman furnishes the spices, raisins, pickles, cheese and other good things for the dinner. The store of Richardson & Bro. is resplendant with new and fashionable goods, and L. Waldo Thompson, a little farther along, promptly meets all demands for fine cutlery and things of that kind. Pictures, frames, etc. are seen in great variety and beautiy at E. C. Smith's, and James McGrath's great place is a veritable bazaar.

And so one might go on all day telling of what the stores in this city offer to the holiday purchaser and find the end still unreached.

It is true, and everybody says so that a greater amount and variety of Christmas and New Year's goods has never been offered for sale here.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D., "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00 guaranteed or price refunded.

City Council.

The Aldermen held a meeting on Thursday evening, Dec 15, at which considerable business was disposed of.

An order was adopted for a loan of $43,170.75 in anticipation of taxes, and another for $10,000 for the Miscellaneous Department. The Board of Public Works sent in a communication, stating that the recent snowstorm cost the city $1,764.46, and asked that an appropriation be made to meet it. The Mayor sent in a veto of the order establishing the salary of the Clerk of Committees at $250, on the ground that it was not sufficient compensation. The veto was sustained, and an order adopted making the salary $350. A petition is about to be filed with the State Highway Commission, asking for an appropriation to construct state roads through this city. The routes proposed are the present Cambridge street from the Winchester line to Burlington line. The other is in the northeasterly portion of the city, commencing on Salem st. at the Stoneham line, thence by Washington street Mishawum Road, Plain and School streets and Main street to Wilmington line. Winchester has already petitioned that Cambridge street in that town, be accepted as a State Road.

Man's Life.

Man's life is full of crosses and temptations. He came into this world without his consent, goes out against will, and his trip between the two extremities is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the important features of the trip. When he is little the big girls kiss him, and when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he raises a large family he is a chump, but if he raises a small check he is a thief and a fraud and is shunned like a Christian with the seven year itch. If he is poor, he is a poor manager; if he is rich he is dishonest, if he is in politic it's for politics, you can't tell where to place him, and he's no good to his country, if he does no acts of charity he is a stingy cuss and lives only for himself; if he died young there was a great future before him; if lives to old age he has missed his calling; he is introduced to this world by a doctor and to the next by the same process. The road is rocky but a man likes to travel it.—*The Evansville (Wis.) Enterprise.*

Christmas Music.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The following programme will be rendered at the Unitarian church at 10.30 Christmas morning, Dec. 25.

The choir is composed of the following persons: Stella M. Lincoln, Mabel C. Davis, George N. Parker, Waldo P. Cutler.

Organist, F. Percyval Lewis.

Organ Prelude. March Pontificale. F. de la Tombelle
Anthem. While Shepherds watched their Flocks. B. O. Klein
Gloria. Lawes
Anthem. The Chimes of Christmas Morn. Louis Dressler
Chant. Lawes
Offertory. Violin and Organ. Ave Maria. Bach—Gounod
Julian E. Dow.
Organ Postlude. March in Eb. Salome

In the afternoon a Sunday School concert will be given under the direction of Mr. George R. Ferguson, Superintendent. The organ music by Mr. F. P. Lewis will be:

Organ Prelude. March Solennelle. Gounod
Carol. March On! Bailey
School.
Invocation.
Anthem. Choir
Responsive Reading.
Carol. Hark! The Bells. Emerson
School.
Prayers.
Reading and Responsive Singing.
Recitations. The Angelic Song. Miss Cooke
The First Christmas. Elsie Packer
David's City. Bessie M. Boutwell
Carol. The Christmas Story. Bailey
School.
Recitations. Christmas Morning. Madeline Winn
What Means It? Florence Boutwell
Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men. Harold Waters
Christmas Carol, Grace Dunton
When Will the Snow Come?
Edith Willoughby, Dora Knapp.
Duet. Christmas Light. Bailey
Harry Leathe, Harold Child.
Recitations. The Birthday of Christ. Roma Blanchard
Christmas. Harold Child
The First Recital. Marion Chalmers
Santa Claus. Clifford Parker
Christmas Bells. Two Classes Girls
Reading. Selected. Miss Ramsdell
Carol. Hail the Day. Bailey
Address by the Pastor.
Congregational Hymn.
Benediction.
Organ Postlude. Triumphal March. Guilmont

BAPTIST—10.30 A. M.

Wm. Lowell Brown, organist. Miss Grace Richardson, Miss Lucy A. Woodside, Mr. Louis H. Dow, Mr. Frank R. Cummings, assisted by Miss Jessie Hill, Soprano.

Organ prelude, Gullmant
Anthem, Hark the Heavenly Hosts, Marston
Anthem, Brightest and Best, Marston
Response, He Shall feed His flock, from The Messiah, Handel
Miss Lucy A. Woodside.
Offertory.
Soprano solo, selected, Miss Hill.
Organ postlude, Hallelujah, chorus, Handel

Christmas Concert at First Baptist church at 4 P. M. Sunday.

Organ Voluntary. William Lowell Brown
Processional.
Invocation. Rev. Cephas B. Crane
Scripture Reading. Superintendent
Awake. School
Kindergarten Recitation.
Fletcher Partridge, Claude Keith,
Marion Lord, Chester Wood,
Mary Hicks, Earle West,
Jacob Ellis, Harold Cosgrove.
Homer Gates,
Solo. Christmas Song. Master Gerald Lambert
Recitation. Can You Truly Tell? Pearle Jones
Kindergarten Song. The First Christmas
Song. Selected. Quartette
Christmas Exercise. Primary Department
Carol Osborne, Rita Straub,
Anna Gage, Lillian Barrett,
Osborne Bezanson, Forest Bezanson,
Dora Straub, Anna Gates,
Ethel Lord, Nellie Hopper,
Allie Ayer, John Airey.
Offering.
Solo. Holy City. Master Lambert
Recitation. Earth's Gifts. Hattie Jones
Kindergarten Recitation.
Gertie Alexander, Robert Barrett,
Dottie Bezanson, Lillian Faxon,
Evelyn Biggs, Harry Airey,
Millie Ayer, Roy Brown.
Song. Selected. Quartette
Recitation. Selected. Bertha Delano
Solo. Bethlehem. Master Lambert
Address. Dr. Crane
Glory to God in the Highest. School
Hymn No. 105. Congregation
Benediction.

Christmas Concert at First Congregational church at 4 P. M.

Voluntary. D. N. Hood
Hymn 235.
Reading Scriptures.
Prayer.
Chorus. Gloria. Mozart
Kindergarten Dept.
Recitation. The Blessed Day. Annie Bond
Song. The First Christmas.
Eva Ward, Lillian Stackpole, Esther Lentz, Gladys Wall, Leola Clark, Leslie Quimby, Chester Singer.
Recitation. The Babe of Bethlehem.
Eldridge Atwood.
Recitation. The Star the Shepards and the Angels.
Dorothy Blake.
Recitation. I Love to hear the Story.
Ethel Wallace, Edna Felch.
Solo. Story of the Christ Child. Sheppherd
H. C. Hayden.
Recitation. Let the children tell the story.
Edna Brauer, Ethel Conn, Nellie Buxton, Lena Vickery, Jessie Peppard, Esther White.
Recitation. Christmas Everywhere.
Stella Preston, Maud Smith.
Recitation. Do you hear? Arthur Ray
Chorus. Come near ye Nations. Watson
Recitation. O, Little Town of Bethlehem.
Stella Eames.
Recitation with Responses. Good Tidings.
Esther Bean.
Recitation. Neighbors of the Christ Night.
Lena Harrington.
Chorus. Hallelujah Chorus. Hande
Christmas Offering.
Address. Dr. Scudder
Address. Dr. March
Hymn 238.
Benediction.

Christmas Day at Trinity Church will be observed by the usual morning and evening service at 10.30 and 7.30 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Drown of Cambridge will celebrate the Holy Communion at the morning service. At the evening service there will be a short sermon with special music. Master Pizant Pagazerian, the boy soprano at St. John Episcopal Church, Cambridge, will sing the solos. The Children's Service with Christmas Tree will be held on Friday evening at 7.00 o'clock.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Processional.
Magnificat.
Nunc Dimittis.
Hymn.
Carol "There's a Song in the Air." H. B. Day
Recessional.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Processional. "Adeste Fideles." J. Reading
Venite. Gregorian
Te Deum in D. Woodward
Benedictus.
Hymn. W. Tansur
Offertory.
Kyrie. Tours
Gloria. Tours
Sursum Cordia. Ancient
Sanctus. Tours
Benedictus. Tours
Agnus Dei. Tours
Gloria in Excelsis. Tours
Recessional. H. Smart

SUNDAY EVENING.

Processional. "Adeste Fideles." J. Reading
Magnificat in G. Cruickshanks
Nunc Dimittis. Cruickshanks
Hymn. L. H. Redner
Offertory. "Nazareth." Gounod
Master Pagazerian.
Te Deum in B flat. Staniford
Recessional. H. Smart
Choral Service after Ely.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Woman's Club.

At the meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club on December 16, Mrs. Abby W. Watson gave entertaining reports of recent Club receptions to which she, as President, had been invited. Current Events were given by Mrs. Christina M. Murdock. The afternoon was pleasantly passed in listening to Rev. E. C. Boles of Melrose who spoke eloquently of "The Wonders of the Invisible World." Mr. Boles said in part:

"I am sorry that you are disappointed in your speaker this afternoon; Mrs. Gosse would have entertained you with Current Events. Although my lecture seems to have little connection with events of the day, I think I can prove that it bears a close relation to them, for what are current events? There are current events of politics, of baseball, of misfortunes, social functions, crime, business and so on. How many of these things are permanent or worth remembering? The current events by which the world lives and grows are the thoughts of thinkers, the work of inventors and of Statesmen, the books that are being written, the pictures that are being created, and the philanthropies that are being organized. The microscope contributes to current events. It brings objects nearer the eye. How old is the microscope? We do not know. Magnifying glasses of rock crystal made four thousand years ago were unearthed at Nineveh. About 1812 a discovery was made which made modern microscopy possible. A French scientist made a lens, and from this was built a microscopical discovery which later was applied to the telescope. The really vital uses of the microscope are demonstrated in the manufacture of garments, and in the discovery of disease, and other germs. All sciences, and all forms of life, are helped by microscopical and laboratory work. Today we have the compound microscope. From material not worth five cents can be made a most beautiful lens. I held the other day an object glass to a microscope, and this glass was worth three hundred and fifty dollars.

What will the microscope do? It will show a world of little things, or small parts of large objects. A familiar article of household use is the fine white polishing powder. Put a speck under the microscope and interest is at once aroused. We shall find beautiful organized bodies. They are round, three cornered, boat-shaped—there is no end to the forms of the particles. All are transparent and marked with different patterns. In these we have the remains of a vast class of plants, acquatic plants which having cast their remains to the bottom when they died have become a white earth in peat bogs. Later they become rock. Berlin rests on such a rock. The microscope can serve the Law. In Bacteriology we have a strong argument in favor of the microscope. Diseases which were terrible and mysterious are now understood.

It is less than one hundred years since we found out what leaven would do. Leaven is like the growing of seed. Yeast contains a certain number of tiny plants which grow by self-division. It is interesting to watch their growth in warm dough.

The color of flowers is common and familiar, but is it the less striking? Leaves are made of a frame work, and this is covered by a green matter (as cloth is put upon the sticks of a fan). This cellular tissue is in two or three layers. The color is determined by the outside layer. The color of a leaf or a flower is determined by the principle of mosaics. The autumnal coloring of foliage is due to the ripening of the leaf and not to the touch of frost. What is more beautiful than the wings of butterflies? The wonder is that they can contain so many colors. How is it done? Put some of the dust from the wings under the microscope. It is made of scales, thin, filmy, and a kind of handle at the end. These scales overlap like shingles on a roof, the handle is the point where they overlap. The world is finished down to the last atom or the tiniest organ in the lowest plants. An undevout microscopist must be madder than an undevout astronomer. My talk only indicates in the feeblest degree the marvels the microscope unveils. It fulfills the highest principle of philosophy—the knowledge of how to make more of this world. We should desire to know the place where Providence has set us. Then for us there would be a new glory and beauty in this world. In this way we may become better fitted to enjoy the beauties of the next world."

G. M. B., Clerk pro tem.

The next meeting of the Woman's Club will be held on Jan. 6, at the usual time and place. It will be in charge of the Music and Art Committee, Mrs. Laura E. Call, Chairman. "Heroines of Shakespeare" will be given by Mrs. Rachel Noah France, assisted by Mrs. Emma Cole. A fine programme is promised. Admission to non-members twenty-five cents.

G. M. B.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters are the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kinneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Parker's Drug Store, only 50 cents per bottle

From the Fifth.

A dispatch from Greenville, S. C., dated Dec. 19, says no furloughs will be granted to members of the 5th Mass. Regiment after Dec. 31. This means, it is said, that the Regiment will leave early in January for Cuba.

The same dispatch had the following concerning an exploit of Capt. L. E. Hanson of Company G (Woburn) which did him credit.

Capt. Hanson played a part in a murder case yesterday. As he was walking about a half mile beyond camp toward the city he came upon two negroes who were quarreling. Suddenly one of them drew a razor and cut the other man's throat, laying it almost entirely open. The Captain did not stop to ask any questions, but rushed up and arrested the murderer and turned him over to the proper authorities of the city.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

Hon. John Cummings.

At 3.30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Dec. 21, 1898, Hon. JOHN CUMMINGS died at his home No. 211 Bedford street, this city, from a paralytic stroke received a year or more ago.

He was born in Woburn on Oct. 19, 1812, the eldest son of John and Marcia Cummings; grandson of Ebenezer; and greatgrandson of David, who settled on the farm where the subject of this notice passed away, in 1755, and which has been in the Cummings family ever since. As his father and grandfather had been before him, Mr. Cummings was a prominent leather manufacturer in this town for 53 years and made a fortune at it. He was twice married and a widow survives him. He had no children.

He was at one time a Director in the Woburn National Bank; Trustee and President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank; Charter member and 17 years Treasurer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and State Senator from this District.

The following are some of the chief posts of honor which Mr. Cummings filled through his long and busy life: President of Shawmut Bank, Boston, 29 years; President of the Boston Board of Trade, the Shoe and Leather Association, the Commercial Club, Vice President or Director of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Perkins Institute for the Blind, Massachusetts School for the Feeble Minded, Middlesex Agricultural Society, Boston & Albany Railroad, Eastern Railroad, Trustee of the Woburn Public Library, and Chairman; a member of the Boston Society of Natural History and of the Amherst Agricultural College.

He was a man of culture, given to the study of Natural History, and an earnest promoter of education for the young. His farm consisted of about 1500 acres and was a model. He was proud of his broad areas of rich lands, and never happier than when strolling over them and watching the growth of plants and fruits.

Mr. Cummings was never what is known as a society man; home and his business satisfied him; he was a churchgoer to some extent and a liberal supporter of the gospel. But secular education was more after his mind and of this he was a lifelong advocate.

For several years his intercourse with his townspeople had been restricted and he had fallen out, to a great degree, from the social ranks; had lost his hold on current matters, and knowledge of the rising generation As remarked above he left no children, and his near relatives were not numerous. But he will be missed by the community at large.

W. C. T. U.

Following is an extract from the report of the Secretary, Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, given at the recent Annual Convention of the National W. C. T. U., held in St. Paul. It answers, to a degree, the question sometimes asked, "What has been done by the organization during the twenty-five years of its existence?"—PRESS SUPT.

The results? A band of women gathered from every State in the Union and from almost every Nation upon earth, who have set their faces as a flint against wrong and know the wrong against which they are battling, whose hearts are tender and whose hands are outstretched in helpfulness, not to the wrong-doer alone, but to every human life. The results? A quickening of conscience in the Christian church and society upon the subject of total abstinence and duty towards one's neighbor. Compare the drinking habits among respectable people of a quarter of a century ago with those of to-day.

The results? Laws in every State in our Union, save three, requiring the scientific teaching in our public schools of the effects of alcohol and narcotics, and an increasing army of allies in the teachers who are eager to aid in the enforcement of those laws. The results? The raising of the age of protection for our daughters in nearly every State in the Union, and floods of light thrown upon the subject of purity in its relation to the home and the individual. The results? Time and space forbid their enumeration. Listen to the tramp of the three hundred thousand children of the Loyal Temperance Legion as they keep step to the words of our great leader, "Saloons Must Go." Go into the Sunday Schools where temperance principles are taught; into the Houses of Refuge where hundreds and hundreds of betrayed girls and heart-broken women have been lifted up into new life; down into the mines, into our prisons, our jails and our almshouses; up into the lumber camps; into our camps of war and ships at sea; stop at Castle Garden where our missionary meets the immigrant and puts literature into his hand, which, in many cases, has reached both head and heart; go into the sunny southland and see the bands of colored women who are taking up our work and pledging themselves to the redemption of their race from a bondage far worse than slavery; enter our well-nigh numberless gospel temperance and evangelistic meetings in which so many prodigals are turned back to their Father's house; see our bands of organizers and evangelists as they go forth on their errands; how the table of our Lord has been practically freed from the cup which means death; how the press is responding to the call for a higher expression of the life of the American people; how art and literature are being purified; principles of mercy taught and peace inculcated; read the gospel of woman's enfranchisement as it is written in literature, upon the pulpits from which she ministers and in the repealing of countless iniquitous laws as well as in the four fair States to which full suffrage has been granted her. Read our advance, as recorded in the treatment of disease without the use of alcohol; in the healthful pages of the temperance literature, and in countless other forms which, for lack of space, cannot be mentioned, if you would know some of the results.

But even in these you can catch but a fleeting shadow of the substance, for, like the kingdom of God, of which it is a vital part, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union "cometh not by observation." It is not a thing accomplished, it is the subjective state of mind and soul which must lie back of all accomplishment, and greater than anything it has done or can do must remain the fact that it is; an army of light-bearers; a company of seers; an exponent of the life principle of love wrought out in divinest activities. Who shall set limits to the results flowing from such an organization? What it has accomplished is only the faintest prophecy of what it shall accomplish when it shall have grasped the full scope of its mission and measured up to the height of its calling.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

Senator Kenney again escapes, through the disagreement of the jury, but the Judge who tried the case frankly says that the evidence was sufficient for a verdict. The trial is a painful incident in the history of Delaware; also in that of the United States Senate.—*Boston Journal.*

The Turks may not be very well pleased by the erection of a monument to commemorate the Russian soldiers who fell at San Stefano, and the treaty which was signed there, but it is a wholesome thing to have them reminded that there was a time when their cruelty and misrule brought upon them a righteous judgment.

There is force in the suggestion of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* that the real issue is not one of expansion or anti-expansion, but of contraction or anti-contraction. We are in Porto Rico and the Philippines; shall we stay there, or shall we scuttle out?

WINCHESTER.

It is safe to say that the Amateurs made some money out of "The House of Barracolle." It was a big thing on ice.

Mr. Charles F. Lunt had the grip last week and was obliged to keep indoors. He has suffered from the complaint several years.

Highwaymen, footpads, and chicken thieves still infest this town, and so does "Echoes" of the *Star*. Hard to tell which is the worst of the lot.

The following men were recently elected officers of William Parkman Lodge of Masons: W. M., Fred E Belcher; S. W., E. A. Symmes; J. W., B. T. Morgan; Treasurer, Geo. A. Barron; Secretary, Thomas S. Spurr; Trustee of Charity Fund, D. N. Skillings.

Timothy Callahan, an employee of Emerson & Co. of Winchester, met with an accident on Mystic Avenue, Medford, Monday afternoon which may result fatally. He had been to Boston, where he delivered a load of lumber, and started on his way home. He was found lying by the side of the road in an unconscious condition and suffering from a fractured skull. He was sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital. How the unfortunate man met with the accident is unknown. The wagon was found half a mile away.

Earning Man's Wages.

The fact that others shirk is a poor reason for neglect to earn one's wages. The Young People's Weekly prints the following anecdote about a boy who was an honest worker:

One day after a severe storm a large number of men and boys were out on the roads of a country town to shovel out the drifts. Each workman was paid 25 cents an hour, and, as may be supposed, there was no very strict watch kept upon them, but one little fellow seemed to be working with all his might, and his comrades laughed at him.

"Why, Jim, are you after the job of highway surveyor, or do you expect to get more than the rest of us for putting in so?"

"Let's put him out. He is shortening our job. 'Twon't last till night, at this rate," laughed another.

"I am getting man's pay for the first time in my life, and I mean to earn it," said Jim. "I don't suppose the town cares, nor that I shall get any more money at night, but I shall feel a big sight better myself."

"You've begun right, Jim," said the surveyor, who was not very strict in behalf of the town perhaps, but had a business of his own, where he appreciated workmen with a conscience.

Animals and Poisonous Plants.

From repeated observations in my own garden I know that song thrushes will eat ripe mezercon berries greedily. In the winter of 1896 they cleard a small bush containing perhaps 200 berries in the course of a week or two, returning at once when driven away and becoming half stupefied, so that they might apparently have been caught with the hand.

Dr. Withering states ("British Plans," ed. 1812) that six berries of this shrub (Daphne mezereum) will kill a wolf.

According to the same authority, Cicuta virosa is a certain poison to cows, while goats devour it eagerly, and it is not injurious to sheep and horses. As to Atropa belladonna, a case which received much attention at the time may be found in the daily papers of some 20 years ago. A family was poisoned by eating rabbit pie, the symptoms being those of atropine poisoning, and the inquiry which followed showed that rabbits do often eat deadly nightshade berries.—Nature.

Very Old.

A southern family has an old—a very old—servant named Jeff, who is an inheritance from further back than any one can remember. The other day he asked to get off to see his aunt in Atlanta.

"Why, Jeff," said his mistress, "your aunt must be pretty old, isn't she?"

"Yas'm; pretty ole. She's 'bout hunnerd an five y'ars ole, ah 'spect."

"A hundred and five years!" exclaimed the lady. "Why, how on earth does she get along?"

"'Deed ah dunno, missus," replied Jeff. "She livin up dar wif her gran'mother."—Argonaut.

A Close Guess.

"How do you know that the young couple opposite are married?" asked the man with large business interests of his wife as they sat in the cafe after the theater. You can't tell anything about it."

"Oh, can't I? She wanted lobster, and he ordered a couple of ham sandwiches. They're married all right enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, January 6th, 1899**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 7, will draw interest from January 1, 1899.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 22, 1898.

Auditorium.
Monday, Dec. 26

Matinee, 2 P. M.
Evening, 8 "

BIRCH & BENNETT'S Great Sensational Comedy Drama

Temptation of Money.

With Electrocution Scene and Vaudeville Artists.

Reserved Seats at Parker's Drugstore.

Matinee Prices, 15, 25, 35 Cents
Evening " 25, 35, 50 "

...FREE...
Public Lectures
—IN THE—
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President*; Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President*; William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer*; Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors*; Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees*; Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."
Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER, } Directors.
WILLIAM R. CUTTER,

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

Friday Night Club
Assembly
Tuesday, Jan. 3, '99
AT LYCEUM HALL.
Tickets, 50 Cents

NOTICE—Card Table with Souvenirs will be provided and arranged to suit the young, middle age and old.
MUSIC: Harry Daggett's Celebrated Orchestra of Boston.

Minstrels

Innitou Canoe Club
Auditorium
Dec. 28, 1898

Tickets for sale at Wilcox's Drugstore.

$3000
WHO WANTS IT?

If you do, you may get it, if you have an **original** idea about the construction or arrangement of a house, providing you have fifty dollars to invest in a good, conservative and safe investment, **"of large promise,"** in Real Estate, in **Boston**, which will bear close investigation. For information as to the terms on which this advantage can be obtained, write with full address for a circular to Post Office Box 3696, Boston, Mass.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK,
DENTIST,

D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO. Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps*, the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.

There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Rent.

House at Wyman Green,
8 rooms and all modern improvements; one minute to station. Rent reasonable. Possession given Feb. 1, 1899

E. H. RICHARDS.

Plumbing Tin Roofing

BUY THE
SOMERSET PALLAS,
—OR—
FALMOUTH RANGE
At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping Furnaces

First National Bank
OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 10, 1899**, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 9, 1898.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

ALL ABOARD FOR
L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Christmas Fancies

without number may be seen in our assortment of Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Rare bargains are offered in the most appropriate and pleasing presents.

Come early, before the Christmas rush sets in and you will have a better opportunity to select.

409 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,
EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Winter Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by J. Walter Kelley and Nellie Addie Kelley, wife of said J. Walter Kelley, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Abby W. Watson, dated June 1, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2613, Page 149, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, Jan. 9, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn aforesaid on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue and bounded and described as follows: —Beginning on said Montvale Avenue at a point sixty-six feet westerly from a stone wall at a corner of and forming the boundary of land now or formerly of Daniel Ayer; thence running southerly one hundred and sixty-five feet to a point forty-seven feet westerly from said boundary line of Ayer; thence turning and running westerly sixty-six and one-half feet; thence turning and running northerly one hundred sixty-five feet to said Montvale Avenue; thence turning and running easterly by said Avenue sixty-seven and one-third feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ABBY W. WATSON, Mortgagee.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, December 14, 1898.

E. PRIOR, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William H. Cummings and Anna E. Cummings, his wife, in her own right, to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated May 22, 1897, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 2565, Fol. 487, and for breach of the conditions therein contained, will be sold at public auction upon the premises in Woburn, on

Monday, the second day of January, 1899,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Park street and at land formerly of Joseph R. Green; thence the line runs northeasterly on land now or formerly of said Green, one hundred and thirty and two-tenths (130.2) feet to land now or formerly of Gage; thence southeasterly on said Gage's land, one hundred and eight-tenths (106.8) feet to land now or formerly of Chase; thence westerly on said Chase's land sixty-three (63) feet to a stone bound; thence turning southeasterly five (5) feet to a stone bound; thence south of west still by land of said Chase sixty-four (64) feet to Park street; thence northwesterly by Park street one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, being the premises conveyed to said Anna E. Cummings by two deeds, the first given by John Winn, dated February 28, 1888, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1840, Fol. 461, the second by William F. Cummings, dated November 9, 1889, recorded with said Deeds, Lib. 1957, Fol. 81.

The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes or tax titles or assessments, which the purchaser is to assume and pay. A deposit of $200 will be required at the sale; balance within ten days on passing of papers.

THE WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK,
By David N. Skillings, Treasurer, Mortgagee.
Winchester, December 6, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Anastasia Reade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Lawrence Reade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of January, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

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J. M. ELLIS
or C. E. Cooper & Co.

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OPPOSITE LYCEUM HALL.
Telephone 14-2.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
"Life is but an empty dream,"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TRAPPED.

"Two hundred pounds reward! Now, here's your chance, Jimmy," rapped out my chief one morning. "Camden Town—your own neighborhood. The police up there are making a confounded mystery of it. It ought to be simple as clockwork. Ha, ha! Twenty bales of rare silk, worth thousands, consigned all the way from Lyons to Jowetts, the big west end drapers. Jowetts' agent rushes off to the station to meet it and finds that some rogues have got there one hour before him, presented forged credentials and driven off with the stuff in a van in broad twilight. Now! Soon after midnight a constable noted just such a van as described suspiciously rounding the corner of Windygate street, Camden Town, and at that very minute, mark you, some one ran up and led him off with a bogus tale of murder going on at the other end of his beat. When he got back, van gone and all beautifully quiet.

"Here are two days gone and no developments. Jowetts, half mad because the kind of silk spoils in no time unless kept very dry, have been here and offered £200 for immediate recovery. There you are! Windygate street is a cul de sac, with about 50 or 60 houses in it. The silk may be stowed in any one of them, and all the local police have done is to put an extra man on watch at the open end on the chance that there will be an attempt to remove the bales. Off you go! I give you 24 hours."

I hurried out with a confident smile. In less than an hour I had got to Windygate street—a quiet double row of houses of a featureless three story type—and was in time to see the "special" man exchanging chaff with a servant girl at the opposite corner. He said something, and she tripped off. Another stare, and then he passed me with a confidential whisper.

"Thought I knew you, Mr. Girdlestone. It's all right—a bit of business. That's the girl at a house half way down. Knows nearly every one in the street and ready to talk all day. Oh, I'm careful, sir! We don't want 'em to take fright and destroy the silk. No, not a ghost of a clew so far, sir, except the van business. There's the rut by the curb where it turned, and then a much lighter one where it was turned back, unloaded no doubt. There's been no rain since. Saucy! But, bless you, sir, it might be done every night. There's not a soul stirring here after 11."

"Humph! Shift your point a dozen yards higher up, out of sight, and let me know anything that happens. There'll be a rag and bottle man along here presently, you understand."

I hurried home. It was barely a ten minutes' walk. Half an hour later I was leaving again by the back entrance, so dirty and disreputable that my own wife had given a start. To hire a barrow and stack some rubbish on it was simplicity itself. Within the hour I was wheeling it into Windygate street, shouting hoarsely a record price for rags and old bottles. At every area door I had the impudence to knock and reiterate the statement, and at one likely looking house even contrived to trip over the step, bring down some glass with an unnerving crash and sham a giddiness. No use. It merely provoked the remark "Serve him right!" At the end of my arduous round I was only the richer by a barrow load of unconsidered trifles. Until nearly dusk I hung about the place, and then, with a few whispered instructions to the constable on watch, trudged back home to think out a more definite plan of action.

It must have been about 8 o'clock when as I sat studying the Camden Town Directory the most curious, undreamed of coincidence occurred. The bell rang hesitatingly, a pause, and then my wife tapped to say that a young person apparently in trouble, wished to see me upon private business. Next moment a young lady in widow's weeds had floated impressively into the room and was raising her veil from a white, worried face.

"Mr. Girdlestone—the police inspector?" she queried quickly in a voice as singularly sweet as her expression, and I bowed. Her description was near enough for the nonce. "Then, I hope you won't think me silly, but really I felt as if I could put up with it no longer. Oh, if my dear husband were only here!" A touching pause, broken by half a sob, then: "My name is Varney. I live at 9 Windygate street—if you know it, sir. It may sound strange, but I go in fear of something happening almost in fear of my life! You know. when dear Harold died I had to let the ground and first floor, to a man named Winston and his wife.

"They seemed strange from the first and kept all their doors locked. Then they began to have mysterious visitors long after dark, and my servant kept waking me at night to say she could not sleep for the queer noises. I'm positive there's something wrong, and yet I daren't say anything, for there are firearms about—the man deliberately shot my cat one day because it looked at his canary. But that's not all. These last two days there has been a continual digging sound down in the basement, especially at night. I lie and quake. It sounds just as if they are burrowing under the street—they might for all I know be mixed up with those dreadful nihilist people! There, I know there is a mystery behind!"

That was it, poured out in agitated breaths. I think it was fully a minute before I could turn my face and say steadily:

"Indeed? And what made you come to me, madam?"

"To you? Oh, of course! Why, I gave them notice to go six weeks back, and they simply laughed. Since then they have not offered a farthing rent. I dread an upset of any kind. Several times I have thought of going to the police for advice, and always hesitated. But this evening my girl said there was a homely constable at the corner. The Winstons happened to have gone out. So I slipped on my things, ran up and asked him if he would mind coming in to see what was going on and how I could get an ejectment notice. He wrote this address on a piece of paper and told me to come straight to you, the inspector, as you would see into it immediately. He said something about a search warrant, but how could I"—

"He did quite right, and so did you!" I was at the door in two strides. This queer accident, brought about so simply, showed the way as clear as daylight. I had stumbled upon the nest and should have the silk within a few hours. I would wait for no search warrant, nor to ask further details. "This way, madam. You say they have gone out; then I'll come back with you. In any case you can admit me as a friend."

"Ye-es." She had a hand to her forehead. "But—but I'm sure they are desperate people! Anything rather than a disturbance or that the neighbors should talk."

"Leave that to me. Er—Katie!" I called over the banisters. "Don't sit up, in case I'm late."

We went out. A moment later we were hurrying toward Windygate street and—what?

I looked round for our constable. He stepped out from the shadow opposite No. 9.

"Haven't seen any one go in, sir," he whispered. "The lady asked me to wait near, in case of anything. I think we've got 'em easily. I tumbled at once. No, I'm not relieved for two hours yet, sir."

"Come inside with us, then." Up the steps we went. The servant girl, very pale, was standing in the hall. Together we all stood listening. Not a sound from below. Nothing more lucky could have happened. "Now, keep cool, madam," I said, "and we'll have a look round down stairs. The girl can watch here—by Jove! yes, every door is locked!"

I pulled out my bunch of keys to try them. We were standing in the passage below, the candlestick shaking in Mrs. Varney's hand. It was rather an exciting moment.

"None of mine fit, I know," she breathed nervously. "But do make haste, sir—couldn't they imprison us for doing this? There, that key looks exactly like the breakfast parlor one—this door; let me try it, sir. No, it doesn't quite turn. Oh, and there's the door of the big cellar, where we keep hearing the digging and knocking noises!"

I had forgotten that. Flinging open the door, I peered down into the blackness. "Hand me that lamp—we'll soon know," I said, and the constable followed me down the wooden steps. At the foot the ceiling was so low we had to stoop. "Quick, we might find the bales here!" I whispered to him.

"Mind the coals!" came madam's shaky voice down. "Oh, be quick! The cellar runs out under the street. It sounded as if they—Mercy, it's the Winstons come back! Out with the light, sir—don't move, for heaven's sake!"

We were half way across the damp, black space. Her voice merged into a half scream so thrillingly, that on the spur of the moment I blew the candle out and gripped the constable's arm. A mere nothing became tragedy of a sudden. There was the sound of a door slammed to, and then heavy footsteps and deep voices in the passage overhead. It had happened so swiftly and unexpectedly that we stood holding our breath down there most foolishly. More banging and bumping and talk overhead—then a comparative silence, broken by the constable's uncomfortable laugh.

"Well, I never! What's our next move, sir? They've caught her spying, and there's more than one to tackle. Awkward!"

"Pooh!"—I stopped there, because it suddenly struck me that his word was unpleasantly apt. We had no search warrant—and there might be a mistake, after all. Besides, to disclose ourselves might mean a bad half hour for Mrs. Varney—if not for us. We stood listening. The cellar door had evidently been closed, as no light came down, and the sounds were muffled. Finally I concluded that the best thing in the circumstances would be to find some incriminating evidence, if possible, and get away without being seen—if possible, again. I felt for my matchbox and relit the candle.

"Find out something while we're about it," I said, and we completed our circuit of the damp wall. There were no signs of any excavations whatever, that we could discover. "Queer! What about the door?" I went cautiously back to the steps, and pushed. It gave me quite a little thrill to find the door immovable. Either some one held it or a heavy weight had been placed against it. I tiptoed back. The constable looked rather pale in the candlelight.

"Queer's the word, sir!" he whispered. "I don't half like it. I just thought of the coal shoot, and there's something on it—the plate won't shift. They know we're down here, mark my—'sh! That's a cart stopping outside. Mr. Girdlestone, they're clearing off!"

Beyond a doubt! Heavy footsteps were passing along the passage and out on to the pavement. For a time we stood, in a sort of stupefaction. Then, in a spasm of rage, I made a dash at that door, determined to chance anything. Useless—it resisted our united strain. Clearly we were pushing against some weighty object. We pounded and shouted, but to no purpose. We were caught in a maddening trap and had only ourselves to blame. But—the mortification of it!

"Let them go!" I panted, at last. "We must have them sooner or later—she'll come down and let us out the moment they turn their backs."

"Unless they've done for her!" he whispered. "It took something to frighten that woman, sir!"

And almost simultaneously—shall I ever forget it?—there came a lull in the scurrying overhead, and then a voice, thick with nervous laughter, just outside that door:

"Er—mind the coals!"

It was Mrs. Varney's voice. The hall door banged, there was the sound of a cart rumbling away, and then—utter, significant silence.

"Great heavens!" I could just gasp out. For how long we stood staring at each other, taking in the full realization, I should not like to say. Trap? Yes, indeed! That sweet young "widow" was one of the gang—perhaps Mrs. Winston herself. Possibly by accident, more probably through the servant's cunning chatter with the constable, they had discovered that Detective Girdlestone was on their heels and had concocted this grotesquely simple trick to inveigle the pair of us into the house while they removed the plunder to a place of safety. It was their one chance—and we had played clean into their hands. Maddening? Not the word! That it should have succeeded so merited a far stronger expression—and doubtless would get it. I flew to the coal shoot. Still immovable.

"Your truncheon!" I gasped. "You haven't one? Up with some of this coal. Aim high, and splinter that door. I'll have them yet!"

Bang, crash! sounded through the house. The top hinge gave—a panel shattered. In two minutes we were clambering across a heavy wringing machine that had been wedged between the door and a projection of the wall. A pause for breath, and then a hasty search of the house. Five minutes sufficed to prove how incredibly we had been fooled. The place was, save for one or two rooms, practically destitute of furniture—clearly enough, it had been rented more for nefarious than for domestic purposes. Signs of the silk there were none. Now we were out at the door, all but coming to grief again over a stone slab placed across the coal shoot. Ten minutes later we panted into the police station and had sent all the available men, with descriptions of the young "widow," flying over Camden Town. Then I started back for home. I would get rid of the grime and coal dust, and then take a cab straight to Scotland Yard.

I got to the door and pulled out my keys. My keys! They were not mine—with a gasp I stood and realized that that clever creature, asking to try them, had handed me back her own bunch in exchange. Why, what—Twice I knocked loudly before the door opened and showed me my wife's face as white as a sheet.

"You, Jimmy? Oh, thank heaven! We haven't dared to move!"

"W-what do you mean?" in the merest whisper.

"Oh, we've had such a scare, Jane and I! We were sitting in the kitchen, not half an hour ago, and we thought we heard some one moving about up here—creeping up and down the stairs. I screamed out something, and Jane says she heard this door click. We couldn't stir hand or foot till I heard you knock! I knew it couldn't be you."

"You knew!" With a groan, I strode into the parlor. I knew what I should find. My handsome bronze timepiece, my choice vases and a score of other small valuables—all gone. Up stairs I sprang like a madman. On the bedroom table had lain my presentation gold watch and chain, that I would not have lost for a fortune. One look—and I staggered back, fairly crushed. Gone! A daring double stroke of villainy. They had walked in with my own key while I was fooling at the station.

And as if this second humiliating blow was not enough to permanently kill any man's good opinion of himself, on the looking glass frame was pinned a scrap of paper, bearing this master stroke of irony:

"Mind the coals!"

That was a year ago, and Messrs. Jowetts, the big drapers, still mourn the loss of their rich consignment of silk. They seem likely to go on mourning. And I—well, my deepest ambition is to come face to face for just one moment with that sweet young woman who went by the name of Varney. I may not—and I may.—London Tit-Bits.

FRANCIS JOSEPH AT SIXTEEN

A Wonderful Student With a Prodigious Memory.

Francis Joseph was only 18 when he was proclaimed emperor, but the education of the children of the Hapsburgs, ever since the reign of Maria Theresa, has been of a singularly austere and virile character, calculated to ripen them into manhood long before other boys have abandoned the toys of childhood. As soon as they left the nursery the young archduke and his brothers, Maximilian and Charles Louis, were subjected to an educational and military discipline of the severest kind, obliged to learn not only French, English and the classics, but the principal idioms of the polyglot monarchy, compelled to rise at daybreak, live on the simplest food and spend whatever portion of their time not taken up with their studies in acquiring the mastery of tactics and strategy.

When Francis Joseph attained the age of 16, he was already an accomplished linguist and fairly well acquainted with chemistry and natural history. Then he gave his attention exclusively to jurisprudence, philosophy and diplomacy, under the direction of the famous jurist Pilgrams, Cardinal Rauscher and Metternich. The long list of his studies would appall the most diligent American student. That the assimilation of so many scientific, linguistic and military subjects did not cost him his health was due to his prodigious memory, that royal attribute which, it is said, enables him to recognize the face of the humblest of his subjects, though only seen once, after the lapse of years.

The most important event in the emperor's reign was his coronation at Pest, which was the symbol and consecration of the reconciliation of the house of Hapsburg with the Hungarian nation. The Magyars, who hold to all mediæval traditions more closely than any other European country, believe that the possession of legitimate hereditary right does not suffice to confer the fullness of royalty on their sovereign. He must also be the custodian of the crown of St. Stephen, the contact of which can alone invest him with regal authority. It is worth noting that the term "apostolic," one of the official titles of Francis Joseph, belongs to him only in virtue of his rank as king of Hungary, on account of the apostolate of St. Stephen, the first Hungarian king.

The peculiarities of the ceremony, every one of which had to be strictly observed if the king was to be considered the lawful ruler of the Magyars, were singular. He was to put aside the crown before he had ascended on horseback a mound composed of earth brought from the different sections of the monarchy and lunge with his sword at each of the cardinal points, thus symbolizing his determination to defend the country. It was strictly enjoined that the magnates and bishops in attendance should all be in their official robes and on horseback, and it was also essential that he should be crowned by the prince primate of Esztergam. Lastly, the king and queen were to dine in public, waited on by the great functionaries of the state.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Early Piety.

D. L. Moody, the evangelist, told a story in Philadelphia the other day about his life before his conversion, when a boy of 17. He said that while he was a pretty bad boy in his unregenerate days, deep in the follies and errors of the world, he never broke so far away from his early religious training as to forget to say his prayers every night. "I used to sleep with my brother," he said, "and if either one of us happened to jump into bed without first getting on his knees the other would swear at him vigorously and kick him out on the floor."

THE OLD UTAH MINT.

A COINAGE SYSTEM THAT WAS BORN OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Story of the Ancient and Almost Forgotten Deseret Gold Money—Few of the Pieces Are In Existence at the Present Time.

The ancient coinage of Utah, the period when the glittering particles of yellow gold from California were minted in a little adobe building in Salt Lake, has been half forgotten. The written and printed records of that time, by a strange oversight, throw no light on the subject.

Those Utahans whose memory dates back to 1849 remember the establishment of the mint, but the exact dates are confused. It was some time toward the close of 1849 that the mint was inaugurated as a measure of public convenience. Brigham Young was the instigator of the coinage system and exercised a personal supervision over the work.

Prior to the establishment of the mint all gold dust had to be weighed when payments for merchandise or other articles were made. In many cases the merchant with whom the purchaser was dealing had no gold scales, and much trouble resulted. The metal was too precious to admit of guesswork in ascertaining the weight required to cover a given sum, and the customer would be put to the trouble of looking up scales to aid him in his payment.

Old timers disagree as to who made the dies with which the gold was stamped into \$2.50, \$5, \$10 and \$20 coins. The honor lies between John Kay and James M. Barlow. Kay was a mechanic and Barlow a jeweler and dentist. Judge Hammond of San Juan, who came to Utah in 1848, says that dies were made by both men.

He thinks Kay made the first, which were unsatisfactory and imperfect, and that Barlow made the later ones.

Thomas Bullock was chief clerk and active director of the mint during its entire operation. The gold which was used came chiefly from California, much of it being brought here by members of the Mormon battalion on their return from the Mexican war.

They carried the precious dust and nuggets in buckskin pouches to the mint, where it was weighed and coined absolutely without alloy. The mint building was at that time a considerably more pretentious structure than it is today. It was two stories high and contained half a dozen rooms.

The crucibles in which the gold was melted were in the cellar. The primitive machine with which the cooling metal was stamped into coin stood in a back room on the first floor. All the work was done by hand and every piece of the machinery was made by Salt Lake artisans. Of necessity, no base metal appeared in the finished product. Twenty-five grains of gold was the equivalent of a dollar.

The man who had $67\frac{1}{2}$ grains turned that amount over to Mr. Bullock, who sent it at once to Messrs. Kay and Barlow. It was immediately melted and turned into a coin of the value of \$2.50. So it was with the pieces of larger denomination, and the mint customer, if he so desired, could follow his metal with his eyes from his pouch through the crucible, press and stamp.

No toll was taken out of the gold, the coinage being absolutely free. At first the \$2.50 pieces were most plentiful and popular. Then a large number of \$5 coins were made, and these, with the first named, constituted the bulk of the mint's work. Not many \$10 pieces were minted, and the \$20 coins were still fewer.

The mint ceased operations in 1860 because of the appearance in sufficient quantities of United States gold and silver coins. Although the space of time since the last pouch was emptied into Thomas Bullock's "money mill," as it was called, is comparatively short, few of the coins are known to be in existence today. Because of their purity they wore rapidly, and as a consequence deteriorated in value by erosion.

Many of them were remelted and made into necklaces, chains and other articles of jewelry. Apostle Brigham Young has a watch chain that was made from two of the \$20 pieces. He had the chain made in Switzerland while in that country some years ago. E. H. Pierce has one \$20 coin, and several others are in possession of Salt Lakers.

When President Brigham Young died in 1877, his executors, in going over his personal property, found a locked strong box. On forcing the lid a number of the coins of the period described were found. They covered all the denominations, and were sold at auction, bringing a premium over their face value. President Young's son, Apostle Brigham Young, at that time secured six of the \$5 denomination, which he still has. The others were scattered in such a way as to make it impossible to trace them.

Two sets of dies were used for the \$5 pieces. The first set, as has been stated, proving unsatisfactory, another set was made. No milling appears on the edges except in the last issues.

The lettering and other technical points on both sets were imperfect, but the coins served their day and purpose well. They passed current at their face value as readily outside of Utah as within its borders.

The California slug circulated also very freely here and was used for other purposes besides money. Apostle Brigham Young said recently that as a boy he had frequently seen men pitching quoits with California slugs.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Poet and His Pipe.

Some of his friends taunted Tennyson that he could never give up tobacco. "Anybody can do that," he said, "if he chooses to do it." When his friends still continued to doubt and tease him, "Well," he said, "I shall give up smoking from tonight." The very same evening I was told that he threw his pipes and tobacco out of the window of his bedroom.

The next day he was most charming, though somewhat self righteous. The second day he became very moody and captious; the third day no one knew what to do with him. But after a disturbed night I was told that he got out of bed in the morning, went quietly into the garden, picked up one of his broken pipes, stuffed it with the remains of the tobacco scattered about, and then having had a few puffs came to breakfast, all right again. Nothing was said any more about giving up tobacco.—Auld Lang Syne.

Pa's Lesson.

Little Harry—Pa, are you a self made man?

Pa—Yes, and I'm proud of it too. Why?

Little Harry—Oh, nothing, only ma said the other day that nobody but a self made man could ever make such a blame fool of himself as you always do whenever a good looking woman holds out a piece of taffy for you to bite at.—Cleveland Leader.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION

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TALMAGE ON MATRIMONY.

Every Person, He Says, Has an Affinity Somewhere In the World.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has not at all been afraid to express his views on marriage and all that pertains to that relation. A number of Dr. Talmage's sermons on matrimonial subjects have been put between covers by Dr. Louis Klopsch of The Christian Herald under the title of "The Wedding Ring."

The first subject discussed is the choice of a wife. Dr. Talmage says:

"Excuseless is any man in our time who makes lifelong alliance with one who, because of her disposition, or heredity, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or moral twistification, may be said to be of the Philistines. The world," he declares, "never owned such opulence of womanly character, or such splendor of womanly manners, or multitudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly or sisterly devotion as it owns today. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is 75 per cent his superior."

Dr. Talmage further scores man and deifies woman by adding that at the rate woman is advancing in superiority "the majority of men will have difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make appropriate consort." He declares that "amid all the unparalleled magnificence of womanhood the man is inexcusable who marries a fool."

The first suggestion that Dr. Talmage urges upon a man who would choose a wife is divine direction in that operation. "Witness," says he, "a thousand hells on earth kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March northeaster." "Opium using women—about 400,000 of them in the United States—who will have the drug though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household," are included in the terrestrial hell builders.

"Especially is devout supplication needed because of the fact that society is so full of artificialties that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweler, and the hair adjuster, and the dancing master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart? This is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods delivered are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and they back out."

Dr. Talmage insists that "there is in all the world some one who was made for you as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur, because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his 24 ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are 23 possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib."

Consequently Dr. Talmage argues that man should be both prayerful and cautious before entering on the connubial state, and, above all, "let not a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers flourishing in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment, divinely illuminated. But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough."

The doctor is serious when he says: "Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite opalescence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God."

The woman of a man's choice must not be a scoffer at religious things. A man shouldn't make a mistake and make a choice by the eye instead of by divine wisdom. "As far as I can analyze it" concludes the doctor, "sincerity and earnestness are the foundation of all worthy wifehood. Get that and you get all. Fail to get that and you get nothing but what you will wish you had never got."

Pulse For the Piano.

A piano tuner, who says that pianos frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry, prescribes this remedy: "Keep a growing plant in the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to or else there's something wrong with it. Just try it, and see how much more water you will have to put in the flowerpot in the room where your piano is than you use in any other room. Some people keep a huge vase or urn, with a sopping wet sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened, just as a cigar dealer keeps his stock. They keep this up all the time the fires are on."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 25.

Text of the Lesson, Heb. i, 1-9—Memory Verses, 1, 2—Golden Text, Luke ii, 11. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

Instead of a quarterly review we are given the choice of a Christmas lesson which probably many will prefer.

1. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets." We have in previous lessons been considering how God by the prophets entreated the people to turn again to Him that He might bless them, and since the time when in the garden of Eden He sought Adam with the question "Where art thou?" He has been ever seeking to win man back to Himself. He does this in different ways, as it is written in Hos. xii, 10, "I have also spoken by the prophets, and I have multiplied visions and used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets." Job xxxiii, 29, 30, in the light of the previous part of the chapter, tells how in many ways He does this. The great thing to be remembered is that whatever or whoever may be the instrumentality it is God Himself that is doing it.

2. "Hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds." The Son Himself referred to this when in Math. xxi, 37, in the parable of the vineyard, He speaks of the Father as last of all sending to them His son, saying, "They will reverence my Son." But instead of reverencing Him they took Him and slew Him. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. His own people would not have Him and His own possessions found no room for Him, just as at His birth there was no room for Him in the inn, and when they crucified Him He was numbered with transgressors, and they made His grave with the wicked.

3. "Who, being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." God was in Christ. He was God manifest in the flesh (II Cor. v, 19; I Tim. iii, 16), but the glory that was in Him was generally concealed. It was veiled by His mortal body (Heb. x, 20), yet on the Mount of Transfiguration it shone forth and was witnessed by the favored three (II Pet. i, 17; John i, 14). The phrase "express image" is just the word "character" in the Greek and is, I think, used nowhere else. In Jesus Christ we see the character of God, and there is no character in us that amounts to anything apart from Christ in us. He, by the sacrifice of Himself, put away forever the sins of all who receive Him. He has made provision for the salvation of all, but those only who come receive the benefit. How can they come unless they hear?

4. "Being made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." The angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation, but to any of them God never said, "Sit on my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool" (verses 13, 14). He made Himself for a little while inferior to the angels, taking upon Him our nature that He might in due time lift us up to His position (chapter ii, 5-18).

5. "For unto which of the angels said He at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee?" And, again, "I will be to Him a Father and He shall be to me a Son." The first quotation here refers to His resurrection from the dead (Ps. ii, 7; Acts xiii, 33); the second to His being heir to the throne of David (II Sam. vii, 14). No angel can ever sit on David's throne, nor can an angel ever possess a mortal body made immortal. The word "better" is one of the key words of this epistle, and in chapters i and ii the central thought seems to be "better than angels," while in the following chapters it is better than Moses or Aaron or the tabernacle, and we are to run with patience the race that is set before us, "looking unto Jesus" and waiting for Him to come back from heaven. He was with power declared to be the Son of God by the resurrection from the dead, and we shall be fully manifest as sons of God in the resurrection.

6. "And again when He bringeth in the first begotten into the world He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him." The margin says, "When He bringeth again," and evidently refers to His second coming in power and glory, and this is the sense of Ps. xlvii, from which the quotation is made, for it speaks of His reign and His judgment of His enemies and His kingdom. It is written in Dan. vii, 10, in connection with the judgment, that thousand thousands ministered unto Him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him.

7. "And of the angels He saith, Who maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flame of fire." This is from Ps. civ, 4, which is full of God's care of His creatures and ends with the first halleluiah in Scripture. In Ps. ciii, 20, we read, "Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word," and in the last verse of our lesson chapter we learn that they all minister unto the heirs of salvation. They ministered unto our Lord, who for a little time made Himself lower than they. They minister unto us, who are for the present inferior to them, but when He shall appear we shall be like Him, in immortal resurrection bodies.

8. "But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of Thy kingdom." This verse and the next are from the forty-fifth psalm, which tells of the King and His marriage, and is also told in Math. xxv and Rev. xix as preceding the kingdom. Notice that the Son is called God, confirming what we have already said in this lesson. He is now on the Father's throne at His right hand, but He will come to His own throne in due time, and then it shall be seen that God has given Him a name above every name (Rev. iii, 21; Math. xxv, 31; Phil. ii, 9). The despised and rejected Son of God, of whom the world takes no cognizance and who seems to be very little known even by those who bear His name, yet in whose hand is the breath of every living thing, shall yet be acknowledged as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

9. "Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." He is righteousness, and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (II Cor. v, 21; Rom. x, 4; Jer. xxiii, 6; xxxiii, 16). Although He hated iniquity, He consented to bear ours and to be made sin for us that we might share His glory.

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AN OLD GALLERY GOD

THE THEATER IN THE HAPPY DAYS WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

How He Got In a Front Seat and Enjoyed the Show—The Well Dressed Villain and the Tattered but Diamond Ringed Heroine.

A prosperous looking man with a 52 inch waistband stopped and looked at the long line of boys formed before the gallery door of one of the local theaters a little before half past 7 o'clock the other evening.

"I used to be No. 1 and never worse than No. 10 in that line myself," said the man. "I've never enjoyed the theater so much since as I did then. When I was a kid in this town, about the age of those boys in that line, I used to take in a show once a week—on Saturday night always. I couldn't afford more'n a quarter a week for theatricals, for I was only making \$2.50 a week carrying bundles.

"The store that I carried bundles for closed up at 6 o'clock on Saturday night, the same as other nights, and I remember how I used to scramble home and bolt my supper so that I could get down town again to get the best place in the line before the gallery door. I'd generally make it by 7 o'clock or a little after, and I don't remember ever getting left on a front seat right on the rail.

"It used to be as cold as the dickens standing in that line sometimes, but that didn't make any difference. We'd just stamp our feet and crowd closer together, and the cold didn't bother us. Occasionally, too, it would rain hard while we were standing in the line, but that wouldn't cut any ice either. I never saw the rainstorm yet that could break the gallery line up when I was a boy. I don't know how that is now.

"Us boys in front of the line could hear the man inside walking toward the door from the inside to open it on the stroke of half past 7, and then we'd crouch and gather ourselves together for the rush. The man that opened the door had to hustle for his life inside the box office to keep us from running him down and stamping over him. I always had my quarter ready and pat and tight in my right hand, and to slap it down on the box office shelf, get a big pasteboard ticket and dive for the long gallery stairs was about as quick work as I ever did. I'd surely keel over from apoplexy if I tried anything like that on now.

"The winding stairs were about a mile high, but I'd make 'em about four at a clip, and in no time I'd be past the ticket taker at the entrance to the gallery and falling—literally falling—down the steps to get a seat on the rail. The gallery 'u'd always be about as dark as a dungeon at that early hour, and it was a case of groping to find the aisles in order to fall down the steps to a seat on the rail.

"In my left hand overcoat pocket I generally had a paper of peanuts, and I'd munch on 'em and watch the gallery fill up. I made it a point to look around a good deal in order to make the boys in the back rows jealous of me in my rail seat, right on or close to the middle aisle. The boys in the row behind the rail row would generally retaliate on the boys sitting in the rail row by wiping their muddy shoes on the overcoats of the rail row boys, the overcoats being slung over the backs of the seats and therefore tempting opportunities for that kind of thing.

"Along toward 8 o'clock the boys in the gallery would begin to stamp and whistle, the fallacious idea being that the stamping and whistling would bring the lights up and the orchestra out quicker. I notice that the gallery boys don't do this any more. But, then, the gallery boys don't have so much as we used to have, I guess.

"When we smelled a strong odor of gas, we knew that the big chandelier hanging from the ceiling was going to suddenly light itself—that is, that the electric current (it was a new and wonderful idea then) was going to light the chandelier jets. They had to turn the gas on first, hence the premonitory smell. When one of the orchestra men 'u'd pop his head out of the little door underneath the stage, we'd all see him at once and give him a great send off.

"And how I used to enjoy a show in those days! How I used to hate the villain with his waxed black mustache and his shiny plug hat! How I used to feel for the heroine when she'd appear with her shrinking little boy in the snowstorm, with a torn, redhooded cloak carelessly thrown over her shoulders, and seven dazzling diamond rings on the fingers of both her hands! How I did think the hero was the real thing when he said to her, 'I love you better than I do my life!' How I used to thrill when the heroine, in reply to the topcoated villain's overtures, would twist around and say to him, 'Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!' And didn't the struggle on the cliff between the hero and villain for the possession of the knife and the forged will make my spine chill! And all the rest—all the rest.

"If the growing boy only knew what he's missing by growing!"—Washington Star.

Nobility.

Certain nobility is of blood and birth, and he who would be immortal must have care for his posterity. Nothing can be more absurd than the fuss our gentry make concerning titles and places of precedence. They are of a mind with those foolish old courtiers of Louis XIV and think that nobility consists in "Le droit du monter dans le carosse du roi." They forget that what is called blue blood is often very bad blood. I know a family of long descent and high communion which has been "decorated" in almost all possible ways. Nothing can ennoble it. Nearly every member of it is marked by some coarseness of physique, some lewdness of conduct, and this notwithstanding intermarriages and the introduction of new blood.

This stock may safely be backed to produce in every generation one or more profligates of dishonorable life. Every member of it has a certain liability of shame. The poison in the blood has had its inlet through vice and must have its outlet in suffering. Ultimately it will bring about the extinction of the race. The wicked, Plato has truly said, are wicked because of their organization—their parents and not they should be punished.—Humanitarian.

Had to Take Him Down.

"Why does Mrs. Everson have her own baptismal names engraved upon her card instead of those of her husband? She isn't a widow, is she?"

"No, but I understand that she had a batch of cards engraved once upon which she styled herself 'Mrs. William Edgar Everson,' and he was so puffed up over it for two or three days that he actually seemed to think he was the head of the family. It is never safe to give some people too much leeway, you know."—Cleveland Leader.

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Brahms, the Woman Hater.

Some "Reminiscences of Brahms" are contributed to the Deutsche Revue by Mme. Horovitz-Barnay, the wife of the famous German actor. The lady was sent to Brahms, the "woman hater," at Vienna, with a letter of introduction by a friend of the composer. The letter ran thus: "Mme. H. B. is not to have the door shut in her face without rhyme or reason. She is to be taken seriously. Help her all you can." And not only did Brahms help her in her own artistic career, but he made a friend of her, and she was allowed to see more of his life and work than any other woman.

Brahms, abrupt and plain speaking to a fault, had no patience with flatterers and admirers. On day a young Hungarian violinist, much puffed and little talented, overwhelmed the composer with fulsome compliments. Brahms listened for awhile and then replied, "More exercise, young man, and fewer phrases," and turned his back upon his admirer. "Have you made all your preparations?" he asked a young lady who had requested his advice as to whether she should give a public concert at Vienna. "Yes, maestro," she replied. "May I play something to you?" "No, that was not what I meant," he went on without pity. "I only meant have you ordered your frock and gloves?" "Yes," the astonished young lady replied. "That's a pity," Brahms said, "because otherwise I should have advised you 'Don't.'"

Shacabac Wisdom.

The wisdom of the venerable Shacabac, the Wayfarer, one of the chief characters in James Jeffrey Roche's laughable skit, "Her Majesty the King," is in great danger of becoming classic. "A bird on toast," says the venerable sage, "is worth two on a bonnet," which indeed is a truth that any child might comprehend. "If," quoth the Wayfarer, "there be one man on earth who knoweth less than all others, it is he who is the husband of a wife, and she will be the first to tell him the same. While Allah preserveth her, his halo shall never be too small for his head. No man," he continued, "knoweth what true happiness is until he getteth married; then is the knowledge rather a sweet memory than a new boon."—Exchange.

Beyond His Depth.

"Is that friend of yours still dabbling in politics?"

"Well," answered the old campaigner, with a sympathetic sigh, "he dabbled for awhile, but the first thing he knew he slipped over the edge and went in clean out of sight."—Washington Star.

A Mystery of the Law.

In a case not 1,000 miles from Fort Worth, after a killer was acquitted, the wife of the victim brought a suit against him and was promptly awarded a considerable sum by way of damages. The verdict was upheld by the supreme court. The criminal law said the slayer was innocent. The civil law said he was guilty. If the latter was wrong, he was robbed of his sustenance by the law, with the connivance of the supreme court.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec 19, 1896.

MESSRS. ELY BROS.:—I have used Ely's Cream Balm a number of years and find it works like a charm. It has cured me of the most obstinate case of cold in the head in less than 48 hours from the time I felt the cold coming on. I would not be without it. Respectfully yours,

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT 3, 1898.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.29, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.32, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.45, 6.25, 7.04, 7.33, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.40, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.32, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 3.01, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.28, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.28, A. M., 1.08, 2.43, 4.27, 5.19, 8.04, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
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North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after Dec. 13, 1896, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.40, 6.20 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 10.20 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 6.00, 5.40, and every 40 minutes until 1 p. m., then 120 and every 20 minutes until 8.20 p. m., then 8.40, 9.20, 10.00 and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.20, 7.00, a. m., and every 40 minutes until 1.40, p. m., then 2.00, and every 20 minutes until 9.00, p. m., then 9. 40, 10.20 and 11.00.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.40, 7.20, and every 40 minutes until 2.00, p. m., then 2.20, and every 20 minutes until 9.20, p. m. then 10.00, 10.40, 11.20, p. m.

Leave Stoneham for Reading at 6.40 a. m., and every 40 minutes until 12 p. m.

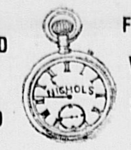
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.
Branch Office at Moore & Parker's news depot, 375 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Steam and Hot Water Heating
For Offices, Dwellings, Greenhouses, Public Buildings, etc., of Every Description.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
TELEPHONE, 28-3.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

Miss S. Bancroft,
WIG MAKING.
Ladies' Hair Work made to order.
No. 410 Main Street, Woburn.
Opp. Lyceum Hall.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best of help by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 430 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps a full line of CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to all kinds of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

We have the exclusive distribution of Ayer's Almanics
For the City of Woburn.
It is a valuable book and should be in every house. If you do not receive one from the distributors notify us.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after August 4, 1897.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.40, 10, 11.15 a. m., 1, 2.40, 3.40, 6.15, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.40, 6.15 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.15 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.15 a. m., 12.40, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.45, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.15 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.15 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.15 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 10.30 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mails closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

T. F. Hagerty, P. M.

Business Cards.

The Metropolitan
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery of all goods.
J. DURWARD, Jr.

JAMES S. CASSEDY,
PLUMBER,
No. 7 Walnut Street, WOBURN
Dealer in Plumber's Materials, Drain Pipe, Hose, etc. Stoves and Ranges set up.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
Patronage respectfully solicited.

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson)
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies, Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street Woburn.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE OPIUM SMOKER.

I am engulfed and drown deliciously.
Soft music, like a perfume, and sweet light,
Golden with audible odors exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause, and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw and this that was a chair,
This wornout body like a tattered tent,
This crust of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium, rage, remorse, despair,
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.
—Arthur Symons.

THE HERMIT.

When ladies go alligator hunting, they should clearly understand that people whom they find and associate with freely in an Alabama bayou should not always be bowed to in Piccadilly. This sounds simple—an axiom, in fact—but because Miss Wilcoxn did such an uncalled for bowing, things happened which put two most respectable families in a condition of open fury, and I earned dislike as the origin of evil. As a matter of accuracy, my yachtmate was far more guilty than I. He had gone a-fishing one day in his shirt, and had spent eight hours sandwiched between wind and water, and had naturally returned with his legs bitten red raw by the sun. He developed a temper in consequence that would have made him shunned in the pit, and I was driven into a deed of temporary separation.

Our yacht was then in the bayou of Bon Secours, which opens off Mobile bay, and the man with the sunburned legs said with many adjectives that movement for him was out of the question. He remarked that he would stay on the sloop and fish for gaff tops'ls (as they call the catfish), and cavallos and sheepheads and sharks and whatever else he could get, and said that polite conversation was a strain to him. He stated that our crew (of one negro) would make a suitable butt for his future remarks, and put forward the suggestions that I should take myself off. "Go and hunt alligators up the lagoons, and live a savage in the swamps, and eat crackers and trout, and catch fever if there's any throwing about," said the man with the sunburned legs. "That'll be about your form." So I pitied the nigger and went off—in pale pink pyjamas and the ten foot yawlboat.

The subsequent sail down the lagoon, under a brazen torrent of sunshine, came as one of the seven pleasures of life. There was a great wall of trees on the landward side, rearing itself from the water's lip in a hedge of undergrowth. To southward, from over the rambling line of dunes, with their fringes of scrub grass and palmetto, came the dim bellow of the surf as it creamed and crumbled on the white gulf sand. And down the silver ripples of the lagoon there blew an air, faintly salt, which chilled the wet cotton against one's spine.

The lagoon bayed to an end, and there opened out another channel to be punted through, a narrow winding canal of twirls and branches through quaking marsh land, a waterway rustling with fish and ablaze with yellow lilies. Cardinal birds peered at one from the bushes, and purple herons thrust out curious beaks from the grass clumps. It was all very peaceable and extremely hot.

Then there came a lake with islands, a lake of water called by courtesy fresh, which was lemon yellow to look through and black to look upon. It swarmed with fish, which took the hook and were supped upon for their sins, and because there was no whisky in the yawlboat for dilution it served as a beverage in all its sulphurous nastiness. Then the sun dipped behind the forests at the back, and night followed like the shutting down of a box. One mounted a bullseye lantern on the hatband, which would shine down a rifle's sights, and put out again in the boat, paddling stealthily. It is not always easy to distinguish between a firefly and the gleam of an alligator's eye, and shots are apt to be wasted and the neighborhood scared. But on that night fortune held, and the lead went home six several times. Then the dead were made more safely dead with the ax, and their slayer laid him down to sleep on the boat's floor with his head beside the centerboard trunk.

So passed my first night away from the sloop. The morning was occupied in the process of skinning, and then once more on toward the east. There were more lakes and more canals all full of their own new wonders, and ever away in the distance on the starboard hand was the noise of the surf as it broke where the logs from the gulf rivers bristle in the milky sand. In late afternoon I came to a lagoon with a wooded island in it, and among the trees of the island, when they grew distinct from one another, I saw a man.

I bore down on him under sail, for there was a spanking breeze coming in from the sea, and when we were within hailing distance the boat grounded.

"Do you want to land here?" he shouted.

"I don't mind if I do."

"Then shove off again and drop down to the tail of the island and luff up sharp where you see a barked tree on the beach. There's no deep water until you come to there."

I did as he told me, put the boat's nose on a small beach of pebbles and waited, smoking. I waited half an hour maybe, and then he strolled up very leisurely with his thumbs in the waist belt of his trousers. I can't say he seemed overpleased to see me. He asked with point what I had come for.

I told him, and then said, "By the way, you're a varsity man, aren't you?"

"Yes, Oxford—the House. You are, I've a notion."

"From over the way—Pembroke."

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

"Well, if you've nothing better on, leave your boat and come up to my place. Sorry I didn't tumble to you at first, but then you don't look over respectable just now. Are you much down on your luck?"

"Oh, I'm not hunting alligators professionally. I'm here for amusement."

I concluded he was there because he had got into trouble with the law of the land elsewhere, but I did not suggest this because it is considered rude to touch upon family matters uninvited. But after a minute he broached the topic himself. "I'm here for amusement myself," he said. "I'm here permanently."

By this time we had got into a bit of a clearing inside the wall of trees—a patch of sorghum, another of sweet potatoes, another of corn with stalks that stood ten feet high, and a goodly planting of green tobacco plants, with shambling palmetto growth at the back.

"Faith," I said, "you've queer notions of a pleasure resort."

"I'm a man," he said, "with an imagination. Consequently I make a most comfortable hermit. Come in and take a hammock. Where's our eight on the river?"

I told him, and we went on hard at boating shop till the sun went out.

I began to have a strong idea that the man was mad, but I stopped my hunger on his victuals for all that, and then relit my pipe and went on with the talk.

From the other side of the clearing came the noises of the night—the chatter of katydids and rustle of jarflies, the love song of tree crickets and toads, the deep reed notes of frogs in their patches of marsh, and through all mingled the heavy diapason of the surf, from across the dunes, and the forest, and the black waters of the lake, mellowed by its passage through the purple night. I am the most practical and unpoetical creature in the world, as a general thing, but the influence of it was too heavy for me. I started on to chat again about the boats, and about women and yachts and books and the other interests of the outer world, but the things fell flat, and presently the talk died out of us altogether. We lay there, hung in silence and sensuously drinking in what the night gave up. We must have spent hours without throwing down a word.

Then Atcheson spoke. "That is my usual concert," he said. "One gets to like it."

I did not answer at once. I could not, although his words came clearly enough to my ears. A sort of mesmeric doze pinned me down.

When I managed to rouse, I felt angry with myself for weakness and spoke with a sneer. "You must find it mighty monotonous," I said.

"A mistake; an utter mistake. It is full of infinite variety; it never repeats itself, and I know, because I have listened to it now for three years, in calm, in cyclone, in every kind of night which God will give. It is his orchestra, but until the taste has grown one does not know this."

Another pause. Then, "Are you going to write about this Walden pond of yours?" I asked.

"I am no Thoreau with a pen. Besides, I am selfish and if I could set this down I would not. One man in ten thousand might understand, some wild fellow who had lived in the air with the things that grow in the air away from the pestilence of cities, and he would never lift a book, but the others would either yawn or deride and I take it this is no matter to be profaned. And yet there is nothing new in it at all; only the old things changed. I have rambled over the world and seen and tried most pleasures; the sounds here give it all back to me again, only here it is idealized."

The spell of the place was closing down again and pinning me. I roused myself with an effort and swore for relief. "Atcheson," I said, "I believe you are either the devil or Circe with a changed sex. Be merciful and speak no more and let me sleep. If I listen on, I shall forget the place from whence I am come and stay here and become as one of the swine."

"I am sorry," Atcheson said, "and because I do not want converts or companions I will say no more. Therefore sleep you."

* * * * * *

The miasma of the lotus was in my veins and I knew it and feared. I woke sullen and suspicious with the first lift of day and got down to my boat. Atcheson came after and cried a pleasant auf wiedersehen, and I answered with a scowl and threw out the sculls. I was very angry with myself and still more frightened. I had been in that kind of temptation before and knew what it was afterward to wish that I had fallen. Consequently I made up my mind to get back to the yacht without a halt and so put in a day of savage toil, and because the sun above burned like a kettle of molten brass and the air baked, the material pains of the body gave me other matters to think about. And when I made out the sloop's riding light dancing on her forestay I knew there was another antidote close at hand. The man with the sunburned legs was a very carnal and practical sort of person.

He received me affably. He fed me first with sumptuousness, referred to the decrease of his own affliction, and then told me that we and the oysterman no longer had the bayou to ourselves.

"The Van Sciaks have come in with their schooner," he said, "and they've a girl on board who says she knows you—a Miss Wilcoxn."

"Ah," I said, "I know her well enough. We used to see a goodish deal of one another once."

"If you mean that you were spoons on the lady," said the man with the sunburned legs, "I guess you'd better forget that. She's engaged to a Yankee man from Massachusetts now, a person with culture and dollars—heaps of dollars—about 10,000,000 of 'em, so I believe. And being anno ætatis suæ 28, she knows what is a soft thing and is not likely to chuck it up. Take off those rags and put on something respectable and we'll make the nigger scull us across. She said I was to bring you when you turned up."

"Not now. At present I am going to turn in to sleep. Probably I shall die in the course of the night. It will save me the trouble and pain of kicking myself if I do."

"Did you," said the man with the sunburned legs, "in the course of your wanderings find a place where they sold corn whisky? Oh, you're snoring already, are you? Surely it's drunk you are, my son, because otherwise you've come back very dotty. What rot to go and live like a hermit all by your lonesome."

* * * * * *

Miss Wilcoxn was a young woman with a great notion of having her own way. Had I known her less I should have tried to avoid speaking on a matter which I preferred to keep silence upon. Being acquainted, as we were, I did not bring out any futile stubbornness.

She wanted to know what there was to be seen in the lagoons and lakes, and I told her, with one reservation, but my tale did not quite hold water, and she twigged that there was something left out and demanded to hear what it was, whereupon I shrugged my shoulders helplessly and told her about Atcheson, chapter, commas and verse, merely lying in the solitary instance of a personal name.

"You say that he is a Christchurch man?" she demanded, when I had finished.

"Did I say so?"

"You did, and you mentioned also that he rowed against you at Henley's for the Stewards' and Ladies' plate. That fixes him. If you'd done me the compliment to remember, I was down there on a houseboat that year. And so, of course, his name isn't Foote at all?"

"Perhaps it's got changed," I admitted weakly. "Men's names do, you know, when they climb down the scale as he's done."

"Hum," she said, and pulled down a chart of the northern gulf coast from its cleat in the cabin roof. "Now show exactly where this hermit lives."

"The chart's all wrong. The place there isn't surveyed."

"Precisely. But you've been there, and you know the lay of it. Don't be shy. Your powers, my dear Mac, in that direction are notorious. Here's a pencil. Fill it in accurately and tell me the landmarks from the gulf side."

"If you go up there and see this fellow and sleep even one night in those swamps, you'll catch fever and die; also the mosquitoes and the sand flies will eat most of you before death comes. Don't be a fool. What more do you want to know about the man? Stay here, and I will tell you."

"My excellent Mac, I have pumped you dry. For the rest I must see him myself. And I shall not die of fever, because I shall get this yacht to take me around to the outside and go from there, and so not have to spend a night ashore at all. Nor will the insects of the swamp devour me, because I own a wide brimmed hat and a large and most excellent veil."

In an hour's time the two yachts were standing out board and board over the bar which guards the entrance to Bayou Bon Secours. There was a romping breeze from the nor'ard, and we sped at eight knots past the low shore, where only the tree stems show above the water. Then we slipped out through the channel between Dauphin island and Fort Morgan, and lifted to the swing of the outer sea, running east along the gulf coast.

Of course Miss Wilcoxn did go to see Atcheson. I took her to the island myself, through an intolerable maze of lakes and waterways, and told the Van Sciaks that we hoped to slay alligators by daylight, which is probably the baldest excuse a grown man with a pretty invention ever made. But I will give the girl credit for one thing—she didn't stay talking to the fellow for more than ten minutes. What she said to him I don't know, because my instructions were to stay by the boat and see that it didn't drift away. But when she came back and we rowed off she found cause to comment that Atcheson was a curious handful.

"I told you that before," I said. "Now you've learned it for yourself, I trust you're satisfied?"

"I am entirely, Mac. I hope you are too."

But when I got back to town, and to my vast astonishment saw Atcheson there, then a light began to dawn upon me. He was marching down Pall Mall as large as life and very resplendent. He had on a frock coat down to his heels, the last gift of the gods in the way of hat and tie, and a new reaped chin, which stood out refreshingly white against the rest of his countenance. He shook me by the hand and said I was a great man. Then we went into a club and talked for several hours without a stop, and he explained to me how a hermit cannot hermitize unless he has a disease vulgarly known as the "hump."

"It's enjoyable enough while you have that," said Atcheson, "but when the hump goes the bottom's knocked out of the hermit business altogether. What a filthy, squalid brute I must have been all that time."

"But you liked it well enough?"

"I believe I did, in my morbid way. But it's over and done with now, thank heaven, and 'I'm going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum, your anger pray tarry'— Oh, bother, I've forgotten the words. Jove! I shall have a lot to pick up again."

"That's a fact," I said. "Ordinary sanity, among other things. And so you're going to marry Mary Wilcoxn, after all?"

"It's a sure thing. Of course her people were mad, because I'm not very well off, don't you know, and the other Johnnie's people are mad, too, at his being cut out. But you're the person they can't get over. It's you they were wild at principally. They will persist in it that you were at the bottom of the whole thing. Isn't it delightfully funny?"

I didn't think it funny at all. I make quite sufficient enemies off my own bat for personal consumption. And besides, as I have said, if the other fool hadn't got his legs sunburned, I shouldn't have gone off solus in the yawlboat and meddled with Atcheson at all.—C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne in Chambers' Journal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The Flying Fox.

The flying fox is a very curious inhabitant of the forest near Moreton bay, in east Australia. It lives in flocks and moves generally toward the dusk of the evening, and the noise produced by the heavy flapping of the so called wings is very singular. The flocks like quiet places, where there are large araucarian pine trees, with an underwood of scrub and creepers. The foxes hang in vast numbers from horizontal branches of the pine trees.

When there is a clear space among the trees, an enormous number of the animals may be seen, and their noise can be heard, for directly they see anything unusual they utter a short bark, something like the sound made by young rooks. Often every branch is crowded, and the young foxes are seen either flapping their wings and holding on with their hind feet and with their heads downward or snarling and fighting for places.

Suddenly the whole take to flight and flap their furry, winglike sides and wheel around like heavy birds. Many fly with their young holding on to them.

The creature is not a true fox, and there is a fold of skin which reaches from the fore to the hind legs. This is called the wing, and it enables the pteropus, as the animal is called, to float and turn in the air.—Philadelphia Press.

Kirghiz Music.

One of the Kirghiz came into my tent, and, squatting down, began to play the kaumuss, a three stringed instrument played with the fingers. The music was monotonous and of a melancholy cadence, but it harmonized well with the surroundings and the moods they inspired. In a word, it was typically Asiatic. I sat and listened to it with pleasure, giving my imagination captive to the music, the soft moaning of the night wind, the gentle crackle of the fire. How many and many a night did I not spend thus during the long years that followed listening to the dreamy sounds of that primitive Kirghiz instrument!

How many a dark, solitary winter afternoon did I not while away in this foolish fashion! In course of time I grew accustomed to the kaumuss and derived as much pleasure from it as the Kirghiz did themselves. In fact, I grew fond of it. Its soothing music carried my mind away into the fairy realms of day dreams. My thoughts flew far away to my home amid the dark pine woods of Sweden.—Sven Hedin in "Through Asia."

Lifeboats of the World.

The lifeboat service is one of the very noblest of philanthropic institutions, and many civilized nations pay special attention to these means for the rescue of perishing mariners. England's lifeboat service is a voluntary one. The Royal National Lifeboat institution, which controls the bulk of British lifeboats, was founded in 1824. It now has over 300 lifeboats on the shores of the kingdom, and has been instrumental in saving nearly 30,000 lives. The French lifeboat service was established in 1865, and has 83 stations, while it has been the means of saving over 900 vessels and 7,500 lives.

The French service has one great advantage over ours. It is that the public board of works always builds the first lifeboat house at each station as it is established, consequently relieving the service of a great outlay. The German service was established in 1865, and has 104 lifeboat stations. The United States has 233 lifeboat stations. The cost of the United States service is about £290,000 a year.—London Tit-Bits.

Conan Doyle on Golf.

"My dear sir," writes Conan Doyle to an English friend, "pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf club and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent attacks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to convince myself that I shall never be any good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were boring for. If ever the Ormeau club should wish any part of their links returned, I could undertake in a few games to clear away any sod now existing."

Took Her In.

"Yes," said the business man, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Bilkins. You see, he is a pretty big, husky fellow, and he used to throw my collectors out."

"Then why didn't you employ a woman collector? He couldn't do that to a woman."

"That's what I thought. So I got one and sent her around, but she never came back."

"Why not?"

"He married her."—Chicago Post.

A Consoling Thought.

The bishop of Wakefield was once consoling an east end costermonger for the loss of his little son. The poor fellow was rocking to and fro in his distress. He suddenly looked at the bishop, and, with tears running down his cheeks, said, "D'ye think I could get the young baggar stuffed?"—London News.

Ainwick castle, according to the observations of a learned antiquary, owes its origin to the Romans. It is one of the largest Gothic buildings in Britain, containing about five acres of ground within its outer walls, flanked with 16 towers and turrets.

The eagle first appeared on the seal of the United States in a design submitted to congress by William Barton of Philadelphia in 1782. The device was adopted June 20 of that year

A Literary Coincidence.

Plagiarism is a literary crime the charge of which should not be made too freely, especially where a very eminent person is concerned. Retentive memories seem to be responsible for much that in an outburst of indignant emotion we would lay to plagiarism. This, however, can hardly explain the following, which can merely be called a remarkable coincidence. We have never heard that the genial autocrat, Oliver Wendell Holmes, was ever accused of stealing from Whittier, nor do we ever remember that any one has said that the Quaker poet borrowed from the physician. Nor do the circumstances of the present case raise either issue.

We picked up the other day at a second hand bookstore a copy of The Atlantic Monthly of January, 1870. In it we found that the two eminent poets above mentioned while writing on totally different themes gave two lines that are strikingly alike. Mr. Whittier's is "Never by lover my lips be kissed," and Dr. Holmes wrote, "Lips that lover has never kissed." It is rather an extraordinary coincidence, as we have said. How curiously and scientifically and mystically the doctor must have explained it all if his attention were ever called to it!—New York Times.

His Fighting Name.

An army officer here in town tells a story which throws a side light on the ways of recruiting officers. In his command during the Cuban campaign was a private who came every day to ask for letters. Joseph Murphy was his name on the roll, but the tang of his tongue did not suggest even remotely the Emerald Isle. Day after day and no letter came. Murphy's face grew longer and his query more pathetic every time he appeared.

"No letter," said the officer one morning. "No letter for you. There's only one addressed to—let me see—to Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia—or something like that; none for you."

Murphy's face beamed with delight. "That-a one for me," he said. "My name lika that. I go to the recruiting office. I am wanting to go fight. Officer say, 'What your name?' I say, 'Giovanni Paladini Castellazzia,' and he say: 'Oh, belladam, that no name for you. You not fight with name. You fight with gun. All that name trip you up. You be Joseph Murphy.' I be Joseph Murphy now, and that is my letter."—Washington Post.

The "Letter Gae."

The leader of psalmody, or precentor, in the church of Scotland used to read from his desk in front of the pulpit the successive lines for congregational singing. He was the "letter gae"—i. e., he that let go or started the praise—and his desk was called the "letteron" (lectrinum). Pitching his voice to the first note of each line, he proceeded to chant the words in a slow, drawling monotone, prolonging the last syllable for a little and then breaking at the head of the congregation into the music set to the words thus delivered. The effect of this would no doubt be frequently more curious and entertaining than edifying and solemn, and strange developments must occasionally have occurred. The position tested not only the musical qualifications, but also the literary attainments of the leader, and there are passages in the metrical version of the Psalms as used in Scotland which must have put rural precentors on their mettle.—Notes and Queries.

Glove Cutters.

The cutters of the great glove houses at Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York.

So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.—New York Telegram.

It Was Too Much.

"Your honor," said Boston Pete, almost tearfully, "it's the newspaper publicity that I hate about this thing. They will 'aver' that I 'opine' I will be 'apprehended,' then 'incarcerated,' perhaps even in 'durance vile.' But, your honor, for a man who has never demeaned himself by work this expression, 'caught in the toils,' is too much." And the wretch hid his face.—Kansas City Star.

About 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually in the United States, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of $100,000, are used in filling teeth.

Confuted by an Axiom.

"Now, children, I want you all to remember that James Watt discovered the wonderful steam engine by simply watching the kettle boil."

"Please, ma'am, I dun't just see how that could be."

"Why not?"

"'Cause watch pots niver boils."—Brooklyn Life.

The Seoul Independent says that a recent census of Korea shows a population of 5,198,248, of whom 2,869,767 are males and 2,328,481 females.

Out of Touch.

"Marie, will the Elizabethan club meet with Mrs. Cash?"

"No, indeed. She lives in a Queen Anne house."—Chicago Record.

Eats What He Likes.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I can now eat almost anything I wish. I was also troubled with catarrh and could not breath through my nostrils. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have been relieved." Mrs F. Gertrude Nye, P. O. Box 31, River Point, R. I.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 30, 1898.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The compliments of the season are hereby extended by the JOURNAL to its numerous patrons and everybody else. Especially does it wish each and all "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

ICE AND TYPHOID FEVER.

Another source of infection, which has become manifest in recent years, is the ice-supply. Well-authenticated cases of typhoid fever have, in recent years, been traced to the use of ice from ponds and streams polluted with sewage. * * * * The extent of water pollution depends very largely upon density of population, and the greater density is that of the Metropolitan District. There are ponds still in use as sources of ice-supply in Brighton, Arlington, Lynn, Wakefield, Melrose and Woburn upon whose water-sheds the population is from 1,000 to 1,500 per square mile, and into which sewage is constantly running without let or hindrance. The authorities of these places, as well as those of western towns, have power to prohibit the sale of ice.—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, Dec. 23.*

In the marked editorial from which the above is clipped many other causes of typhoid fever are enumerated, but as they do not directly concern this community only that of ice is named.

A large part of what is written and said about disease germs is mere theory unsupported by actual facts, with a good deal of humbug worked into it. To sustain this view of the case it can be stated absolutely and substantiated by proof that no town or city in the Commonwealth has less typhoid fever than Woburn, and all the ice consumed by its people comes from Horn Pond. It is probably true that the other places mentioned above are as exempt from that disease as we are. We state a fact, an important one, and it is worth more than all the theories under the sun. All of Woburn's water and ice comes from Horn Pond, and nowhere can a healthier city be found.

Theories are well enough for those who like them, but facts are better.

NEXT SUNDAY.

Spain surrenders all control over Cuba to the United States next Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899. The American Commissioners have made proclamation that they, in behalf of their country, will take formal possession of the Island that day.

Not all of the Spanish soldiers will have left but they are going as fast as vessels can carry them.

That "ends the worsted."

INAUGURATION DAY.

The new Woburn City Government will be inaugurated at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon, Jan. 2, 1898, in Lyceum Hall.

The ceremonies are expected to be unusually impressive.

☞ As it would cost about $300 to hold a caucus on the postmaster matter, and no volunteers to furnish the amount having put in an appearance, or are likely to, the scheme bids fair to come to naught.

☞ United States Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont died of pneumonia at Washington, D. C., early Wednesday morning, aged 89 years. He was the oldest member of the Senate in years and service.

☞ An early muster out of either the 5th or 8th Mass. Regiment is now being considered by the War Department. It may be the 5th. Mustering out of the 6th will begin next Monday, Jan. 2.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Home for Aged Women—Notice.

— 42 degrees above this morning.

— Next Sunday is New Year's Day.

— Supt. Emerson is taking his vacation at home.

— The "Week of Prayer" will begin next Sunday.

— Turn over that new leaf next Sunday, and stick to it.

— As the days grow longer the cold begins to strengthen.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf.

— Aberjona Colony will install officers on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4.

— On Jan. 13, Towanda Club will give their great ball in Lyceum Hall.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

— Dr. Murphy of Pleasant st. is improving, so reports say. Glad of it.

— Men's shoes tapped and heeled, sewed on by hand, $1.00, at Leathe's.

— First Parish will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers next week.

— There was quite a snowstorm yesterday, with a more moderate temperature.

— The Friday Night Club Assembly, Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, is going to be a fine thing.

— The Knights of Columbus will give their annual ball on Jan. 18, at the Auditorium.

— Mr. Herbert B. Dow is recovering from a severe attack of cold and lung complication.

— An effort is being put forth to have the Inaugural ceremonies performed in the evening.

— The Assembly of Friday Night Club will come off at Lyceum Hall Tuesday evening, Jan. 3.

— Maj. Henry C. Hall will please accept our benedictions for late Norridgewock (Me.) papers.

— The city lockup has hard work to accommodate all the applicants for lodging these winter days.

— With sleds and skates the school children are enjoying their holiday vacation wonderfully well.

— Capt. John E. Tidd, Court Officer at Cambridge, is having a holiday vacation, and enjoys it.

— Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn G. Preston on the addition of a bouncing boy to their family.

— Best Rogers goods is marked A1 xxx. Be sure you get it.—tf

— Don't fail to read the change in F. P. Brooks's ad. Grip Cough is what it talks about and the remedy.

— Lawyer Lounsbury has had a spell of the grip which kept him confined to the house several days.

— Mr. Henry F. Bulfinch writes us that there is good sleighing at Wilton, N. H., and everybody is happy.

— Bear in mind that the Friday Night Club will give their grand assembly on Jan. 3, at Lyceum Hall.

— We had a pleasant visit from our friend, Mr. C. A. Weston, of Reading last Wednesday. He was well and spry.

— When the last packages of New Year's presents were sent off the postoffice force were pretty well tuckered out.

— The postoffice will close at 9 o'clock next Monday morning, Jan. 2, and be open from 6 to 7.30 in the evening.

— Mrs. Rev. Dr. Scudder is recovering from an attack of grip, a desease which is quite prevalent in this city just now.

— Crowds of people improved the good skating on Horn Pond last Monday and everybody had a rollicking good time.

— With the December number the "Corner Stone," organ of First church, published by Mr. Harry M. Call, ceased to exist.

— The Police Relief Association will give their annual ball this evening at the Auditorium. Everything is all ready for the grand march.

— Mr. John B. Hoag, Principal of the Cummings School, and Mrs. Hoag are spending the school vacation with friends in New Hampshire.

— Mr. Doherty says that Mr. Crovo did not sink as much money in the endless chain clothing scheme tickets as some folks thought he did.

— It is reported that Mr. William A. Hyde will be a candidate for the office of City Clerk under the incoming administration. Doubtful.

— It is seldom that one sees so many people on the streets as there were last Saturday evening. Locomotion was difficult and blockades frequent.

— Mr. George T. Connor's trade during Christmas week was double what it was last year. He did a large and paying business all the week.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The Senior Class of the W. H. S. indulged in a pleasant dance at Armory Hall last Tuesday evening. Everything passed off in applepie shape.

— There are those who offer to bet and give odds that there will be no reassignment of members of the Board of Public Works by the new administration.

— Wind, dust and the mercury below the freezing point made Wednesday a disagreeable experience. But, "Winter will never last all the year round."

— Superintendent Arthur N. Fezette of the Almshouse has sold produce from the city farm this year amounting to about $1,200. That is a good showing.

— St. Charles church was richly and elegantly decorated last Sunday in honor of Christmastide. A more beautiful sight has never been seen in any church in this city.

— It was not a "green Christmas" after all and so the other part of the ominous saying will not come to pass this time. It was cool, crisp, fine Christmas weather.

— Subscriptions to all the leading monthly magazines and weekly papers received at Mr. A. L. Holdridge's hardware store. The Woburn papers are also sold there.

— The letterboxes in town look fine. A man came around early this week and silver washed them, which is a great improvement on their former red and rusty old color.

— St. Charles Parish held a great whist party in St. John's Hall last Wednesday evening. There were 45 tables and a very large attendance. It was a pleasant party.

— Mr. P. Carlson displays a fine stock of footwear for ladies and gentlemen, and a good pair of shoes or slippers for a New Year's present is about the proper checker.

— Traders had good Christmas sales all along the line. There was no great rush, but just a fair steady trade right along, and much money found its way into the tills of the merchants.

— A good many Christmas boxes were sent to Company G, 5th Regiment, by Woburn people. In canvassing their contents it is expected that the boys down in South Carolina had a merry time.

— The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church had a supper at the church last Wednesday evening which was succeeded by a fine entertainment. Both afforded those present a great deal of pleasure.

— The Wedgemere Polo Club of Winchester worsted a select Woburn team on Horn Pond last Monday. The playing was nothing to brag on, the crowds of people on the Pond interfering with the game.

— Mrs. Elizabeth Peck sends word that Miss Arnold's lecture on "The Public School a Preparation for Citizenship" will be delivered under the auspices of the Woman's Club at Lyceum Hall on Jan. 26.

— Hanson & Co., the silversmiths, sold a great many beautiful and costly goods for Christmas presents last week. Their trade was continuous, suent and good, their wares genuine, and prices reasonable, as they always are.

— Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Greenwood, Mr. Greenwood, brother of Mr. Curtis, and Mr. and Mrs. Kitridge and family of Reading, held their family reunion and took their Christmas dinner at the Parker House, Boston, last Monday. This is the custom of the family, and a pleasant one.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Oriental Rugs

form an important part of our extensive assortment of floor coverings.

They combine utility with beauty in a marked degree—wear for a lifetime, and are a constant delight to the artistic eye, day by day.

Our display of Axminster and Brussels carpets, etc., includes many private and exclusive patterns, to be found nowhere else.

Prices are **made** moderate and are **kept** so.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opposite Boylston St.), Boston.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,

General Insurance and Real Estate Agency,

New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.

Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Mrs. Sewell Boardman of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is visiting her sisters Mrs. Col. H. B. Hayes and Mrs. Sparrow Horton, and other friends. She and her husband went West about three years ago. He died there.

— Miss Irene Boone, the popular Wakefield teacher, is enjoying the holiday vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Spear, and aunt Grace Spear, at 75 Garfield ave. She is very much in love with her school.

— The next lecture in the Burbeen Course will be delivered next Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, 1899, by Prof. Wm. G. Ward, whose subject is to be "Michael Angelo." So far this season the Course has been a great success.

— The assembly given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. and Auxiliary at Concert Hall last Monday was a success. A large party were present and participated in the festivities, and the dancing to fine music was kept up until near midnight.

— Among a great many other good and useful things Moore & Parker sell the "Old Farmer's Almanac," No. 107, which old people swear by, even to the weather, and is regarded as standard by everybody who knows anything about almanacs.

— Applications for "soft snaps" at City Hall seem to be conspicuous by their absence this year. The present incumbents are too firmly rooted to make it worth while to try to pull them out. A weeding out wouldn't hurt City Hall any, but then.

— Mr. and Mrs. George A. Blaisdell have returned from an extended and pleasant visit in Colorado where Mr. B. has large interests in mining property. They visited several sections of the Centennial State and were delighted with the trip.

— Hammond & Son did a bangup Christmas business and deserved it. Twelve salesmen had all they could attend to for a week before the final windup on Saturday evening, and a big heap of goods was sold by them. They had the stuff to do it with.

— The first eight days of January being the week of prayer the monthly Home Sunday evening at the First church will be postponed until the third Sabbath of the month when Rev. Mr. Scudder will give the third sermon in the course on "The Family."

— The alarm from box 35 at 2 P. M. last Tuesday was for a fire in a dwellinghouse on Willow street, Cummingsville. The alarm from box 46 at 5.40 Wednesday evening was for a slight fire in a barn belonging to McDonald Bros. on Washington street Montvale.

— Late advices from Greenville, S. C., convey the information that the 5th Mass. Regiment are getting into the best kind of condition. Privates H. E. Marion and James W. White of Company G have been promoted to Corporals, the latter to be a cook at the messhouse.

— Messrs. S. B. Goddard & Son have placed us under renewed obligations for a fine calendar for 1899, for which we return thanks. As is well known these gentlemen are the leading insurance agents in this city and at the beginning of each year supply the community with handsome calendars.

— Ayer's American Almanac is something more and better than the usual run of patent medicine almanacs. It is really a new and important departure in such publications. Mr. Gordon Parker, the druggist, has the exclusive right of their distribution in this city, and will be pleased to furnish the public with them.

— Motorman Tufts of the L. & B. received serious injuries from a car break near Montvale Tuesday morning. The breakchain under the car broke as he was slowing up, the handle flying round, hitting his arm, and breaking it. A doctor was called and the injured man attended to. The passengers had to walk the rest of the way.

— The funeral of Hon. John Cummings was held at the late home of the deceased in Cummingsville at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Rev. Dr. March and Rev. Dr. Scudder of First church conducted the religious services, and there was appropriate music. A large number of people were present to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of their friend. Many came from Boston and other Massachusetts towns, people who had long known Mr. Cummings socially and in business affairs, and these extended sympathy and condolence to the bereaved widow and other relatives. The death of Mr. Cummings removes another old Woburn landmark, and a respected citizen, from the stage of action.

— Now that Woburn has again voted for license, why would it not be proper for the new Mayor or License Commissioners to insist that the saloons should be fairly respectable looking buildings and that the interiors should look more wholesome. If the quality of liquor sold in that city is in keeping with the saloons, then the liquor must be horrible stuff.—*Winchester Star.*

— Mr. Joshua Reed, an aged gentlemen who has lived in what is known as the Francis Wyman house, West Side, since 1827, which house was built in 1666 and used as a garrison against the Indians in 1675, a fine picture of which, taken by Mr. Charles H. Taylor, appears on the 1899 calendar of Hammond & Son, is very ill and not expected to live from hour to hour.

— When Bro. Hobbs of the Woburn JOURNAL and the senior of this paper are walking together through the pearly streets of paradise shall we meet with many publishers and editors of other newspapers. Of those of the weeklies we will be able to greet the great bulk, but of those of the daily press—we stop. Their fate is too fearful to contemplate.—*Reading Chronicle.* That's just about when it lights, Comrade.

— Last Saturday the members of First church choir presented to the organist, Mr. Daniel N. Hood, several beautiful books as a Christmas gift. He is held in high esteem by them as well as by the public, and his excellent work as organist and choir leader in playing and training is appreciated by the Sunday congregations at that church. The handsome Christmas present was a graceful and appropriate recognition of Mr. Hood's professional merits and personal worth.

— The total eclipse of the moon made its appearance as per programme between 5 and 8 o'clock last Tuesday evening. A cloudless sky gave everybody ample opportunity to witness it. At its height the moon resembled the sun on a dry hot August afternoon, that is to say, it looked like a great ball of fire suspended in the heavens, only it was night, and all the more interesting on that account. Everywhere on the streets people were watching the eclipse.

— Mrs. Mary Jennings remembered the JOURNAL man this holiday season in good style and most generously. With her "Wish you a Happy New Year" card came a whole boxful of presents, useful and ornamental, for which we gave her our best thanks. Year after year for we can't say how long Mrs. Jennings has kindly remembered the JOURNAL with gifts and good wishes at the Christmas season, and this year she has done the same. Again we return thanks.

— Lawyer E. E. Heckbert of Portland, Maine, has brought 13 suits against the owners of the illfated steamer Portland, and will probably bring others. This item is interesting to Woburn people as showing that one of their smart young men holds a good rating as a lawyer in Maine and that he is doing business. He was well thought of when a lad and young man here, and it seems that he is surely winning his way to fame and fortune at the Cumberland county Bar.

— Chief Littlefield of the Fire Department submits good reasons for removing the telephones from hose houses 2, 3, 4, and shows conclusively that the money for their maintenance could be used in the Department to much better advantage with more to go with it. He thinks better signal appliances are needed, better houses, and other things to perfect our fire alarm system. The Chief is practical in his recommendations, and sets his face against frills and furbelows in the Department.

— There were jolly Christmas doings in the lectureroom of First church last Saturday afternoon. The kindergartin and primary departments of the Sunday School held high carnival there for several hours, with recitations, songs, carols, and instrumental music galore. Mr. George F. Bean was the Santa Claus, either the old fellow himself or his brother, and when he came down the chimney loaded with Christmas presents the children went wild. His departure from the North pole and arrival at each station on the route was duly telegraphed to the managers of the festival and read off and as he approached nearer and nearer the tots could hardly contain themselves. When at last they heard the bells on the reindeers anticipation was at white heat and restraint was out of the question. Old Santa had a big load of beautiful gifts which were liberally distributed among the little ones, and happiness reigned supreme.

— The Sunshine Club will have a New Year's Party with Supper in the vestry of the Unitarian church, Saturday, Dec. 31, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

— The Ladies Charitable Society of the Unitarian church hold their annual meeting Thursday afternoon, Jan. 5. Supper at 6 30 followed by speaking. Rev. L. B. Macdonald, of Concord, will speak on experiences in Porto Rico. Other speakers will follow him.

— J. R. Carter & Co., the old and successful coal dealers in this city, do not occupy a branch office at Moore & Parker's as formerly, of which fact they would have the public take notice. Their main office, corner of Main and High streets, is in the centre of business, and a branch at the bookstore is not necessary. And besides, purchasers like to go to headquarters and see what the proprietors have to say about it. In the teeth of sharp competition Carter & Co. sell great quantities of coal and wood.

— When Cummings, Chute & Co. fail to beat the band in getting out handsome calendars they'll go out of business and throw up the sponge for good and all. Their calendar this year is a perfect beauty, a shade ahead of 1898, if possible, and the copy which lies before us, thanks to the kindness of Miss Anna Cummings, bookkeeper of the firm, is and will be all the year highly prized. C. C. & Co. go into these things at the opening of the new year regardless. Thanks for the handsome calendar, Gentlemen.

— The South End Social Club have elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Daniel C. Foley; Vice-President, William L. Jones; Recording Secretary, John J. Ryan; Financial Secretary, John H. Dunnigan; Treasurer, Patrick H. Martin; Janitor, John Mahoney; Auditors, Joseph R. Canney, Edward Ahearn, Martin Duran; Directors, Frank Doherty, William Rice, Patrick Martin, John Ryan, John H. Dunnigan; Investigating Board, Edward H. Wall, Terrence J. McManus, Stephen H. Bradley, Thomas F. Martin, Roland Gillis.

— Last week Principal Owen in behalf of the High School presented Miss Dora A. Winn with a beautiful birdseye maple desk in acknowledgement of her valuable services as pianist for the school during the past year. It was a well deserved compliment and reward of merit graciously bestowed. Miss Winn is an accomplished pianist, having studied with competent teachers, and is a member of the Highland Orchestra, which enjoys a good reputation at home and in Boston where they have frequently played at banquets and society functions. She is very popular with our High School, as indicated in a measure by the handsome present she received, and has engaged to serve as pianist for the school indefinitely or until—well, eh?

— The third Art Exhibition was opened at the Public Library on Dec. 27 and will continue two weeks. It consists of fifty of Prang's celebrated photographs, comprising famous Grecian temples, the monuments of Greek antiquity, consecrated by Homeric legend, or haunted by the memory of heroic deeds. The city of the Cæsers is represented by the Coliseum, Forum, Arch of Constantine and St. Peters; Egypt, by its incomparable monuments of the Pharaohs, the Pyramids and Sphinx. The world contains nothing of human workmanship quite so imposing—a mausoleum of a long line of monarchs. These, with the copies from the Old Masters, are all subjects of Classical Art, and the associations connected with them form a part of every liberal education.—E. F. P.

— Last Saturday, it being near enough to Christmas to be called so, we had a pleasant holiday visit from our esteemed friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester, and greatly enjoyed a 30-minutes chat with him. He is an intelligent gentleman and an entertaining talker, consequently his too infrequent calls at the JOURNAL office are highly enjoyed by the Editor. At this merry Christmas season it is his custom to come to us as a veritable Santa Claus, loaded to the gunwales with those good things which he knows will please the Editor and the Business End of the JOURNAL combine, and last Saturday was no exception to the rule. Indeed, his load was considerable larger than usual, and the nature of the merchandise couldn't have fitted the case better if the recipients had done the selecting themselves. They were right to a T. Mr. Gilbert is bighearted, as many a poor person in Winchester and Woburn can gratefully testify to, and takes keen delight in making others happy. No wonder he has good friends all along the line. We wish to return to Mr. Gilbert our heartfelt thanks for his Christmas presents last Saturday, and also for his kindness on many former occasions.

One Large Scar

Is All That Remains of Great Scrofula Sores

Neighbors Could Not Bear to Look Upon Her—A Grand, Complete Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla After Others Failed.

"I was taken with neuralgia in my head and eyes. Not long after this, a scrofula sore appeared on my left cheek, extending from my upper lip to my eye. Other sores came on my neck and on my right arm and one of my limbs. They were very troublesome and painful and soon became great running sores. My face looked so bad that some of my neighbors could not bear to look at me and advised me to wear a bandage, but I feared this would irritate the sore and make it worse. So I

Could Not Hide the Sores.

My niece, who was familiar with a case similar to mine, which had been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, urged me to try it. Finally I was persuaded to do so, and in a short time I saw it was helping me. The sores began to heal and the neuralgia in my head was better. In a few months the sores on my arms and limbs all healed; those on my neck gradually disappeared and now they are all gone. I have never had any symptom of scrofula since. One large scar on my right arm is all the sign that remains of my terrible affliction. The neuralgia is also cured." MRS. J. M. HATCH, Etna, New Hampshire.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In this Building

is manufactured as high a grade of

Men's and Boys'

Clothing

as it is possible to put together.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our clothing certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always as moderate as is consistent with high-grade merchandise; and the best is always the cheapest, in the long run.

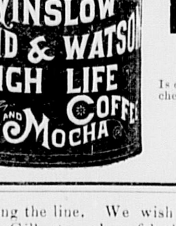
Our workrooms are absolutely clean and are abundantly lighted. Danger of disease is thus entirely eliminated. We invite inspection, especially by women.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington St.—BOSTON.—400 Washington St.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

The long established custom of presenting ones friends and relatives portaits at Xmas has many things to commend it. Nothing in comparison can compete with it in the small amount invested and the resulting amount of genuine worth and pleasure which a true and artistic likeness bestows upon the receiver. The satisfaction of preserving the ever changing and fleeting human countenance and form is known to all thinking people. Contending with new products demanded by the public, we have had some trouble in the past with the experimental goods that were furnished us as regards permanency. But knowing these things we have thoroughly tested the goods now used and can guarantee the finest and most permanent work that can be produced. The care and talent used in our Studios is worthy of your consideration and patronage. We can and will have all work finished that we promise for Xmas. Making sittings as close as three days before Xmas. Photos, Crayons, Pastelles, and Frames for the Holidays, at prices that you can afford.

Nowell Studio, 396 Main St.



Winslow, Rand & Watson,

High Life Coffee

This Popular Brand of Coffee packed in 2 lb. TIN CANS only; Is one of the best Coffees on the market; don't confuse this with cheap brands.

Buy The Best!

For Sale by W. J. BUCKMAN
433 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Miss Taylor's Party.

The invitations of Miss Marion Taylor to her friends to attend a Christmas Party at 2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 24, at 23 Pleasant st., were responded to in person by the six chosen guests promptly and in their best bibs and tuckers. They were: Elizabeth Kingsley, Winthrop Sullivan, Mildred Sullivan, Dorothy Smith, Harold Soule and Constance Ruggles.

The affair was matroned by Mrs. Marion Houtense Taylor, Mrs. Bertha Taylor, Mrs. Bessie Lesquereux, and several other dames, while Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the artist, and Mr. George H. Taylor, the commercial traveler, attended to various duties connected with the party, but principally in obstruction proceedings by their officiousness.

A large shapely pine tree was set up in the parlor and loaded down with beautiful Christmas presents designed not only for Miss Marion and her guests but for members of the Taylor family and household, and also for the JOURNAL which was on hand early and often for its share.

At 2.05 p. m., a procession was formed in the diningroom from whence the seven little ones marched to fine piano music through the hall to the parlor and seated on rugs close in front of the Christmas Tree. The scene can better be imagined than described. It was fun alive, as well for the adults as for the youngsters.

Mr. George H. Taylor acted as Almoner for Santa Clause and performed the duties assigned him admirably. The presents, which were numerous and beautiful, were distributed among the company, some of them eliciting witticisms and jokes that enhanced the merriment and pleasure of the happy occasion. Mrs. Lesquereux presided at the Christmas Pie, the distribution of which gave rise to dead loads of fun. The JOURNAL drew from the Pie a tin handorgan in many colors.

When the Tree had been stripped of its Christmas burden the company repaired to the diningroom and feasted on the delicate edibles that had been provided for them, and returned thanks for the few hours of genuine pleasure which they had enjoyed with the little ones at the Tree and around the festival board.

There were present beside the two Taylor families: Mr. Everett Cummings, Mrs. Sullivan and family, Mrs. Edna Smith and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Bessie Kingsley, Dr. Roland Davis, Mrs. Marcellus Littlefield, Mrs. Clarence Littlefield, Miss Maud Littlefield, Mrs. Walter Champney, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel N. Hood, Mrs. Fred Ruggles and daughter, Mr. Burton (Mrs. Hood's father), Mrs. Trecartin, soprano in First Church Quartet, and Mrs. Fred Soule.

One Good Habit.

When the whole world turns over a new leaf, it seems timely to remind our readers of one habit which we can commend: It is the reading of The Boston *Herald*. Some of our patrons read The Daily *Herald* and some of them The *Sunday Herald*. We would that all of them read both The Sunday and The Daily *Herald*. This pre-eminently great newspaper, the greatest in New England, has made the greatest record of its record-breaking career. In every department it has made unmistakable advancement. In its makeup it meets every requirement of the reading public. From the smallest item of local news, to the greatest events of the day it omits nothing, and yet in its great pages finds room for stories, incidents and anecdotes, which seems marvellous when one considers the demands upon its columns. The *Sunday Herald* is greater and broader than ever before, and every page is brightened by timely, well-drawn illustrations. During the past year The Boston *Herald* in its various editions has published nearly 10,000 illustrations. Certainly the reading of The Boston *Herald* is to be commended. Are you a *Herald* reader? If not, why not become one during 1899? It is your last chance of the century.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guarenteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Gordon Parker.

The I. C. C. Minstrel Show.

Everybody goes to a Minstrel Show. It draws crowds when everything else fails. There is a magic in the name that excites, and a magnet that attracts. One would have thought so if he, she or it had been at the Auditorium last Wednesday evening when and where the Innitou Canoe Club gave their grand and widely discussed Minstrel Show. The great hall was filled. The best people in the whole city were there too. Yes, it was plain enough to be seen that a Minstrel Show draws like a 3-cattle team, especially when the public have confidence in the ability of the burnt cork performers, as they had on this occasion.

It was a Minstrel Show worth remembering, and will be. It was odd, unique, out of the old ruts, no chestnuts, stale gags, Noah's Ark jokes; but fun alive all the way through.

Professionals couldn't have filled the seats of the Endmen better; Tambos and Bones were perfect, and they made things rattle and hum in the livliest manner.

Leonard B. Buchanan and Arthur C. Wyer were the Stage Managers, and Page's Orchestra furnished the very best of music. A representation of Camp Innitou in New Hampshire was given including Major J. W. W. Scott, its presiding genius. William C. Crosby furnished original pieces which took like hot cakes buttered on both sides.

The vocal performances were extra fine, and the numerous specialties were pulled off in great shape.

Nearly 60 people were engaged in the show, all experts in their different roles, therefore the conclusion is inevitable that the Show was a huge success. If room were plenty the JOURNAL would be delighted to give the names of the actors that the public might give credit where credit was due, but that is out of the question.

The Innitous did so well, and the Show was so good, that its repitition in some other community may be requested.

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas, of Marysville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike, for years he suffered untold agony from consumption accompanied by hemorrhages, and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, he declares that gold is of little value in comparison to this marvelous cure, would have it even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cts. and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

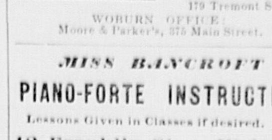
Last Saturday evening, Dec. 24, the Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal church in this city, with their wives and friends, to the number of 25, or more, visited the residence of Mr. F. W. Legg, one of the Board, and Mrs. Legg, at New Bridge Hill, 758 Main street, and made them happy.

At just the proper time Rev. I. H Packard, pastor of the church, in a very neat rhyming address, for the Official Board, presented Mr. and Mrs. Legg with a silver service of four pieces, and a handsome clock from the parents and other relatives of Mr. Legg, all of which were gratefully accepted in fitting language and proper feeling by that gentleman.

After the ceremonies of presentation cake and chocolate were provided in generous quantities and to the delectation of the guests. The lunch was gracefully served by Miss Carrie Legg, Misses Laura, Lalia and Leella Call, and Master Earl True.

Then a delightful social season was spent by host, hostess and the visitors.

Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says: "A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.'" He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.

MISS BANCROFT

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION

Lessons Given in Classes if desired.

12 Franklin St., Woburn.

Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Bancroft has 2 second-hand pianos for sale at low prices.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she is now prepared to receive pupils desiring violin instruction.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

A few of the
Attractive Prices
We are Offering!

Best N. Y. Pea Beans 5c per qt.
New California Prunes 5c per lb.
New Leghorn Citron 10c per lb.
Good California Raisins 5c per lb.
C. B. & Y. Co. Patent

FLOUR

(Spring Wheat.)

$4.50 per Bbl.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

In Memorium.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank held Dec. 23, 1898, the following minute was adopted and ordered recorded:

The Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank desire to place on record their sincere appreciation of the life and character of their late associate, The Honorable JOHN CUMMINGS, and of the eminent services he rendered to this Bank during the many years of his connection with it. Becoming its President at a time when confidence in the Savings Bank system of the State had become seriously impaired, in which general condition our local Bank shared, he gave to its affairs the advantage of his influence and experience to the great and lasting benefit of the Corporation. To his sagacious management is due in no slight degree the high standing it now enjoys among the Savings Bank Institutions of the State.

Mr. Cummings was a man of the highest ideals of business integrity, of positive convictions, and inflexible will, and in his long business career he acquired and maintained untarnished a reputation for business honor and uprightness that will long be cherished by all who knew him.

While voicing our regret at the loss of so valuable a member of this Board, we, at the same time, extend to his widow our deep sympathy in her bereavement.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to inscribe this memorial upon the records of the Corporation and to send a copy to the widow of the deceased.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1899, is a handsome number and very entertaining. It is calculated for a holiday issue and fills the bill perfectly. Its special features are: The Naval Campaign of 1898 in the West Indies, with 10 drawings; Bismark the Man and the Statesman; A Glimpse at Nubia, miscalled the Soudan, 4 ills.; The Sultan at Home, ill.; The Naval Lessons of the War; Fifty Years of Francis Joseph; Brother Jonathan's Colonies; The Weakness of the Executive Power in Democracy; The Love of Parson Lord, 6 ills.; The Battle of Santiago, ill.; Their Silver Wedding Journey, ill.; The Span o' Life, ill; The Romance of Chinkapin Castle, 3 ills.; and many more.

***HARPER'S is sold by the New England News Co., 14-20 Franklin st., Boston; and by Moore & Parker, Woburn.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

METHODIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4.30 P. M., Junior League. At 5.45 P. M., Epworth League. At 7 P. M., Public Service. Week of Prayer.

UNITARIAN.—Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Last Year of the Century." Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday, at 4 P. M., Ladies' Charitable Society with Supper at 6.30 P. M., to be followed by Speaking.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. Preaching by the pastor at 7 P. M. Subject: "Soul Suicide." The Alpine Quartet will sing. The week of prayer will be observed every evening except Saturday. Services at 7.30 o'clock.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday after Christmas. Morning Prayer and Litany at 10.30. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Music by the Vested Choir.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10.30 A. M. by Rev. C. B. Crane, D. D. Subject: "A Voice in the Wilderness," followed by Holy Communion. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Services in the Audience Room. Subject: "While the Game is On." Music by the Quartette and a Chorus Choir. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday Morning at 10.45. Subject: "God." All are welcome.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 25, by Rev. James J. Keegan, James J. McMorrow and Mary E. Harkin, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 25, by Rev. James Keegan, James DeLong and Mary Muse, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec 26, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas P. Callahan and Helen (Burns) Taylor, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 27, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Eric Lyman Johnson of New York, and Winifred Frances Larkin of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 26, by Rev. O. A. Henry, Edward Gadda and Josephina Petterson, both of Boston.

In this city, Dec. 22, by Rev. I. H. Packard, William Gordon and Annie Bay, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 18, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Jerry Albanese of Meriden, Conn., and Lperanza Pattelena of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 23, Franklin G., son of George F. and Sarah Wells, aged 3 years, 8 months, 27 days.

Christmas Goods.

In addition to our large stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods we are showing a choice line of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have been months in collecting this stock, culling novelties and rare specimens from many manufactories and many countries, the whole forming a collection well worth seeing, and giving an opportunity to purchase gifts rarely found in one store.

COPELAND & BOWSER,
355 Main Street.

That Hammond Turkey.

For some three weeks before Christmas there was exhibited in the Show-windows of Hammond & Son, Clothiers, a live turkey in a wire cage. A sign invited customers to guess on the weight of the turkey and cage combined, and stated that the turkey would be weighed Christmas eve at 10 o'clock, and that the customer making the closest estimate would be presented with the live bird and its house.

Much interest was manifested, and between one and two thousand guesses were registered, the guessing slips stating that in the event of more than one correct estimate the person making the firt correct guess would receive the turkey.

Saturday night at 10 o'clock Mr. J. C. Ela, City Sealer of Weights and Measures, after carefully examining the scales borrowed of Hartwell's Market and pronouncing them correct, proceeded to weigh the cage and bird within. A crowd of some two hundred or more persons had gathered to find who was the lucky guesser. The weight was found to be 47 1-2 lbs. and the first correct guess was made Dec. 14, by Mr. Albert Thompson, the well known artist.

Finding that there were four others whose judgment was equally good a kind letter was sent, together with a 10 lb. dressed turkey, to each of them. Their names and guesses were as follows:

Dec. 16, Christie Howatt, rear 10 Mt. Pleasant st.
Dec. 19, W. C. Knapp, Foreman Gas Lt. Co.
Dec. 23, Grace Keefe, 125 Main st.
Dec. 24, Annie Ryan, 31 Walnut st.
The higest estimate was 413 lbs.
" smallest " " 10 1-8 lbs.

School Committee.

The School Board held a meeting on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, and transacted business.

The communication of A. P. Howard, Superintendent of the Chemical Works, asking that transportation be furnished the school children of that district, was referred to the Local Committee. Florence E. Parkhurst applied to be a pupil-teacher in a primary school; granted. The matter of increase of salary for Miss Moulton, teacher in the High School, was referred to the next Board. Notice was received from the City Clerk of the election of Messrs. Bean, Bixby and Chalmers to the new Board. M. Mae Nash was appointed an Assistant for Cummings School with a salary of $480. The monthly report of Superintendent Emerson showed that the Evening School was in session 42 evenings. There were registered 162, enrolled 108 men and 29 women, average attendance 57. Of whole number enrolled three were present at every session, two at 41, three at 40, 23 from 30 to 40, 22 from 20 to 30, 39 from 10 to 20, 45 less than 10 sessions. The percent of attendance was 41, last year 51. Three pupils of the third class of the High School were allowed to take special studies.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every delterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Parker Druggist.

Burlington.

Mrs. Charlotte L. Carter, wife of Mr. Benjamin Carter of this town, died at her home on Dec. 27, 1898, aged 75 years, 5 months, and 25 days. She was an old resident, had many friends, and will be missed and mourned.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

FOR THE

Grip Cough

NOTHING LIKE

Wild Cherry and Tar Cough Breaker.

A Sure Cure, 25 Cents

FOR SALE BY

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

A Great French Etcher.

Charles Meryon—born in 1821—was brought up to the navy, going first in 1837 to the Naval school at Brest. As a youth he sailed round the world. He touched at Athens; touched at the then savage coasts of New Zealand; made sketches, a few of which, in days when his greater work was most of it done, he used as material for some of his etchings. Art even then occupied him, and deeply interested as he soon got to be in it he seems to have had a notion that it was less dignified than the profession of the navy, and after awhile he chose deliberately the less dignified—because it was the less dignified. He would have us believe so at any rate. He wished his father to believe so. And in 1845, having served creditably and become a lieutenant, he resigned his commission.

A painter he could not be. The gods, who had given him even in his youth a poetic vision and a firmness of hand, had denied him the true sight of color, and I remember seeing hanging up in the salon of M. Burty, who knew him, a large impressive pastel of a ship cleaving her way through wide, deep waters, and the sea was red and the sunset sky was green; for Meryon was color blind. He would have to be an engraver. He entered the workroom of one M. Blery, to whom in after times, as his wont was, he engraved some verses of his writing—appreciative verses, sincere and unfinished—"a toi, Blery, mon maitre." The etchings of Zeeman, the Dutchman, gave him the desire to etch. He copied with freedom and interest several of Zeeman's neat little plates and addressed him with praises, on another little copper, like the one to Blery—"to Zeeman, peintre des matelots."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Room In Which Napoleon Was Born.

His greatness still consecrates the place. Push back the jealousies and let in the light upon the mean beginnings of so stupendous a destiny. Here is the sedan chair, battered and faded, but a relic, and so sacred still. This is the bed on which he was born—hardly bigger than a couch. Here is madame's escritoire, where she must have done those household accounts (yearly more difficult to balance) with a little old frail child at her side sometimes, plucking at her dress and looking up awed (she is the one person in all the world of whom he is afraid) into her face. Here is her spinet, with its yellow notes, which she played perhaps while those little kings and queens to be danced to her music, and the one born great (the others only have greatness thrust upon them) stood apart unchildlike and solitary. The very chairs and tables are the same. There is the narrow strip of bedroom which was his.

"I should have been the happiest man in the world," he says to Montholon, six and forty years later, "with an income of $2,500 a year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, in our old home at Ajaccio."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The "Gray Matter."

The writer has examined many brains of persons morally or intellectually below the average—such as murderers, negroes and others sunk in ignorance. He has invariably found the layer of vesicular, or gray matter, to be thicker than that of Daniel Webster's brain. Elephants, porpoises, whales, dolphins and the grampus all have this layer thicker than the most intellectual men.

Another great objection to locating mind in the gray matter of the brain is that this substance is found in the interior part of the spinal cord and in all the nerve centers throughout the body. So that, if mind is situated in it, it is not confined to the brain, but dwells in the spine also, and is distributed all through the human frame.

Still another objection lies in the fact that wherever the gray matter exists near the surface of the brain it consists of three distinct layers, separated by a white substance, and the outermost layer is white, not gray.—Dr. Joseph Simms in Popular Science Monthly.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the pinna (mytilidæ), which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish, in the first instance, for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. It is able to guide the delicate filaments to the proper place and there glue them fast, and if they are cut away it can reproduce them.

The material when gathered (which is done at low tide) is washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded, one pound of the coarse filament yielding about three ounces of fine thread, which when spun is of a lovely burnished golden brown color.—New York Herald.

Washington's Farewell to His Officers.

On Dec. 4 the officers of the army met in Fraunce's tavern to bid their chief farewell. Washington, as he rose and faced them, could not control his voice. He lifted a glass of wine and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." They drank in silence, and Washington said, "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged if you will come and take me by the hand." Up they came, one by one, and one by one Washington, his eyes filled with tears, embraced them and said farewell. From the tavern they followed him to the ferry, where he entered his barge. As the boat moved away he rose and lifted his hat. His officers returned the salute in silence, and all was over.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH

HER SON DIDN'T KNOW HER, AND HE WAS STARVING.

An Unexpected Meeting on the Street and the Skeleton In One Family Closet That It Brought Into the Full Light of Day.

She was a stately, comely old lady, but there was an unmistakable trace of sadness and melancholy upon her handsome features. She was well dressed, and within the ample folds of her black silk gown there were surely numbers of places where she might have found accommodation for a pocket, but in accordance with the custom of her sex she carried her well filled pocketbook in her hand, offering temptation to every thief or starving wretch that chanced to come along the dimly lighted streets. She was old enough to have known better.

As she turned down a side street, more gloomy than the avenue, a lank and ill clad youth suddenly darted out of a hallway, flashed at the old woman, and, without a word or look, snatched the purse which she so lightly held and ran at the top of his speed up the street.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" shouted the old lady, gesticulating wildly as she gathered up her skirts and attempted to follow in pursuit.

The cry was taken up by a crowd of newsboys and a few passersby, but, although the thief was never lost sight of, he was fleet of foot, and would probably have made good his escape had he not run right into the arms of a burly policeman at the corner of the next avenue.

The policeman shook the young fellow as a terrier might shake a rat and held him until the old lady came puffing up. She arrived at length, with her umbrella upraised with the evident intention of striking the man who had dared to take the pocketbook she had held so temptingly in her hand.

Suddenly and in that ridiculous attitude she paused and turned deathly pale. The crowd stared open mouthed. The policeman jerked the man by the collar, but that was not the sole reason that the fellow fell upon his knees. He turned as pale as the old lady as he shook himself free, and still kneeling, with hands uplifted, he gasped:

"Mother! I did not know you, and—and—I was starving!"

"John!" ejaculated the woman in accents of agony. "My boy! My poor son! This is the worst of all! Oh, this is horrible!"

The wretched man reached for her hands, but she drew them away and buried her face with them. While the crowd looked on in silence, the thief slowly reached down to his loose and tattered boot and, drawing out the pocketbook he had stolen, held it toward his mother.

"Come on!" said the policeman gruffly, gripping the man by the arm and at the same time seizing the purse. Then to the woman he added:

"You must come to the police station along of us, ma'am, and enter a complaint."

Instantly the old lady drew herself up indignantly and with haughty manner said:

"What do you mean? You have made a great mistake, officer. This is not the man who took my pocketbook. Kindly let him go."

"But—but 'e 'ad it! It's 'ere!" bawled the bewildered representative of the law, pushing the purse toward the dignified old lady.

"Nothing of the kind," said she. "I never saw it before in all my life. Why don't you let the poor man go?"

"Because I 'as my duty to perform," was the surly reply. "'E's your son, I guess, and you're a-screening of 'im."

"My son!" said the old lady, sadly and almost tenderly. The young man made a step forward.

"My son!" she echoed, with a fine assumption of scorn as she recoiled a foot or two. "My son! Absurd!"

Then, adjusting a pair of gold rimmed glasses on her nose, she stared the culprit calmly in the face and quietly said:

"I knew this man once as a bright, brave, manly boy. I knew him as a tender, loving little child. I knew him as an innocent, cooing baby."

A sob was heard, but it was not she who sobbed.

"I do not know him now," she continued. "Give him the purse and let him go."

When the stately old lady had sailed majestically away, the big policeman gave his prisoner one powerful, hearty shake, then flung him from him.

The newsboys hunted around for mud fitted for pelting purposes.

But the young man did not run and thus afford good sport. He stood like one dazed for a few moments. Then he hurriedly opened the pocketbook and scattered the contents into the street.

Those newsboys had a gala time, and when the scramble was over the thief, the starving scamp, the prodigal son, was nowhere to be seen.—New York Telegram.

Denmark's Navy Homemade.

An interesting feature of the Danish navy is that it is entirely homemade. Since the monitor Rolf Krake, built for them at Glasgow in the early sixties, the Danes have constructed all their own ships. They have done more than that—they have once at least led the way in the evolution of a type. Their Tordenskjold came before the Italian Lepanto and Italia and embodies exactly the same idea—the gun heavily protected, no side armor, but instead a protective deck. That idea is, however, very much exploded at the present day.—Engineer.

Worth It.

Mrs. Homespun (indignantly)—Here's an article says that in Formosa a wife costs $5.

Mr. Homespun (thoughtfully)—Waal, a good wife is wuth it.—Spare Moments.

Happy Death.

The queen, with all her vast power, was yet very miserable—that is to say, she wasn't the least bit outre or unconventional.

"But at least," the queen was often heard to exclaim, with a cheerful smile, "I can die happily, if I choose!"

By this her majesty was currently thought to make reference to the fact of her having a dress which fit so well she couldn't breathe in it.—Detroit Journal.

Wanted Him.

Dealer—I'm afraid I cannot recommend this parrot, madam. He swears like a sailor.

Mrs. Ferry—Oh, how delightful! "Shiver my toplights!" "Stow my mainsails!" and all that, I suppose?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Books written on bone, stone, bricks, tiles and oyster shells; Bibles written on palm leaves and manuscripts transcribed on bark, leather, papyrus, parchment, wood, lead, ivory and copper are among the treasures of the British museum.

PROPER NAMES.

Pronounced Like English, but With the Right Syllable Accented.

As the English language has well settled rules of pronunciation, and is well able to deal in its own manner with almost any possible combination of letters brought into it from other languages, it would seem to be not only permissible but proper for English speaking people to pronounce foreign names according to English analogies. It is not incumbent upon Americans or Englishmen to familiarize themselver with Russian, for example, before they may venture to pronounce the name of a Russian diplomat, or study Chinese in order to be in a position to mention casually some Chinese proper name. It is enough, as a general rule, to give to the old combination of sounds presented to us in dispatches from Japan, Bulgaria, the Transvaal or Venezuela such utterance as the laws of our own language prescribe. Hit or miss, life is too short to master the orthoepy of every tongue and we must be content to do the best we can in our own way. Especially is this the case with proper names that have long had place in the English language and have a recognized English pronunciation. It is mere affectation to convert Paris into Paree, or ape the German pronunciation of the name of Wagner, the well known musician and composer, by giving a v twist to the first letter. Paris is Paris, and Wagner is Wagner, the names being common and well understood. A person in the first enthusiasm of his acquaintance with a foreign language may be pardoned for airing his superior knowledge when uncommon names, not adopted in common English speech, are in question, but he becomes ridiculous when he undertakes to impart a foreign accent to familiar names. There is a story of a New York clerk, named Gordon, who after a month's stay in France became "Gor-r-rdong" and refused to answer to any other appellation. His case was an extreme one perhaps, but it illustrates the vice—too common—of using with excessive ostentation foreign instead of the more useful and intelligible English pronunciations.

With respect to Latin and Greek proper names a stricter rule may perhaps be conceded to apply. These languages are the implements of culture. The rules of pronunciation applicable to words transferred from them into English are simple and few, and well within the reach of every one who pretends to a classical education. A false accent is accordingly unpardonable, and among classic scholars correctness of accent is the accepted test of sound and thorough training. But in the sounds given to particular letters there is room for the manifestation of vanity or immature judgment. Cicero's name during the lifetime of the great Roman orator was undoubtedly pronounced Kikero, and Cæsar was Kaisar. Other consonants and all the vowels were in classical Latin pronounced in a way which our English letters once followed, but from which they have now for the most part departed. At college it is well to learn what is thought to have been the true Latin pronunciation. All knowledge is useful. But it is unnecessary in quoting Latin after leaving college to aim at a painful consistency. In respect indeed to names like Cicero and Cæsar, which have been domesticated, so to speak, in the English language, the usual rule applies. They are to be pronounced like English words, only taking care to get the accent on the right syllable. The English speaking American people accept, in fact, the common sense rule that pure English is always preferable to a potpourri of German, Latin and other pronunciations.—Baltimore Sun.

George Sand at Seventy-one.

La Revue de Paris prints a statement by George Sand on her views of novel writing and her views of life in general. It was written when she was 71 years old and was meant as a preface to a new edition of her works, but the project of the new edition was given up. Though she was looking forward to death at the time, it expresses only the most cheerful sentiments, for there was a stubbornness about her optimism as about her idealism. Concerning this last she has a good deal to say, of which the substance is this: she has been charged with idealizing her personages. Well, she meant them to be as they are. And, which is not the same thing, she saw them so, and often met people like them in the world. But if she had only met one such noble personage that same would have been real, and she would be within her rights in depicting him. She is aware the present temper of the world is hard. She has done her level best to soften the feelings of her contemporaries and altogether failed. But she means to go on her old way at 71, and, if she can persuade a single soul of the reality of ideal virtue, will say her time has not been lost. And all will come right. As for the world going to the dogs or dying of feebleness—not a bit of it. The groaner only echoes his own miserable condition.—London Bookman.

He Conquered Carlyle.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying, "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was, "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him £5 he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The £5 was at once forthcoming.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Business Before Pleasure.

They were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful indeed in old fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing, but as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to be"—

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"—Pearson's Weekly.

IN MIDAIR AT NIGHT.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON BY MOONLIGHT.

A Beautiful Picture Wherein Lakes Look Like Beds of Molten Silver. Echoes That Float Up Faintly From the Earth.

A correspondent formed one of Mr. Spencer's party in a balloon ascent at night from the Crystal palace. His experiences are interesting. "At 1,000 feet high," he writes, "we were over some suburban railway station, and the sight of a train rushing along a curved cutting was one not to be forgotten. It was like a comet with a fiery gold head and a silver tail. The moonlight on the trail of smoke made it look like the rapids of a river in moonlight, a rushing mass of silver water. The engine was a glow of fiery red. You saw no train. At 9:53 the smell of gas told us we were rising, and we commenced the work of testing echoes. I may here remark that there are two grave objections to balloon traveling—the one is that you cannot smoke and the other that you perpetually smell gas.

"In testing acoustically, I am afraid we did not succeed in gaining any air echo, though one at 1,000 feet—we went up in all to nearly 3,000 feet—was suspected. Echoes distinct we had in plenty, but they undoubtedly came from the balloon above us, and none—except perhaps the one dubious one I have referred to—from the empyrean. Echoes from the earth showed the air to be very variable in its carrying power. For a long distance, traveling at a height of 1,000 feet, the air remained singularly opaque acoustically, and not a trace of echoes could be caught, but later, at 2,400 feet, they became and remained very loud. Again, 25 minutes later and 300 feet lower, they had become distinctly feeble. The resonator, which Mr. Bacon, a member of the party, constantly used, showed the same striking acoustic variation.

"Mr. Bacon had with him an exquisitely sensitive air thermometer, which showed remarkably the variations in temperature during the steady ascent of the balloon. The temperature rose rapidly up to about 500 feet, at which elevation we encountered a colder stratum. Soaring through this, we rose another 100 feet, again into warmer air; then through a second and a third shallow cold stratum, but at 1,000 feet we had entered an equable region, for an ascent of 1,600 feet or 1,700 feet higher gave us no practical change in the conditions, and, as acoustic experiments were to be a principal part of the night's work, we kept below an altitude of 3,000 feet. At the higher altitudes there was no water vapor noticeable in the spectrum.

"The brilliancy of the moon was very markedly increased as we flew higher, and lunar details easily seen with field-glasses from earth became difficult to gaze at. Seen through good glasses indeed the moon was simply dazzlingly and tryingly brilliant. As I bent to the Davy lamp we carried to read the aneroid to Mr. Bacon—Mr. Spencer could read it by the moonlight—it recorded 1,800 feet, and a clock below could be hard distinctly striking 10. At 2,000 feet it was marvelous to note the clean cut shadow of the balloon which the moon gave. As we threw out sand its shadow could be seen dropping from the balloon, first in a broad stream, then as it disintegrated and the particles separated widening into a nebulous shade to disappear altogether as it dropped earthward. I never before knew what moonlight could be. Every roadway, hedge and rivulet stood out as clear as if we were looking down on a large scale map.

"I have already alluded to the acoustic experiments that were made, and these proved amusing as well as instructive. At 1,200 feet we were getting splendid ground echoes from both voice and trumpet, and at this height, passing over one village, we created quite an excitement. Our hail of 'What is the name of this place?' was heard and answered, but we could not catch the name, except that it ended in 'row' or 'road.' Not at every village did we get word from the human denizens, but we never failed to rouse the dogs. If a 'hello' didn't do it, the trumpet never failed. At 2,400 feet so clear was the night that you could see the post cards we threw out flutter down, down, almost to the ground. At that height also the ground echoes came up quite clear, if somewhat faint, and dogs barking might almost have been in one's next door neighbor's garden.

"One superb effect was that of the moon's rays on any large collection of glass houses—we passed over several nursery gardens. Over a spread of these the sight was magnificent, though the effect was but momentary and had to be caught at the proper angle, but for the moment it turned the whole into a lake of molten silver. It was eerie to look down and see the trail rope stretching 850 feet down into space, but it was a grand way of realizing the idea of speed. If you sat in the bottom of the car, you felt absolutely as if you were motionless, though we were really traveling at the rate of some 20 or 25 miles an hour. Looking over the edge of the car down on the trail rope you could easily note how fast the rate of speed was, for, watching the end, as it hung in a plumb line from the car, you could mark how swiftly a huge wood or field was left behind. The only sensation in the slightest degree unpleasant felt at the highest altitude we reached was a slight singing in the ears. The party alighted at Aylesford without mishap."—London Chronicle.

Why He Breaks His Word.

Hoax—Jigley is thinking of setting his son up in business.

Joax—He'll never do. He's forever breaking his word.

"So?"

"Yes. He stutters frightfully."—Philadelphia Record.

The Death of Carlyle.

Uncle had not been considered seriously ill more than about a fortnight or so before the end, writes Carlyle's nephew, John C. Aitken, in The Atlantic. The vital spark of life toward the last days kept flickering in a way so extraordinary that the doctor declared he had never met such tenacity of life and vitality in the whole course of his varied London and other experience. Dear uncle, the good, true and noble old man that he was, really suffered little in the way of pain for some weeks before his death, which was itself little more than a gentle flickering sleep, ending in a scarcely heard last sigh of sound.

While lying in a comatose or unconscious state his mind seemed to wander back to old Annandale memories of his ever loved ones and their surroundings; his mother holding her supreme seat, surrounded by a trooping throng of once familiar faces not very greatly less dear to him. He died full of years, with all his weary task of world's work well and nobly done, and leaves no mortal behind him who does not love and reverence his life and memory.

WINCHESTER.

We had another town meeting last Wednesday.

Wedgemere Lodge, I. O. G. T., have surrendered their charter.

Fred Ham is getting better and his full recovery is expected in due season.

The marriage of Edward C. Gage and Carolyn T. Dotten will be solemnized on Jan. 4.

The Winchester Golf Club are preparing to give a great and grand party at Town Hall on or near Jan. 25.

The Sunday Schools gave Christmas concerts last Sunday, and in the morning the day was religiously observed.

Waterfield Lodge, I. O. O. F., have elected the following officers: N. G., Warren McNear; V. G., George L. Dunham; Recording Sec., William F. Foster; Fin. Sec., Walter I. Plummer.

Mr. J. W. Hemmingway, the old Prohibitionist, a native of the good State of Maine, celebrated his 65th birthday last week. He is well and sound and reasonably happy. His wife is 64 years old.

Winchester Lodge, 158, A. O. U. W., last Friday evening elected the following officers: A. W. Rooney Past Master Workman, Henry C. Blood Master Workman, Wallace P. Palmer Foreman, Rufus F. Herrick Overseer, Fred B. Browning Recorder, George A. Barron Receiver, William J. Wallace Guide, Hovey L. Shepard Inside Watchman, Henry Richburg Outside Watchman, George E. Morrill Trustee for Three Years, A. William Rooney Representative to Grand Lodge, Henry C. Blood Alternate.

Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sold by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

...FREE...

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President*; Mrs. E. Maria Bean, *Vice President*; William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer*; Miss Maria E. Carter, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors*; Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees*; Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for season ticket holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour, vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The course of the seventh season will consist of six lectures, as follows:—

Tuesday, Jan. 3. Prof. Wm. G. Ward. Subject: "Michael Angelo."
Tuesday, Jan. 17. Chas. Mason Fuller. Subject: "West Indies." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Jan. 31. Russell W. Porter. Subject: "Northern British Columbia, by Pack Train and Dugout." Illustrated.
Tuesday, Feb. 14. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "The Matterhorn." Illustrated.

The course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
MARIA E. CARTER,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 17, 1898.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.
Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, January 6th, 1899**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 7, will draw interest from January 1, 1899.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 22, 1898.

Friday Night Club Assembly

Tuesday, Jan. 3, '99

AT LYCEUM HALL.

Tickets, 50 Cents

NOTICE—Card Table with Souvenirs will be provided and arranged to suit the young, middle age and old.
MUSIC: Harry Daggett's Celebrated Orchestra of Boston.

Plumbing **Tin Roofing**

BUY THE

SOMERSET PALLAS,
— OR —
FALMOUTH RANGE

At C. M. STROUT'S, Dow's Block.

Now is the time to have your Furnaces and Stoves put in order for the season.

Gas Piping **Furnaces**

First National Bank

OF WOBURN,

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the meeting will be held at the Banking Rooms on **Tuesday, January 10, 1899**, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 9, 1898.

NOTICE

Friends will please remember the Pound Party for the benefit of the Home for Aged Women to be held **the first week in January**. From the beginning to the close of the week **donations** will be thankfully received at the Home.

ROXANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

ALL ABOARD FOR L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers.

Christmas Fancies

without number may be seen in our assortment of Jewelry, Silverware, &c. Rare bargains are offered in the most appropriate and pleasing presents.

Come early, before the Christmas rush sets in and you will have a better opportunity to select.

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 4—3.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

EYE SPECIALIST,

will be at his office at the Jewelry Store of L. E. Hanson & Co., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

Prepared to make FREE EXAMINATIONS of the Eyes, and to fit the eyes with the required lenses.

Eyes examined by night as well as by day with the new light Acetylene. Call and see it.

DON'T

fit a new dress over an old Corset, and **DON'T** get a new Corset until you have seen the AMERICAN LADY CORSET, the best $1.00 Corset ever put on the market. We have all grades from 39c. up, and our 50c. Corset is a wonder for the money.

GEO. T. CONNOR,
335 Main St, Woburn.

Winter Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by J. Walter Kelley and Nellie Addie Kelley, wife of said J. Walter Kelley, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Abby W. Watson, dated June 1, 1897, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2613, Page 149, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, Jan. 9, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn aforesaid on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning on said Montvale Avenue at a point sixty-six feet westerly from a stone wall at a corner of and forming the boundary of land now or formerly of Daniel Ayer; thence running southerly one hundred and sixty-five feet to a point forty-seven feet westerly from said boundary line of Ayer; thence turning and running westerly sixty-six and one-half feet; thence turning and running northerly one hundred sixty-five feet to said Montvale Avenue; thence turning and running easterly by said Avenue sixty-seven and one-third feet to the point of beginning.

The sale will be made subject to all unpaid taxes and one hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

ABBY W. WATSON, Mortgagee.
J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.
Woburn, December 14, 1898.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Anastasia Reade, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for probate by Lawrence Reade, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of January, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifteenth day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

$3000 WHO WANTS IT?

If you do, you may get it, if you have an **original** idea about the construction or arrangement of a house, providing you have fifty dollars to invest in a good, conservative and safe investment, **"of large promise,"** in Real Estate, in **Boston,** which will bear close investigation. For information as to the terms on which this advantage can be obtained, write with full address for a circular to Post Office Box 3696, Boston, Mass.

DR. CHARLES E. ESTABROOK,

DENTIST,

D. M. D., Harvard '85, late Director American Dental Institute, London, England.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
16 WINN ST., WOBURN.

CURODONTO, Dr. Estabrook's London Tooth Paste, is, *facile princeps*, the most agreeable and efficient adjunct to the toilet of the teeth yet achieved.

There ARE other preparations, but Curodonto keeps just a little a head of the best.

For Rent.

House at Wyman Green,

8 rooms and all modern improvements; one minute to station. Rent reasonable. Possession given Feb. 1, 1899

E. H. RICHARDS.

All the Comforts of Home

depend on the judicious way in which you lay out money.

We think our line of **TEAS** will assist you to do this. Call and see what we have.

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433 Main Street - - WOBURN

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GARDEN SEEDS, ETC.

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Real Estate Exchange,

Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.

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Instantaneous relief, sure preventive, and positive cure for

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Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

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Telephone 14-2.

TWILIGHT.

Still in the west a berry colored bar
Of sunset glooms. Against it one lone fir
Darkens deep boughs. Above it, courier
Of dew and dreams, burns dusk's appointed
star.
Like fairy bombs exploding in a war
'Twixt elves and gnomes the fireflies flame, the chirr
Of cricket wakes, and each green chorister
Of marsh and creek lifts a vague voice afar,
And now, withdrawn behind the woodland
belts,
A whippoorwill, where, with attendant states
Of purple and silver, slow the great moon melts
Into the night, to show me where she waits,
There at the lane's end, by the old beech tree,
Who keeps her lips, sweet as a flower, for me.
—Madison Cawein in Chap Book.

TRAMP AND ARTIST.

"Thank God for all things beautiful," cried the artist.

"Thank God for my good dinner," said the tramp.

Then she wiped her mouth on the back of her rough hand, and the artist felt for his pipe.

He found it and fumbled for some matches, laying palette and brushes carefully on the ground.

The matches found, he struck one. Encountering in the process a glance from curious eyes, he sent the box spinning in their owner's lap.

"Join me?" he said, and, the tramp acquiescing with a nod, tossed a cigarette after it, as he had some time before tossed her his luncheon out of the wallet at his feet.

She picked it up and fingered it, then placed it somewhat gingerly between her lips.

It was a maiden effort. That was evident. He laughed when the thing rolled smoking to his feet.

Presently the girl's gaze wandered to the canvas.

"Is that me?" she asked and paused and flushed resentfully.

"A doubtful likeness, since you fail to recognize it." He laughed.

"It looks," she said and stopped.

"Well?" he urged, expectant of a quaint criticism.

"Like a play actress—in tights," she finished, frowning heavily.

He chuckled. The remark amused him. He knew so many "play actresses in tights" who would shrink from contact with this dusty wayside wanderer, yet in turn this vagrant shrank from them. She resented even the resemblance of a curve. The thing was humorous.

He turned and glanced at the canvas.

Yes, he had outlined the figure somewhat daringly, but then it was that grand sweep from knee to shoulder which had first attracted him. He had passed her earlier in the day, sitting by the roadside combing out her hair—had passed her, with his still buoyant step and knapsack strapped to shoulder, humming gayly. But—struck by something in the girl's attitude—he had retraced his steps and asked her to sit to him.

She still regarded the picture, lines of dissatisfaction puckering her brows.

"Well," said the artist.

"Them boots of mine," she answered. A pause. "Couldn't you rub 'em out?" persuasively. "I've got a better pair, spring side uns, in my bundle."

The artist shook his head. They were bad boots, he conceded, but good art.

"Is it for the Royle academy?" she said.

"What do you know about the Royal academy, pray?"

"Oh, nothin, reely, but I've been there once afore."

"I thought you told me this was your first sitting?"

"So 'tis—to remember; I was a baby the larst time. Father took me. 'E was a artist too. 'E wos a reel un, though, not a paivement chalker."

He laughed.

"That's understood, since he was a Royal academician. What was his name?"

"I ain't a-goin to tell."

"What was the subject?"

"I wos—in long clothes. Mother remembers it. It wos the time 'e come to see 'er, an she saw the picture afterward in a winder in Pall Mall."

He was embellishing his signature with a flourish of the brush when a thought seemed to strike him and hold him by the wrist.

"What was it like? Did your mother ever tell you?"

"'Course she did, lots of times. She was proud to think 'e'd noticed me. I wos lyin a'most naked on some workus lookin steps, an my eyes wos wide open, lookin up'ards at the stars."

"'The Love Child!'"

"That's it! You've seed the picture too?"

"Often," quietly. "It's copied quite a deal."

His hand was growing careless; it swerved, and the brush slipped. The girl cried out; there was a daub across the canvas.

"There now," regretfully, "you've made a smudge acrost your name."

The artist did not answer. His silence and abstraction were taken as dismissals. She hitched up her bundle, wishing him good day.

"No, wait a bit." He got up for the first time and came and stood before her. "Won't you shake hands before you go, my—my dear?"

Bewildered, but gratified, she gave him hers at once. It was rough and sunburned and perhaps not overclean, yet there was a curious resemblance between the tramp's hand and his own. He dropped it hurriedly.

"How old are you, my child?"

"Eighteen come Chris'mas."

His eyes were on her face. They studied it intently.

"Ah-h!" he said and dropped a few steps back. "Well, goodby. Good luck. God bless you."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying for?"

The tears brimmed over.

"At you. You spoke so kind. You made me think of mother."

"A hint for your future guidance." His voice was hard again. "Never trust a man because he appears 'kind.' They are mostly dangerous, and often the worst sort."

The change in his tone depressed her.

She sighed forlornly. "Pore mother told me that."

His glance fell to earth. A pink tipped daisy was peeping above the grass. He ground it into the sod with the toe of his heavy boot.

"Goodby again."

She took his proffered hand.

"Stop that. I can't bear to see a woman cry."

Stop it she couldn't, but she crooked her arm and held it before her face.

"Life's so 'ard," she moaned. "People is such 'ogs, an, oh, I'm so lonely since my pore mother died."

He stood beside her, listening to her sobs.

"My dear," he said at last, "we are all lonely—you on the high road, I in the cities, 'pore mother' in her grave."

He paused, laying a hand on the girl's heaving shoulder. "Loneliness is the common lot; we carry it hidden in our souls through life. Even in crowds it cries out ceaselessly above the din. We can make a noise to drown it, we can bury it deep down, we can call our friends together and smoke and drink upon its tomb—it will creep out in the nighttime, when the others are all gone, and, climbing on to our pillows, sit and jabber to us in the dark. But life has to be lived through," throwing back his head, "its prizes fought for, squabbled over, and errors, I suppose, must be committed by the way. There's truth so brutal it might almost keep one good. The man who 'sees life' isn't asked to pay the piper; the 'wages' are exacted, but it's the innocent who pay."

The tramp's tears were dried; she was lost in admiring wonder.

"Take my advice, my dear," said the man, with a curiously gentle smile, "the advice of a man who might almost be your—father: Go on being respectable; stay innocent—keep good."

He patted her shoulder, then gave it a gentle push. And so they parted. He watched her tramping down the long white road.

"Confound her eyes!" he muttered. "That's why they haunted me!"

She trudged on with her bundle. His eyes followed almost yearningly. She rounded a bend. The tramp looked back.

"Liz!" he murmured half unconscious. "Poor, pretty, foolish Liz!" His own voice roused him. He smiled into vacancy. "That was the name! I thought I had forgotten."

The road turned. She disappeared from view.

He whistled, frowned and finally shrugged his shoulders.

"If she'd only been a lady," presently. He was staring at the canvas. "Bah! What nonsense! A tramp! Her mother's child!"

He fell on one knee and began packing up his traps.

"Life's so 'ard, an people is such 'ogs."

His laugh rang out, but it wasn't a merry one. Picking up the picture, he held it in both hands.

"Goodby, young mournful eyes," he said. "Good luck go with you. You've given me a heartache, but I wish you well."

His face twitched. He laid the canvas gently down.

"I'll burn the thing," he said, "directly I get home."—Sketch.

An Army of Dragon Flies.

A professor of zoology at Lille, M. Charles Barrios, was making a tour through Morbihan, in France. As he was walking along the road he noticed that a multitude of dragon flies were alighting on the telegraph wires. The singular thing about it was that they all rested at an equal distance from each other, and all occupied the same position, with head turned toward the west.

From all sides the dragon flies arrived and always placed themselves in the same position and at the same distance from each other. They remained as if glued to the wire, motionless and paralyzed. Each new arrival flew over the fixed bodies of the others and took its place in the line.

This chain stretched itself out toward the west and turned toward the setting sun. Professor Barrios followed the route for a long distance and found the same strange phenomenon. He estimated the number at 60,000, at least. At an abrupt turn of the road to the south the telegraph line turned also. There not a dragon fly was in sight! The wire was absolutely free from them! With the change of direction it seemed to have lost attraction for them.

Was this chance? Did the electric currents running from the east to the west exercise any influence upon these insects? Was it the solar reflection? Explain it, who can. In any case it would be interesting to know whether this phenomenon be an isolated one or not.

Women Criminals In Austria.

In Austria, even for murder, a woman is never put into an ordinary prison, much less brought to the gallows. Whatever the crimes of which they are convicted, women are sent to the convents set apart for this purpose and are kept there as long as the judge determines.

The ladies superior have practically a free hand over their charges and receive from the government sevenpence a day for each criminal under their care. At Neudorf convent, which receives all the female offenders from Vienna, there is nothing in the appearance of the place to suggest a prison.

The courtyard stands open all day long, with only a nun as a doorkeeper. Once inside, all the convicts are on the same footing. They are employed in the domestic work of the convent, and in making matches, buttons, needlework, embroidery, lace, woodwork, etc., superintended only by the sisters.

For work beyond their allotted task they are paid by scale—half the money being given them at the end of the week and half being placed to their credit until their term expires, when it is paid to them on leaving.

No Inspiration In It.

A Georgia man, entertaining a rural friend at his house, called his attention to a large oak which towered above an avenue of trees. Thinking to endow it with interest he said:

"Under that oak Sidney Lanier composed some of his best poems."

The next morning he found his visitor seated beneath the same tree, pad and pencil in hand.

The same thing occurred the next day and the day after that.

Finally his guest appeared in the house—the picture of despair and disappointment.

"Nothing in it!" he exclaimed. "Nothing whatever in it!"

"In what?"

"That —— oak there. I've been under it for three days, and there's no more inspiration in it than there is in a hollow log. Why, I didn't even have a thought there."—Atlanta Constitution.

How the Sun Affects Cattle.

Pat had recently secured a place on a farm.

One day at noon he was handed a glass of buttermilk, but expected something better. He tasted the liquid, set the glass down, and went into the house.

"Oi say, sorr," he said to his employer, "don't yez think Oi'd better be afther goin out and seein to the sthock!"

"Why?"

"Because Oi've me suspicions that somebody's left the cow standin in the sun and lettin her milk get sour."—Pick Me Up.

Case of Heredity.

Kohlspring—Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Westside?

Mrs. Westside—Most assuredly I do. There is Pearl Place. Her father was a boiler maker, and she fairly dotes on Wagner.—Buffalo Times.

Strange Mistake.

North Side Mother—I told you a little while ago, Jerry, who our first parents were. Let me see if you remember. Who was the first man?

Precocious Boy—Adam.

North Side Mother—That's right. Who was the first woman?

Precocious Boy—Evil.—Chicago Tribune.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

"A cure-all for babies," is what Mrs. H. W. Albridge, of Chazy, N.Y., calls

Comfort Powder

For all chafing, scalding, or any skin trouble she says it is wonderful. Being cooling and comforting, it is rightly named. 25 and 50 cents.

Sharks and the Dead Whale.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe. When "cutting in" whales at sea, I have often been amazed at the incredible numbers of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means from heaven only knows what remote distances. It has often occurred to us, when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand, to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh to the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter came drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of new fallen snow.

The harpooners and officers from their lofty position on the cutting stage slew scores upon scores by simply dropping their keen edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yearning maws.—National Review.

The Four Greatest Poets.

Who are the four greatest poets of the world? The question was one, we gather from Sir Edward Hamilton's monograph, which used to exercise Mr. Gladstone. About the first three places indeed he believed that there could be no reasonable question. They must be assigned to Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. But about the fourth place Mr. Gladstone found geat difficulty. He considered that there were four competitors—Æschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe. We wonder how many of our readers would at a first guess select Mr. Gladstone's final choice? It was Goethe.

Who, in recent days, have been the greatest masters of English? This was another question which Mr. Gladstone was fond of considering. He decided in favor of two as greater than all others—Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Morley, in a lecture, answered the same question. According to him, the great masters of English in our generation have been three—Carlyle, Macaulay and Mr. Ruskin. The last named alone appears, it will be seen, in both lists.—London News.

Life's Changes.

While in the drawing room coach on his way home from Philadelphia not long ago a New Yorker found himself face to face with a woman whom he had not seen for some time.

"Why, Mrs. Blank," cried the New Yorker, "how"—

At the woman's reproachful glance he stopped. "Not Mrs. Blank," she corrected. "I got my divorce from Mr. Blank some time ago. I'm now Mrs. Dash. Let me present my husband, Mr. Dash," whereupon a man got up and bowed.

"You—you don't mean it!" gasped the New Yorker. "I hadn't heard. You and Mr. Dash haven't been married very long, have you?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the woman, "about 45 minutes, I think," consulting her watch. "We're on our wedding trip now."

The New Yorker gasped again. Then, "Bless you, my children," he cried and fled to the smoking car.—New York Sun.

An Offset.

"This is Mr. Pneer, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have rented a house fronting on Mulberry square, I believe?"

"I have."

"Well, my name is Ferguson. I have rented the house next to yours, and by a queer mistake the man I sent to clean it up so I could move into it went to the wrong place and cleaned up yours. His bill, which I settled, is quite moderate—only $1.50—and I thought that if the work proved satisfactory on inspection perhaps you would not object to assuming the payment of that amount."

"Not at all, sir, but I shall charge you $1.50 for one day's occupancy of my house. That, I think, makes us even, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

When the Time Came.

Maud—Oh, Ethel, and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did he slink away like a whipped dog?

Ethel—Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say just that. I—I—well—er—er—well, you see, I said "yes."—London Fun.

UNFINISHED DEBATE.

THE QUESTION OF HAMLET'S INSANITY UNSETTLED IN HAWVILLE.

At the Debating Society's Meeting a Question of Ethics Was Raised by Dr. Potter, Who Thought He Was Being Unfairly Treated by the Commercial Club.

The Spread Eagle theater was well filled with the beauty and chivalry of the settlement at the last session of the Hawville Debating society, upon which occasion the subject for discussion was: "Resolved, That the Melancholy Dane Was Mad," and bright the lamps, which had been kindly loaned for the evening by the genial and urbane proprietor of the Dew Drop Inn and Blazing Rag Refreshment Parlors, shone o'er fair women and brave men, as the poet once got off.

For some time all went merry as a marriage bell, as what's his name used to say. There was no shooting, except in a single and amply justified instance, when the harmonious flow of the debate was interrupted by Polecat Pete, an uncurried personage, who, being filled with strong waters, arose and vociferously announced that he was a wolf. Thereupon Alkali Ike, who had been delegated to preserve the peace, very appropriately remarked that, inasmuch as Peter was a wolf, the time was at hand for him to howl, at the same time shooting him in the hind leg with a deftness born of long practice. A little later the wolf had been cast into outer darkness and the debate went on.

During the course of the evening the widow of Rawhide Jim begged the indulgence of the meeting, and when it had been granted her rose in her place and tearfully thanked all of those present who had so kindly assisted in the killing of her lamented husband.

The debate was resumed at the close of the widow's remarks and was progressing smoothly toward a harmonious consummation when Dr. Potter, the well known undertaker, arose and began:

"I don't know and I don't care whether Hamlet was mad or not, but I rise to remark that I am mad, and the more I think about the cause I have the madder I git! Hawville possesses a Commercial club, which is supposed to be working for the upbuilding of the various business enterprises in the settlement and to be keeping a vigilant and well skinned eye on the interest of its members, one of whom now stands before you. 'Foster home industry' is its shibboleth, so to speak, and I'd like to ask in tones of thunder why it don't live up to them words? I have follered out that principle in my dealings with my feller men, and whur am I at in consequence?"

He had patronized his fellow tradesmen, even at times to his own detriment and inconvenience, the doctor continued. He believed in reciprocity, and having fostered others desired to be fostered in turn. "Live and let live" had always been his business motto, and he had faithfully endeavored to abide by it, and darned little good it had done him, according to his own statement. He desired to know why the Commercial club had done nothing to advance his business interests, why members of the community who claimed his patronage were so loath and slothful about patronizing him.

There was entirely too much jug handle business, with the handle continually in the other fellow's grasp, in the way things had been going on during the past several months, and as for him he was sick and tired of the way in which the cards were running and earnestly desired a new deal.

"Only three funerals in the last 20 days!" he declared bitterly, "and one of them a fizzle, in which the customer proved to be in a cataleptic state, and revived and ran away after I had gone to right smart of expense on his special account, and the others two measly paupers that hadn't a dollar in their clothes nor a friend on earth!"

The speaker continued by calling attention to the fact that there had not been a lynching in the last six weeks, nor a fight worth speaking of in two months. It began to look, he declared, as if his fellow citizens were in a deliberate conspiracy against him, and only shot, when they shot at all, such persons as were financially unable to pay for decent funerals. He concluded by requesting light on the subject for the present, and a new deal and a fair shake for the future, after which he paused for a reply.

"Waal," remarked Alkali Ike, rather sarcastically, after Dr. Potter had subsided, "I am yere to say, and I reckon I vice the sentymunts of every gentleman within the sound of my voice when I say it, that if this yere enterprisin man planter expects his feller citizens to stop, after pullin their guns, an consider whether or not the gent they aim to git is rich enough to pay for the pomp an parryferneelyer of a dude's obsequies, he is doomed to disappointment a great plenty! I am willin to foster him an his industry to a reasonable extent, but if he expects me to request my prey to please wait for me around the corner while I go up an nose through the taxbooks to see whur he is at the doctor is askin a heap too much. Bein a man of the world an middlin wide betwixt the eyes, I have always done my shootin first an my inquirin later, an I expect to so continner to the end. I have spoken."

The question of ethics thus raised precipitated a spirited wrangle, which continued till the meeting finally broke up in great disorder, without having settled the mental status of the unhappy Prince of Denmark, and it will probably never be definitely known whether or not Hamlet was mad.—Tom P. Morgan in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Alcotts' Concord Home.

"The Alcotts had bought a small piece of land and a farmhouse, once good, but fallen into decay, on the Great road to Boston, a mile east of Concord," writes Edward W. Emerson in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They made some repairs and a small addition, greatly improving its appearance, and moved into it the following summer. The situation was extremely picturesque. It was backed by a range of hills clothed in the rich green of pines relieved by a tracery of gray birch. A superb elm served as a great parasol in summer, and besides were apple trees, pink and white in May and red and yellow in September, which commended the place to the fruit loving father, who called it Orchard House. In front, between the house and the wooded hills about Walden, stretched a broad meadow, said to have been an ancient bed of Concord river. A charming wood path led up a little pass among the hills behind the house, sweet with the hot breath of pine. Mr. Alcott's hands, unaided but by taste and skill, greatly beautified the place by a little terracing of the sunny slope here and there, the planting of woodbine on the porch, and the building, out of sticks cut on the place, of a rustic fence and gates and a seat around the spurs of the elm by the door."

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CHICAGO'S WATERWAY.

The Smallest River Doing the Largest Business In the World.

The smallest and busiest river in the world. Where do you think it is? Theodore Dreiser locates it in Chicago, and has this to say about it: The first peculiarity of this little stream is that it is the smaller river doing the largest business in the world, or, in other words, the busiest river in the world. In the next place, it has the greatest depth for the narrowest width of any known river. In the third place, it has the largest number of bridges spanning it of any river of equal or greater length, barring the Mississippi—or a total of 52 bridges. All these are draw or swinging bridges and carry a traffic of their own overhead almost as important as that which passes below. Next, this river has little or no current to speak of, and flows upward instead of down. It is the only known river whose current has been turned round and made, as it were, to flow the other way. Lastly, it is a sort of an orphan river, for, whereas all rivers and harbors are owned and cared for by the United States government, the secretary of war, whose province it is to care for these things, will have nothing to do with it, and Chicago repairs it only sufficient for its now needs, but lays no claim to the right of way.

In this strange predicament the little stream flows wretchedly backward, loaded with the largest and most valuable collection of vessels that ever crowded an inland sea. It is one tumultuous highway, far more exciting than Broadway and somewhat less charming than the Hudson. The city uses it as an emptying place for its sewers and the street cleaning department as a dumping ground for its waste, and yet it is the most valuable factor in the life of Chicago, and the one more than all else that has made the city what it is today. No other river in the wide world possesses or pretends to the appearance of this peculiar stream. In its busiest hours it is a sight for gods and men. A mere creek, it struggles with the burden of an ocean. The great deep draft propellers tear the water into splattering fragments. Their huge stacks often hide the entire stream from view with great clouds of smoke. The ingoing and outgoing vessels quarrel for the right of way with all the vehemence inherent in gongs and whistles. Tug pilots handle their craft with a skill that would put to shame the manners of the heavy teamsters in a crowded New York lane.

The longest branch of the river today is more than ten miles in length, and the total length of all branches is 16. At its mouth it is no more than 200 feet wide, and the fact that it is the same width a mile or two up stream is due to the fact that it was made so by excavation and dredging. At one time (1869) it was 200 feet wide at Lake street, 175 feet wide at Randolph, a block further on; 165 feet at Washington, 175 feet at Madison—all these but single blocks apart—and so on until it became so small as to be unnavigable by boats drawing ten feet of water. In that year, however, it was dredged and made a uniform width of 200 feet in the south branch, and it is kept that width by the walls of the immense buildings which have now encroached to the very water's edge, and which in most cases form the only banks visible.

It is interesting to note the peculiarities of this poor little stream. Nowhere along its shores within the great city limits is there a foot of unoccupied ground where a tree may find root. No branch or blade of green graces its shores. No bountiful springs rise from point to point and feed it. Its tributaries are dark, stone arched sewers which empty their subterranean blackness into it in continuous stream. Its banks are for the most part sheer walls of red brick. Where an open space occurs railroad tracks skirt the water's edge so closely as to stir a fear for the safety of the cars which line them. Lumber yards make up other portions, and groups of belching smokestacks, sooty black, rise in forestlike numbers at regular intervals. No single space but has some wharf or freight shed, factory or warehouse filling up the last available inch, stockyards, lumber yards, railroad yards, stoneyards, coal yards—these interspersed with docks, elevators, manufactories and breweries make its banks interesting, if not beautiful.—Metropolitan.

To Jog His Memory.

Dean Pigou says that many clergymen cannot trust themselves to repeat the most familiar prayers of the liturgy from memory, and he tells how Archdeacon Sinclair was much put out because he (Dean Pigou) sat directly behind him at a public meeting. The dean was puzzled, but understood all when the archdeacon removed his hat and knelt to pray. In the crown of his hat was printed in large type, "Prevent us O Lord," etc.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 1.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 1-14—Memory Verses, 9-12—Golden Text, John i, 4. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." The topic of the lesson is "Christ, the True Light," but the verses assigned for the lesson are the introduction to the gospel and tell us why John wrote it. In chapter xx, 31, he says concerning his gospel, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." While in Matthew Jesus is the King of the Jews, in Mark the servant of Jehovah, and in Luke the Son of Man, in this gospel He is the Son of God equal with the Father. The first phrase takes us to Gen. i, 1, "In the beginning God." The name "The Word of God" takes us to Gen. xv, 1, where God appears to Abram as "The Word of the Lord."

2. "The same was in the beginning with God." A helpful comment upon this is found in Prov. viii, 30, and the context, where we read of the Word of God under the name of wisdom as being with God when He created all things, rejoicing always before Him, and in verse 35 it is written, "Whoso findeth me findeth life," another parallel with a later part of our lesson. John xvii, 5, is also suggested by this verse: "Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

3. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." This also places the Son with the Father in Gen. i, 1, and is finely commented upon and more fully stated in Col. i, 16, "By Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth; all things were created by Him and for Him, and He is before all things and by Him all things consist."

4. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life (I John v, 12), so that not only is there life in Him, but there is no life apart from Him. He also is the light of the world as He said in chapter viii, 12; xii, 46, and all apart from Him is darkness, so that while in Him is life and light, apart from Him is only death and darkness. The vast majority of the people on earth are in darkness because the light has never been brought to them, but multitudes who have heard of the light will not receive it.

5. "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." In the creation story in Gen. i, 1-3, we read that "darkness was upon the face of the deep, and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." In II Cor. iv, 6, we read that God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

6. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Jesus was God, but John was sent from God. Jesus Himself said in this gospel over 30 times that the Father sent Him, but He was sent to reveal the Father while John was sent to herald and point out the Christ. John was sent as truly as Jesus, but each for a different purpose. It is still true that God gives "to every man his work and the ability for it.

7. "The same came for a witness to bear witness of the light, that all men through Him might believe." His testimony was that he was only a voice. He cried, "Behold the Lamb of God!" And when men turned from him and followed Jesus he said: "This, my joy, is fulfilled. He must increase; I must decrease." He was great in the sight of the Lord, and of him Jesus said that no greater was born of woman.

8. "He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light." When asked if he was the Christ, he answered, "No." It was his joy to bear witness of the Christ.

9. "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He who said "Let there be light" is Himself the light, the true light, the only light, and beside Him there is no other. There are many false lights which only lead men to destruction. All religions which have not Christ and His atonement for their foundation are false and can only lead astray.

10. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Adam and Eve in Eden knew Him not, for they turned away from Him. Cain knew Him not, for he turned away from Him. The antediluvians, as a whole, with but few exceptions, turned from Him. After the deluge the people in the plain of Shinar turned against Him, and when Abram was called to leave his home and kindred he was called out from idolaters (Josh. xxiv).

11. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He chose the land which He gave to Abram, Isaac and Jacob to be specially His own that He might specially bless and care for it, and He chose Israel to be a special people unto Himself above all people on the earth that He might make Himself known to them and through them to all nations.

12, 13. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Here is, to my mind, the best definition of believing, and that is to receive Him as we receive a gift. The gift of God is eternal life (Rom. vi, 23). How simple that we should be required only to accept Him. That the Creator should become the Redeemer and by making Himself one of us work out a salvation which He offers to us freely without money or price or desert on our part is surely a wonder of wonders, but what shall we say of those who know this and yet turn their backs upon Him? There is no room for anything of man in God's salvation, nothing of birth or attainment or power or might, for man has proved himself sinful throughout and an enemy of God. Whoever will be saved must be willing to confess himself a sinner and receive the Son of God as the gift of God. All such are born of God, born from above.

14. "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth." The parenthesis in the verse says, "And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." God manifest in the flesh, the Son of God becoming man, partaker of flesh and blood, that He might show what man ought to be and what redeemed man will be, and, having no sin of His own, suffer our sins to be laid upon Him that He might bear them in His own body on the cross, such is the mystery of godliness.

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The Proceeding Is Always In Order When a Vessel Is Lost at Sea and Her Captain Goes With Her to the Bottom, as He Generally Does.

As surely as the "crowner's quest" follows on the heels of mysterious death so follows the board of trade inquiry on any great disaster at sea. It is prosaically named perhaps, but no trial for murder is half so enthralling as this investigation, when a dead man is on trial for the slaughter of hundreds—when the captain of the ship, though lying fathoms deep, with the weeds of the ocean tangled in his hair, is yet arraigned before a living judge for what he has done.

We are supposing that the disaster to be inquired into is the loss of a great liner, with hundreds of lives—one of those huge floating castles to whose protection men and women trust themselves as fearlessly as to that of their own rooftrees has been flying Englandward with its load of human lives, when came a shifting fog, a crash and a cry in the night and disaster.

There is about this trial nothing of the impressiveness of an inquiry at the criminal courts. There are no aldermen in scarlet and fur, no sheriffs in ruffles and sword. The judge, in robes and wig, is replaced by three quiet men in frock coats. They are the president and the two naval assessors—both captains of the royal navy. The president is generally Mr. Marsham, the magistrate at Westminster—a tall and dignified figure, with the whitest hair and the deepest bass voice in the world. It is he who conducts the investigation, questioning the witnesses and generally directing, while the naval assessors sit with arms folded on their desks and jerk in a question here and there on some specially knotty point.

The bench sits aloft, below in the well are the counsel, sans wig or gown, the solicitors and various persons interested. There is the manager of the great line, anxious and preoccupied in manner, tugging at his mustache, and ready to go into the box and swear to the trust and confidence reposed by his people in the dead captain. Nay, perhaps even the white head of the chairman himself, baronet and M. P., may be seen on the crowded benches. It is perhaps the first disaster the line has sustained, and he thinks with bitterness of the eclipse of the arrogant boast that his line has "never lost a passenger's life." Truly, the ironic gods have made the braggart's reward pressed down and running over!

There are many bronzed and ruddy faces of seafaring men to be seen—many heartrending quiet groups of people in deep mourning, the relatives of passengers. In a pen by themselves are the impassive reporters. Messenger boys of the various journals and news agencies form a whispering group on the steps of the press box and every now and then a great bundle of manuscript will be handed over the partition and seized by its proper Mercury, who straightway disappears for a space. Perhaps if the disaster has occurred off a foreign shore, you may see one or two dark faced men in resplendent uniforms, coast officials courteously lent by the foreign government to give evidence.

The first day of an inquiry is generally given over to maps and charts. Huge and rustling sheets are opened in the witness box, handed up to the bench and pored over by counsel. It is dreadfully dry and technical and gives the reporters little to do. The counsel will still be talking, but nobody marks them. There is a big cohort of counsel—counsel representing the board of trade, counsel representing the line, counsel representing the surviving officers, counsel representing relatives of the dead.

Interest revives somewhat the second day—the dead captain's character is being proved. The officials of the line say all they can. Burly, husky and ruddier than the cherry, into the box steps the skipper of a small tramp steamship that sighted the big liner just before the disaster. The saloon windows were lighted up, and he heard music, he says. The surviving officers go into the box and are closely questioned. Interest now is at its height, for here are the men who grappled with death on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and here, in this crowded tiny court in the heart of London, are come to tell us all about it.

Then comes one of the passengers who survived, and he is the most interesting of all. He brings the scene before us—the gayety of the saloon, where just before the captain has been toasted and thanked for his skill and care, the sudden alarm, the rush and confusion, the frantic terror of some, the cool courage of others. He paints also the pale and steadfast captain on the bridge, with his folded arms, going down to death.

And so from day to day drags on the slow inquiry till we come to the finding. The counsel have said their say, the assessors have retired, and now Mr. Marsham reads in his deep bass the judgment of the court. It is a long judgment and touches on many points and among them the "negligence of Captain Mainstay, the master."

Negligence! And so Mr. Marsham gets into his brougham and is driven home to dinner, while afar the deep sea fishes dart in and out of the bare ribs of Captain Mainstay.—London Mail.

When Minds Are Brightest.

Swift was 59 when his brain gave birth to "Gulliver's Travels."

Sir Walter Scott was 44 when his "Waverley" made its appearance, and nearly all those stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him were composed after the age of 46.

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between 54 and 59. It was at this period of his existence when he offered to the world "Paradise Lost."

Cowper had turned the half century when he wrote "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and De Foe was within two years of 60 when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" were written when he was 46.

Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at 48, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs In Many Keys" when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday.

George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote "Middlemarch," and this was succeeded by "Daniel Deronda."

Bacon's greatest work took 59 years to mature and Grote's "History of Greece" some years longer.

Meanness Personified.

"Did I understand you to say that dress you admired so much today was a dream?" inquired Mr. Smokehart.

"Yes," answered his wife hopefully.

"Well," he proceeded very kindly, "you keep your mind on it when you go to sleep tonight, and maybe you will dream one of your own."—Washington

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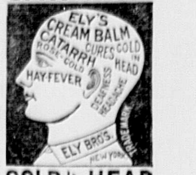

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Feeding a Boa Constrictor by Hand.

England has a remarkable snake charmer in Dr. Arthur Stradling, whose blood is poison proof and who permits the snakes to bite him at will. He has visited every snake country on the globe. He had two ribs broken while manipulating a West African pythoness 16 feet long. This is the manner in which he feeds his boa constrictors, described by himself:

"With shirt sleeves rolled up and stockinged feet I grasp the creature just behind the head and separate its jaws by gentle pressure with a silver spatula. It's more knack than force, for all snakes are exceedingly sensitive about the mouth. A light tap on the muzzle will turn the fiercest of them.

"Then the assistant (his little son) pops the lump of meat, dead rat, bird or whatever the morsel may be, right in among the quivering triple rows of long, curved teeth—positively quivering and 'walking' with the agitation of anger on the mobile jaws—and I push it down to the stomach, first with a ruler and then by squeezing upon it with my hands from the outside, a mechanical suasion which requires to be maintained for some little time in order to insure that the item of aliment shall remain in statu quo.

"In the interval the youngster is not idle, and finds plenty of occupation in shifting the reptile's coils and disengaging various parts of me from a too close embrace. And so we fill the beast up until he can hold no more."

Calling the Bull Moose.

The most experienced professional callers differ widely in their efforts to simulate the plaintive challenge of the cow moose. The call employed by some of the guides in Maine and New Brunswick is a rasping roar, that on a windless, moonlit night fairly shatters the silence for miles around like a withering storm of grape. Yet they declare that this will bring the bull. Some affect a short, then a long, then two more short calls. Others prefer a single long call. The Montagnais Indians of Quebec use a succession of short calls. Many of the Micmac and Milicete guides, when at the height of the long call, cut the note off abruptly with a sort of choking sob.

The low call or "coaxer" is a tough proposition for the amateur. It is only needed when the moose is very near, and, as he is then likely to be suspicious, with all his senses on the alert, the call must be given with the utmost skill and caution. A single false note and he will steal away on velvet foot as silently as a ghost.

Many old hunters claim that as soon as the first answering grunt is heard from the bull, away across the lake or up the mountain side, the caller should call no more. They say that the moose, though he may be miles away, locates the sound exactly; that his answer indicates that he will surely come, and is even then on the way.—Frank H. Risteen in Outing.

And Won.

"Didn't the bride get a fine lot of presents?"

"Yes, indeed. She played her cards well."—Providence Journal.

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